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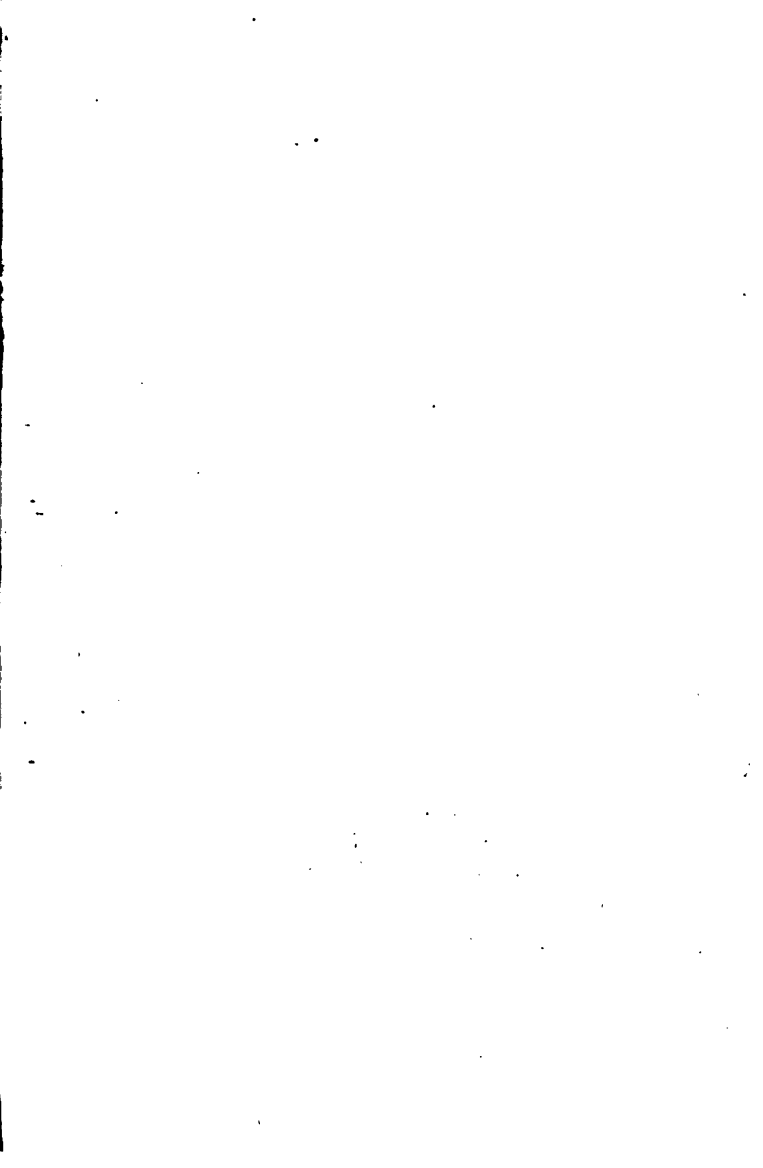
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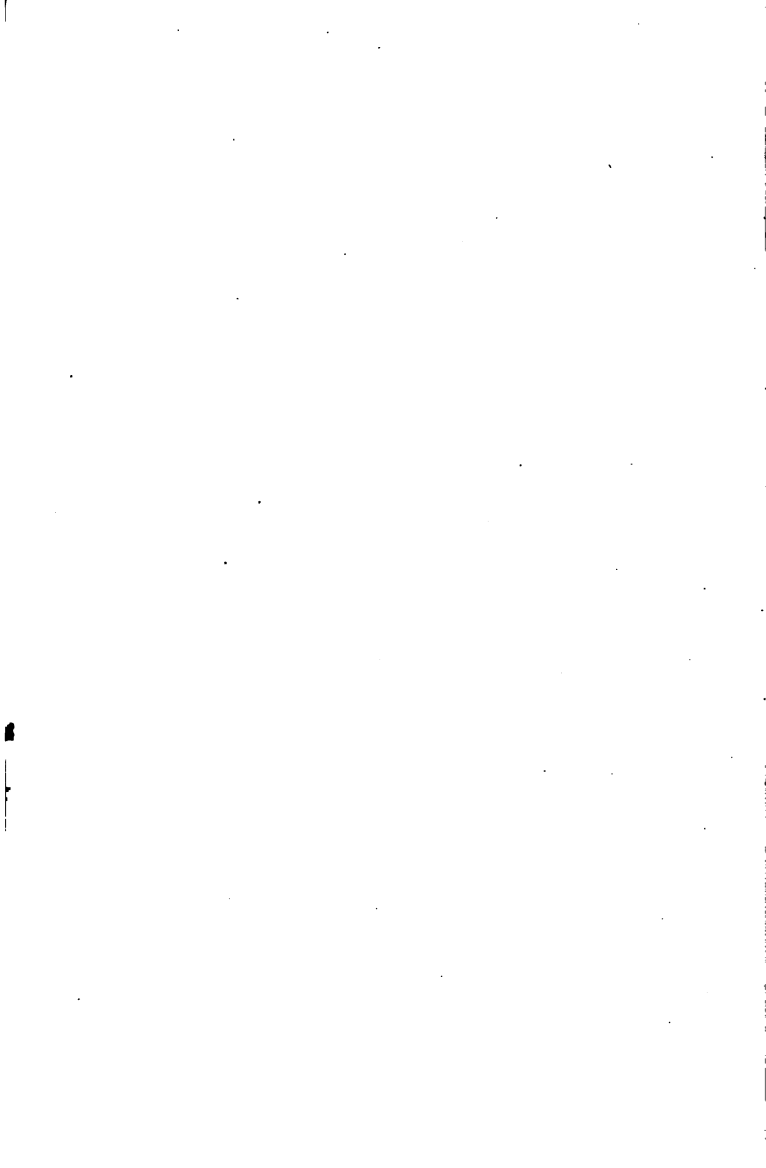
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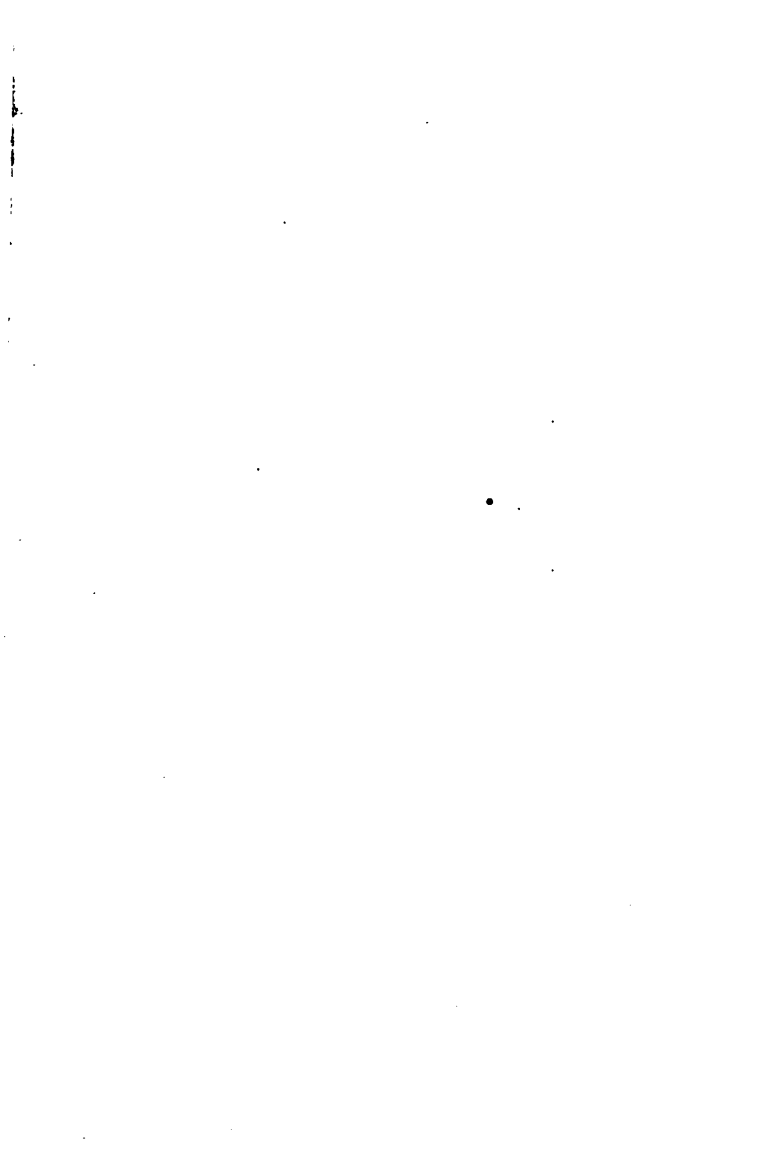
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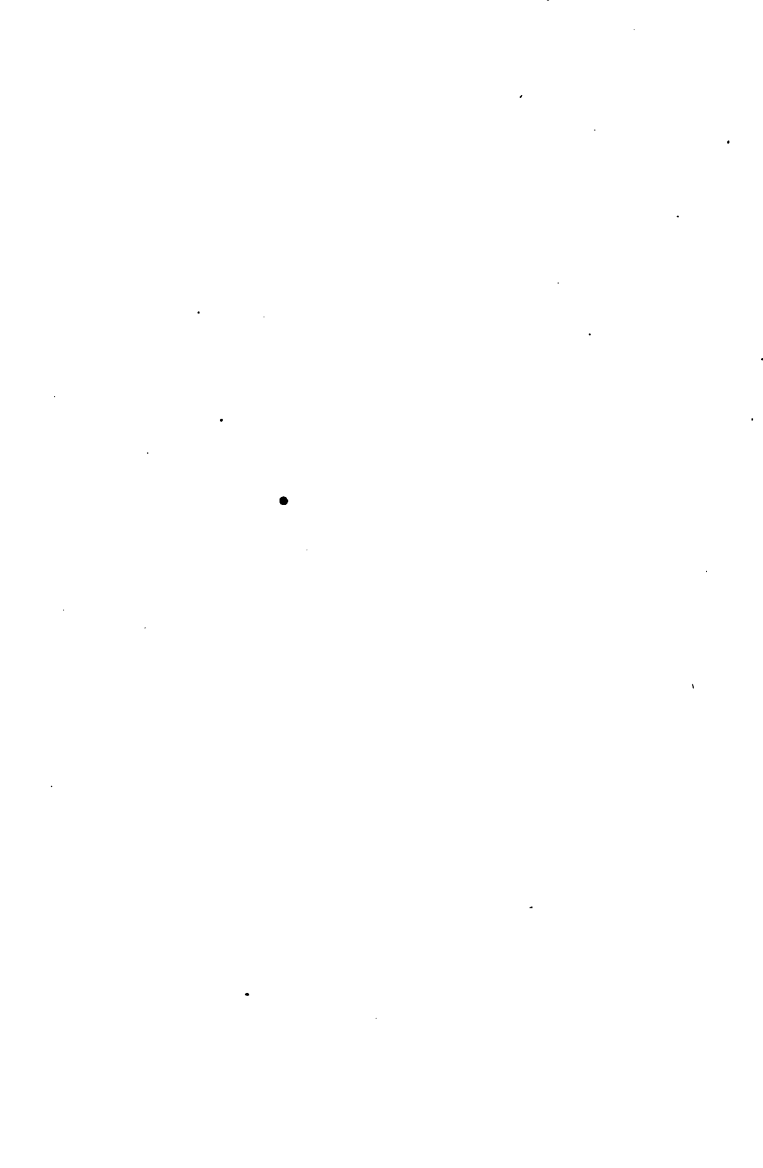
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**A THIRD POETRY BOOK**



A garden stored with Poesy ;  
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be  
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free.

W. WORDSWORTH.

# A THIRD POETRY BOOK

COMPILED BY

M. A. WOODS

HEAD MISTRESS OF THE CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS

London

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AND NEW YORK

1889

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LOWELL BEQUEST

TO  
MY SIXTH FORM  
AND TO ALL OTHERS ENTERING ON THEIR  
INHERITANCE OF  
THE NOBLE AND LOVELY THINGS THAT HAVE  
BEEN SAID IN ENGLISH VERSE  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED



## PREFACE

THIS third volume of my poetical series is intended primarily for the Upper Forms of High Schools ; but I hope it may prove useful to students who have left school, and are now reading for themselves. I have assumed that, in either case, the masterpieces of English Literature will be read independently, and have included no extracts from the *Plays* of Shakspeare, the *Canterbury Tales*, *Paradise Lost*, or the first two books of the *Faery Queene*. Poems from Spenser onwards I have, with some reluctance, given in modern spelling ; chiefly because it seemed unreasonable to do for the contemporaries and successors of Shakspeare what no one does for Shakspeare himself. But earlier poems, Scottish poems, and those written in dialect, I have given as they stand, confident that my readers will find them very well worth the trouble of mastering.

In this last volume I have allowed myself some-

what more freedom of choice, as regards both subject and language, than in the earlier ones. Every piece, however, has been carefully selected, and some omissions necessarily made. Where these are small, I have not in all cases called attention to them ; where they are large, I have described the piece as an extract.

I need scarcely say that I have made no attempt to secure anything like a *consensus* of opinion or sentiment. These will differ in poems as in people, and we must all learn to make allowance for such differences, and to recognise the common inspiration that underlies them.

Lastly, I must confess that I make no claim to have included "the best, and the best only." It would have been superfluous to attempt what has been so splendidly attempted already, and even if *The Golden Treasury* had not been written, I should have felt myself quite unqualified for so serious a task. I have simply done within the limits of publication what all of us who are lovers of poetry do without those limits. I have made a selection such as has pleased myself, and may, I hope, please others, and be of use to them in making their own. To those who read it I would say, using a hackneyed metaphor—"I have gathered

you a nosegay from the fields of English Poetry, including some of its humbler as well as rarer growths; I hope you may find it, as I have done, a 'handful of pleasant delights'; but it will not, and ought not to satisfy you. You must go out and gather for yourselves. You will not, perhaps, find anything more beautiful than some of the things I have included; but you will find much that is as beautiful, or nearly so. You may set *Comus* against *Lycidas*, and *Hellas* against *Adonais*; you may match almost any of the sonnet-groups, and make your own selection from the exquisite left-out things of Spenser and Wordsworth. And of living writers (for those privileged anthologies that need take no account of copyrights, or critics, or limited space) you may multiply again and again the examples I have given.

"You will not easily exhaust the 'infinite variety' of these fields, and will soon be bewildered, and possibly disheartened. But go on bravely, and, above all things, be honest. Choose what you really like, and you will learn what you ought to like. Wordsworth's wonderful lines about the Poet are still true:

" 'And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.'



“And so, to drop metaphor, I trust that you may be tempted by what you read here to read more widely and more deeply, and that you may find in your search for beauty that purest of pleasures which experience has shown to be proof against sickness and old age, and which, if we are to believe Spenser and Plato, even death itself will be unable to destroy.”

With these wishes for those who read it, I commend my little book to its fate.

For the use of copyright poems, I have to express my warm acknowledgments to the following authors and publishers—Miss Rossetti, Miss Ingelow, Mr. Brown (author of *Fo'c's'le Yarns*), Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. A. Lang, Mr. Allingham, Mr. E. Bowen, Messrs. Smith and Elder (for the use of two copyright sonnets by Mrs. Browning), Messrs. Kegan Paul, Messrs. Longman, and Messrs. Macmillan. I have also to express my obligations to those American authors whose poems I have inserted, and to thank Canon Ainger for permission to make use of his notes to poems by Coleridge and Lamb.

CLIFTON, *November* 1888.

# CONTENTS

Poems marked with an asterisk are inserted by permission

## PART I

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 1. To Poets . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>                                   | 3    |
| 2. *The Splendour Falls . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>                      | 4    |
| 3. Madrigals . . . . . <i>Various Authors</i>                           | 5    |
| 4. A Wish . . . . . <i>A. Cowley</i>                                    | 7    |
| 5. A Praise of his Lady . . . <i>J. Heywood</i>                         | 8    |
| 6. Come away, come away, Death <i>W. Shakspeare</i>                     | 10   |
| 7. The Vengeance of Bacchus . <i>T. L. Peacock</i>                      | 11   |
| 8. Earine . . . . . <i>Ben Jonson</i>                                   | 12   |
| 9. To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars <i>R. Lovelace</i>                  | 13   |
| 10. On the Receipt of my Mother's<br>Picture . . . . . <i>W. Cowper</i> | 13   |
| 11. *O that we two were Maying . <i>C. Kingsley</i>                     | 17   |
| 12. The Scholar . . . . . <i>R. Southey</i>                             | 17   |
| 13. The Ship o' the Fiend . . . <i>Old Ballad</i>                       | 18   |
| 14. The Man of Life Upright . . <i>Lord Bacon</i>                       | 22   |
| 15. Weep no More . . . . . <i>J. Fletcher</i>                           | 22   |
| 16. L'Allegro . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                                | 23   |
| 17. Song in Absence . . . . . <i>Allan Cunningham</i>                   | 28   |
| 18. A Quiet Mind . . . . . <i>Lord Vaux</i>                             | 29   |
| 19. To a Child in Heaven . . . . <i>J. Norris</i>                       | 30   |

|   | PAGE                           |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 20. The Eve of the Battle of Quatre Bras . . . . .    | <i>Lord Byron</i> 32           |
| 21. Proud Maisie . . . . .                            | <i>Sir W. Scott</i> 35         |
| 22. An English Landscape . . . . .                    | <i>G. Wither</i> 36            |
| 23. Drowned in Yarrow . . . . .                       | <i>Old Ballad</i> 38           |
| 24. Song to Stella . . . . .                          | <i>Sir P. Sidney</i> 39        |
| 25. Prayer of Columbus . . . . .                      | <i>Walt Whitman</i> 41         |
| 26. *As in a Picture . . . . .                        | <i>L. Morris</i> 43            |
| 27. Dark Rosaleen . . . . .                           | <i>J. C. Mangan</i> 44         |
| 28. The Shepherd's Estate Happiest . . . . .          | <i>P. Fletcher</i> 47          |
| 29. Il Penseroso . . . . .                            | <i>J. Milton</i> 49            |
| 30. *Flush or Faunus . . . . .                        | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 55       |
| 31. The Wife of Usher's Well . . . . .                | <i>Old Ballad</i> 56           |
| 32. Epitaph on a Child . . . . .                      | <i>G. Wither</i> 58            |
| 33. To Anthea, who may command him anything . . . . . | <i>R. Herrick</i> 58           |
| 34. "All the World's a Stage" . . . . .               | <i>Sir W. Raleigh</i> 60       |
| 35. Hester . . . . .                                  | <i>C. Lamb</i> 60              |
| 36. On a Day, alack the Day . . . . .                 | <i>W. Shakspeare</i> 61        |
| 37. A Fragment . . . . .                              | <i>Allan Cunningham</i> 62     |
| 38. Golden Apples . . . . .                           | <i>R. Herrick</i> 63           |
| 39. His Mistress' Face . . . . .                      | <i>P. Rosseter</i> 64          |
| 40. Song for Saint Cecilia's Day . . . . .            | <i>J. Dryden</i> 65            |
| 41. Glen-Almain; or the Narrow Glen . . . . .         | <i>W. Wordsworth</i> 67        |
| 42. The Virgin of the Rocks . . . . .                 | <i>C. Lamb</i> 69              |
| 43. To his Wife . . . . .                             | <i>H. King</i> 70              |
| 44. Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw . . . . .       | <i>R. Burns</i> 71             |
| 45. *Tears, Idle Tears . . . . .                      | <i>Lord Tennyson</i> 72        |
| 46. Astrophel . . . . .                               | <i>Various Authors</i> 73      |
| 47. After the Battle . . . . .                        | <i>T. Moore</i> 78             |
| 48. Astrology . . . . .                               | <i>F. Beaumont</i> 79          |
| 49. I saw my Lady weep . . . . .                      | <i>Anon. (16th Century)</i> 80 |
| 50. The twa Cats and the Cheese . . . . .             | <i>Allan Ramsay</i> 81         |
| 51. The Question . . . . .                            | <i>P. B. Shelley</i> 82        |

# CONTENTS

xiii

|  | PAGE  |
|--|-------|
| 52. A Ballad upon a Wedding . . . <i>J. Suckling</i>                         | 84    |
| 53. A Country Parson . . . . . <i>O. Goldsmith</i>                           | 88    |
| 54. *A Dream . . . . . <i>W. Allingham</i>                                   | 90    |
| 55. The Praise of Virtue . . . . . <i>G. Wither</i>                          | 91    |
| 56. Two Songs of Parting . <i>Anon. (17th Century)</i>                       | 93    |
| 57. *The Dance of Death . . . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>                       | 94    |
| 58. A Man's a Man for a' that . . . . . <i>R. Burns</i>                      | 96    |
| 59. Charge of Ariel to the Sylphs . . . . . <i>A. Pope</i>                   | 97    |
| 60. The Garden . . . . . <i>A. Marvell</i>                                   | 99    |
| 61. To Time . . . . . <i>A. W. (cir. 1600)</i>                               | 102   |
| 62. The Armada . . . . . <i>Lord Macaulay</i>                                | 103   |
| 63. November in London . . . . . <i>T. Hood</i>                              | 107   |
| 64. *How do I love thee . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i>                      | 108   |
| 65. The Picture of Little T. C. . . . . <i>A. Marvell</i>                    | 109   |
| 66. Parted . . . . . <i>Old Song</i>   | 110   |
| 67. High Communings . . . . . <i>W. Cowper</i>                               | 111   |
| 68. A Wood Path . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>                               | 111   |
| 69. The Praise of Dancing . . . . . <i>J. Davies</i>                         | 113   |
| 70. *On Como . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>  | 117   |
| 71. To a Dead Friend . . . . . <i>W. Habington</i>                           | 118   |
| 72. Cupid and Campaspe . . . . . <i>J. Lyly</i>                              | 119   |
| 73. Sonnets . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                                       | 119   |
| 74. The Banks o' Doon . . . . . <i>R. Burns</i>                              | 120   |
| 75. The Kingdom of Pluto . . . . . <i>T. Sackville</i>                       | 121   |
| 76. The Poet in War-Time . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>                       | 122   |
| 77. Love's Growth . . . . . <i>J. Donne</i>                                  | 127   |
| 78. Flowers for the Wedding of Thame<br>and Isis . . . . . <i>M. Drayton</i> | 127 — |
| 79. When thou must Home . . . . . <i>T. Campion</i>                          | 130   |
| 80. *Ballade of Sleep . . . . . <i>A. Lang</i>                               | 131   |
| 81. The Praise of Letters . . . . . <i>S. Daniel</i>                         | 132   |
| 82. Auld Robin Gray . . . . . <i>Lady A. Lindsay</i>                         | 134   |
| 83. The Land of Drowsihead . . . . . <i>J. Thomson</i>                       | 135   |
| 84. Rosalynde's Madrigal . . . . . <i>T. Lodge</i>                           | 137   |
| 85. Cynthia . . . . . <i>Sir W. Raleigh</i>                                  | 139   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| 86. Waly, Waly . . . . . <i>Old Ballad</i>                       | 140  |
| 87. Amoretti . . . . . <i>E. Spenser</i>                         | 142  |
| 88. To the Rose . . . . . <i>E. Waller</i>                       | 143  |
| 89. My Love is Past . . . . . <i>T. Watson</i>                   | 144  |
| 90. A Northern Spring . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>              | 145  |
| 91. To Echo . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                           | 149  |
| 92. *Song of Callicles . . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i>           | 149  |
| 93. To Helen . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>                          | 151  |
| 94. Sonnets . . . . . <i>Sir P. Sidney</i>                       | 152  |
| 95. Youth and Age . . . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>               | 154  |
| 96. Elegy on the Death of a Parrot . . . . . <i>C. Marlowe</i>   | 156  |
| 97. Employment . . . . . <i>G. Herbert</i>                       | 158  |
| 98. Love's Deathbed . . . . . <i>M. Drayton</i>                  | 159  |
| 99. *The Warbling of Blackbirds . . . . . <i>J. Ingelow</i>      | 160  |
| 100. A Vigil in the East . . . . . <i>E. Judson</i>              | 161  |
| 101. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i>                      | 163  |
| 102. Sir David Græme . . . . . <i>J. Hogg</i>                    | 165  |
| 103. Courage . . . . . <i>G. Chapman</i>                         | 168  |
| 104. *Passages from "In Memoriam" . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i> | 169  |
| 105. A Scholar and his Dog . . . . . <i>J. Marston</i>           | 172  |
| 106. The Garmond of Gud Ladies . . . . . <i>R. Henryson</i>      | 173  |
| 107. The "Ave Maria" . . . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>                 | 175  |
| 108. *In a far Country . . . . . <i>M. Ryan</i>                  | 177  |
| 109. Youth in Age . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>                  | 178  |
| 110. May Margaret . . . . . <i>Old Ballad</i>                    | 179  |
| 111. To Light . . . . . <i>A. Cowley</i>                         | 182  |
| 112. *Sir Galahad . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>                 | 183  |
| 113. To Darkness . . . . . <i>J. Norris</i>                      | 186  |
| 114. To a Mountain Daisy . . . . . <i>R. Burns</i>               | 187  |
| 115. At a Solemn Music . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                | 189  |
| 116. *By the Sea . . . . . <i>Christina Rossetti</i>             | 190  |
| 117. The Praise of Beauty . . . . . <i>E. Spenser</i>            | 191  |
| 118. Snow-Flakes . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>               | 193  |
| 119. To the Lady Margaret . . . . . <i>S. Daniel</i>             | 194  |
| 120. Ask me no More . . . . . <i>T. Carew</i>                    | 198  |

# CONTENTS

XV

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 121. A Spring Morning . . . . . <i>James I. (of Scotland)</i>                         | 199  |
| 122. *Passages from "In Memoriam" <i>Lord Tennyson</i>                                | 201  |
| 123. Unexpressed . . . . . <i>C. Marlowe</i>  | 204  |
| 124. Meditation of Lord Strafford in<br>the Tower . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>              | 205  |
| 125. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i>   | 206  |
| 126. To Primroses filled with Morning<br>Dew . . . . . <i>R. Herrick</i>              | 208  |
| 127. Ode to Evening . . . . . <i>W. Collins</i>                                       | 209  |
| 128. The Anniversary . . . . . <i>J. Donne</i>  | 211  |
| 129. *The Lotos-Eaters . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>                                 | 212  |
| 130. Estrangement . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>                                       | 219  |
| 131. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Shakspeare</i>   | 220  |
| 132. *Stanzas . . . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>   | 222  |
| 133. Description of Spring . . . . . <i>Lord Surrey</i>                               | 225  |
| 134. Ode to Duty . . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i>                                       | 226  |
| 135. A Vision upon this Conceit of the<br>Faery Queen . . . . . <i>Sir W. Raleigh</i> | 228  |
| 136. Extreme Unction . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>                                    | 229  |
| 137. Sonnets . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>  | 232  |
| 138. *A Dirge . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>  | 233  |
| 139. Man . . . . . <i>H. Vaughan</i>  | 235  |
| 140. The Bridge of Sighs . . . . . <i>T. Hood</i>                                     | 236  |
| 141. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Drummond</i>   | 240  |
| 142. A Lament for Flodden . . . . . <i>Jane Elliott</i>                               | 241  |
| 143. Ode to a Nightingale . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>                                   | 242  |
| 144. Stanzas written in dejection near<br>Naples . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>       | 245  |
| 145. A Marriage Song . . . . . <i>E. Spenser</i>                                      | 247  |
| 146. To Groves . . . . . <i>R. Herrick</i>  | 251  |
| 147. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Shakspeare</i>   | 252  |
| 148. *Meäken up a Miff . . . . . <i>W. Barnes</i>                                     | 254  |
| 149. The Progress of Poesy . . . . . <i>T. Gray</i>                                   | 256  |
| 150. The Dirge of Marcello . . . . . <i>J. Webster</i>                                | 262  |
| 151. Two Songs for St. Theresa . . . . . <i>R. Crashaw</i>                            | 262  |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| 152. The Challenge of May . . . . . <i>W. Dunbar</i>         | 266  |
| 153. A Rondeau . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>                   | 267  |
| 154. Tintern Abbey . . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i>            | 267  |
| 155. Take, O Take those Lips away <i>W. Shakspeare</i>       | 273  |
| 156. Elegy on Elizabeth Drury . . . . . <i>J. Donne</i>      | 273  |
| 157. *A Moon-Rainbow . . . . . <i>R. Browning</i>            | 276  |
| 158. The Songs of David . . . . . <i>C. Smart</i>            | 278  |
| 159. Life a Shadow . . . . . <i>W. Drummond</i>              | 280  |
| 160. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Shakspeare</i>                  | 280  |
| 161. On the Tombs in Westminster <i>F. Beaumont</i>          | 282  |
| 162. *Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli <i>R. Browning</i>        | 283  |
| 163. On a Poet's Lips I Slept . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i> | 284  |
| 164. Ode on a Grecian Urn . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>          | 285  |
| 165. *Morality . . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i>               | 286  |
| 166. *How it strikes a Contemporary <i>R. Browning</i>       | 288  |
| 167. The Fire of Driftwood . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i> | 292  |
| 168. Good Counseil . . . . . <i>G. Chaucer</i>               | 294  |
| 169. The Sleeper . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>                  | 295  |
| 170. *Sonnets . . . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>                | 297  |
| 171. A Slumber did my Spirit Seal <i>W. Wordsworth</i>       | 298  |
| 172. Dejection . . . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>              | 298  |
| 173. *Prospice . . . . . <i>R. Browning</i>                  | 304  |
| 174. Sonnets . . . . . <i>W. Shakspeare</i>                  | 305  |
| 175. *Shemuel . . . . . <i>E. E. Bowen</i>                   | 307  |
| 176. To Night . . . . . <i>J. Blanco White</i>               | 308  |
| 177. *As Ships Becalmed . . . . . <i>A. H. Clough</i>        | 308  |
| 178. Ode to the West Wind . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>     | 309  |
| 179. A Valediction . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i>           | 312  |
| 180. *The One Hope . . . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>           | 314  |

## PART II

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| 1. Passages from "Endymion" . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>        | 317 |
| 2. *The Spinster's Sweet-arts . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i> | 324 |

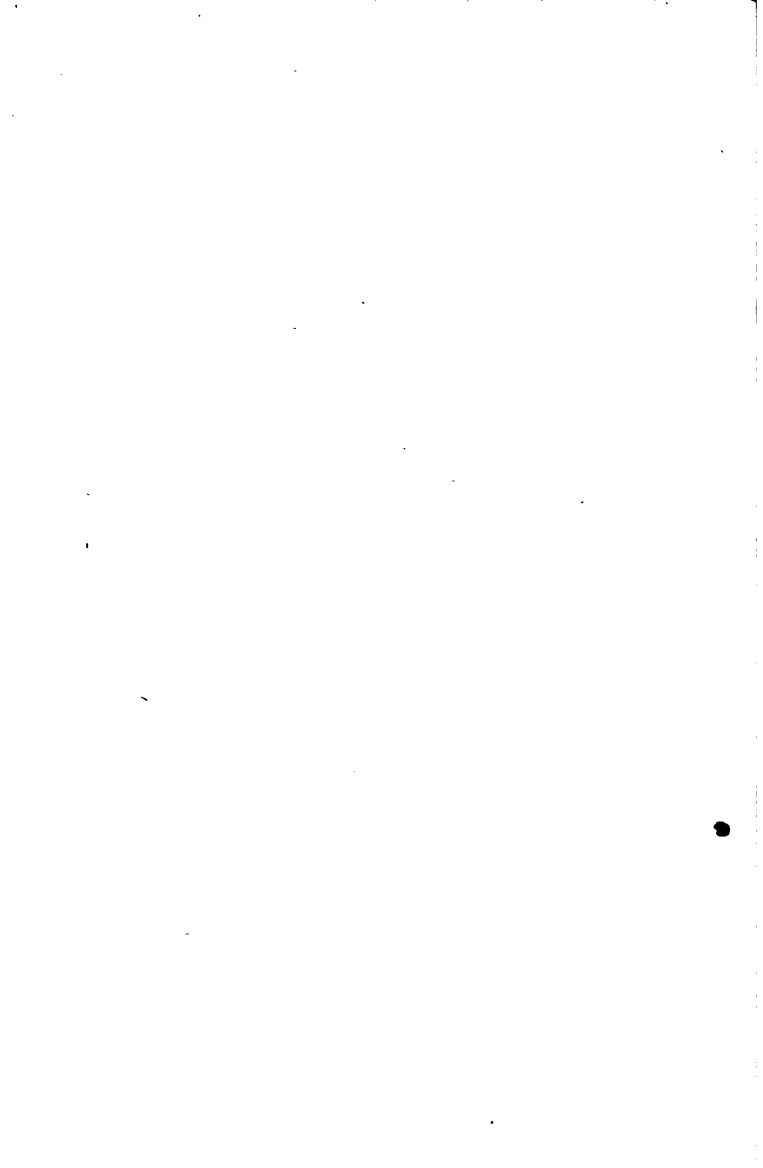
# CONTENTS

xvii

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| 3. Italian Pictures . . . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>                          | 332  |
| 4. Christabel . . . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>                           | 345  |
| 5. Hymn on the Nativity . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                       | 367  |
| 6. *Morte d'Arthur . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>                        | 376  |
| 7. The Raven . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>                                  | 385  |
| 8. Lycidas . . . . . <i>J. Milton</i>                                    | 392  |
| 9. The Vision of Sir Launfal . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>               | 400  |
| 10. Laodamia . . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i>                              | 411  |
| 11. *The Schoolmasters . . . . . <i>T. E. Brown</i>                      | 418  |
| 12. Passages from "Hyperion" . . . . . <i>J. Keats</i>                   | 434  |
| 13. Sea Drift . . . . . <i>Walt Whitman</i>                              | 447  |
| 14. Adonais . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>                               | 456  |
| 15. Ode on Intimations of Im-<br>mortality. . . . . <i>W. Wordsworth</i> | 478  |
| 16. Pictures from the "Faery Queene" <i>E. Spenser</i>                   | 484  |

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . . | 511 |
|--------------------------------|-----|





34

## PART I

E 37

B

III

## AN INVOCATION OF PHANTASY

(FROM BEN JONSON'S "VISION OF DELIGHT")

BREAK, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,  
And spread thy purple wings:  
Now all thy figures are allowed,  
And various shapes of things.  
Create of airy forms a stream:  
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;  
And though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odour rise  
To all the Senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.

## I.—TO POETS

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new ?

—Yes : and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon ;  
With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
With the parle of voices thundrous ;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;  
Underneath large bluebells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not ;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,  
But divine melodious truth ;  
Philosophic numbers smooth ;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again ;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumbered, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week ;  
Of their sorrows and delights ;  
Of their passions and their spites ;  
Of their glory and their shame ;  
What doth strengthen and what maim.  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new !

J. KEATS

## 2.—THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story :  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying :  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !

O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.  
 TENNYSON

### 3.—MADRIGALS

#### OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

##### I

THUS saith my Cloris bright,  
 When we of Love sit down and talk together :  
 " Beware of Love : Love is a walking sprite ;  
 And Love is this and that,  
 And O ! I know not what ;  
 And comes and goes again I wot not whither."  
 No, no ; these are but bugs<sup>1</sup> to breed amazing,  
 For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.  
 ANON.

<sup>1</sup> Bugbears : connected with *pouk* (Puck) and *bogie*.

## 2

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,  
And then behold your lips, where sweet love  
harbours,

Mine eyes present me with a double doubting ;  
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,  
Whether the roses be your lips,—or your lips the  
roses. ANON.

## 3

Once in an arbour was my mistress sleeping,  
With rose and woodbine woven,  
Whose person thousand graces had in keeping ;  
Where, for mine heart, her heart's hard flint was  
cloven

To keep him safe. Behind stood, pertly peeping,  
Poor Cupid, softly creeping,  
And drove small birds out of the myrtle bushes,  
Scared with his arrows, who sat cheeping  
On every sprig ; whom Cupid calls and hushes  
From branch to branch : whiles I, poor soul, sat  
weeping

To see her breathe, not knowing,  
Incense into the clouds, and bless with breath  
The winds and air ; whiles Cupid, underneath,  
With birds, with songs, nor any posies throwing,  
Could her awake.

Each noise sweet lullaby was, for her sake !

B. BARNES

4.—A WISH<sup>1</sup>

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have  
Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better than ill-known :

Rumour can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night ;

My house a cottage more  
Than palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,  
" To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them : I have lived to-day."

A. COWLEY

<sup>1</sup> Written at thirteen. The poem may be compared with one on a similar subject by Pope, written at about the same age. See vol. ii. p. 29.



## 5.—A PRAISE OF HIS LADY

GIVE place, you ladies, and begone ;  
Boast not yourselves at all :  
For here at hand approacheth one  
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks  
Excels the precious stone :  
I wish to have none other books  
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes  
Smileth a naked boy :  
It would you all in heart suffice  
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould  
Where she her shape did take ;  
Or else I doubt if Nature could  
So fair a creature make.

She may be very well compared  
Unto the Phoenix kind,  
Whose like was never seen or heard  
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,  
In truth Penelope ;  
In word and eke in deed steadfast :  
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,  
Who could find such a wight ?  
Her beauty twinkleth like a star  
Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes  
With such a comely grace,  
More ruddier too than doth the rose,  
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,  
Ne at no wanton play,  
Nor gazing in an open street,  
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use  
Is mixed with shamefastness ;  
All vice she doth wholly refuse,  
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see  
How virtue can repair  
And deck her in such honesty  
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth so far exceed  
Our women nowadays  
As doth the gilliflower a weed,  
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff  
Of this unspotted tree ?  
For all the rest are plain but chaff  
Which seem good corn to be.

10 COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

This gift alone I shall her give :  
When Death doth what he can,  
Her honest fame shall ever live  
Within the mouth of man.

J. HEYWOOD<sup>1</sup>

6.—COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

COME away, come away, Death,  
And in sad cypress<sup>2</sup> let me be laid ;  
Fly away, fly away, breath ;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it !  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown ;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there !

W. SHAKSPEARE

<sup>1</sup> This authorship is disputed.

<sup>2</sup> Commonly explained as *cypres*, crape ; but we find mention of coffins made of black cypress wood (see second stanza), and the epithet "sad" is used regularly of the cypress-tree, while it could scarcely be used of a "shroud of white." See Clarendon Press Edition of *Twelfth Night*.

## 7.—THE VENGEANCE OF BACCHUS

BACCHUS by the lonely ocean  
Stood in youthful semblance fair :  
Summer winds, with gentle motion,  
Waved his black and curling hair ;  
Streaming from his manly shoulders  
Robes of gold and purple dye  
Told of spoil to fierce beholders  
In their black ship sailing by.  
On the vessel's deck they placed him,  
Strongly bound in triple bands ;  
But the iron rings that braced him  
Melted, wax-like, from his hands.  
Then the pilot spake in terror :  
"Tis a god in mortal form !  
Seek the land ; repair your error  
Ere his wrath invoke the storm."  
"Silence !" cried the frowning master ;  
"Mind the helm ; the breeze is fair.  
Coward ! cease to bode disaster :  
Leave to men the captive's care."  
While he speaks, and fiercely tightens  
In the full free breeze the sail,  
From the deck wine bubbling lightens,  
Winy fragrance fills the gale ;  
Gurgling in ambrosial lustre  
Flows the purple-eddy wine ;  
O'er the yard-arms trail and cluster  
Tendrils of the mantling vine ;  
Grapes, beneath the broad leaves springing,  
Blushing as in vintage hours,

Droop, while round the tall mast clinging  
Ivy twines its buds and flowers,  
Fast with graceful berries blackening ;  
Garlands hang on every oar.  
Then, in fear the cordage slackening,  
One and all, they cry, " To shore !"  
Bacchus changed his shape, and glaring  
With a lion's eyeballs wide,  
Roared : the pirate-crew, despairing,  
Plunged amid the foaming tide.  
Through the azure depths they flitted,  
Dolphins by transforming fate :  
But the god the pilot pitied,  
Saved, and made him rich and great.

T. L. PEACOCK

### 8.—EARINE

(FROM "THE SAD SHEPHERD")

HERE she was wont to go ; and here, and here ;  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow :  
The world may find the Spring by following her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
Or shake the downy blowball from his stalk ;  
But like the soft west wind she shot along,  
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

BEN JONSON

9.—TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE  
WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore :  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honour more.

R. LOVELACE

10.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTURE

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me :  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blessed be the art that can immortalise,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here,  
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long !

I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss :  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot ;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more :  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,  
'Tis now become a history little known  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair  
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

\* \* \* \*

Could those few<sup>1</sup> pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them  
here ?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might,—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;

<sup>1</sup> She died when he was six years old.



So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore  
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."<sup>1</sup>  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tost,  
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass  
 lost ;

And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
 Yet O the thought that thou art safe, and he !  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,<sup>2</sup>  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
 The son of parents passed into the skies !

And now, farewell ! Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine :  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. COWPER

<sup>1</sup> Quoted, perhaps from memory, from Garth's *Dispensary*, where we find—

"To die is landing on some silent shore  
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar."

<sup>2</sup> His mother was descended by four different lines from King Henry III.

11.—O THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING

O THAT we two were Maying  
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze ;  
Like children with violets playing  
In the shade of the whispering trees !

O that we two sat dreaming  
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,  
Watching the white mist streaming  
Over river and mead and town !

O that we two lay sleeping  
In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,  
And our souls at home with God !

C. KINGSLEY

12.—THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are passed ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old :  
My never-failing friends are they  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,

My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY

### 13.—THE SHIP O' THE FIEND

" O WHERE hae ye been, my lang-lost lover,  
This lang seven years and mair ? "

" O I'm come again to seek your love  
And the vows that ye did swear. "

" Now haud your tongue o' my love and vows,  
For they can breed but strife ;  
Now haud your tongue o' my former vows,  
For I am anither man's wife. "

He turned him right and round about,  
And the tear blinded his e'e :

" I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
If it had not been for thee.

" I might hae had a noble lady,  
Far beyond the sea ;  
I might hae had a noble lady,  
Were it no for the love o' thee."

" If ye might hae had a noble lady,  
Yoursel' ye hae to blame ;  
Ye might hae taken the noble lady,  
For ye kenned that I was nane."

" O fause are the vows o' womankind,  
But fair is their fause bodie ;  
I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
Were it no for the love o' thee!

" For I despised the pearls and rings,  
And the fair lady also ;  
And I am come back to my ain true love,  
But with me she'll not go."

" My husband he is a carpenter,  
And earns gude bread wi' his hand ;  
And I hae borne him a little son ;  
Wi' you I winna gang."

" Ye may leave your husband to himsel',  
And your little son also ;  
And sail wi' me across the sea :  
Sae fair the wind doth blow."

" O what hae you to keep me wi',  
If I wi' you should go—  
If I should forsake my good husband,  
My little young son also ? "

" See ye not yon seven pretty ships—  
The eighth brought me to land—  
With merchandise and mariners,  
And music on every hand ?

" There's mantles warm to wrap my love,  
O' the silk and soft velvét,  
And rich attires to deck her head,  
And costly shoon for her feet."

She turned her round upon the shore,  
Her love's ships to behold,  
Their mainyards and their topmasts high  
Were covered o'er wi' gold.

And she has gone to her little young son,  
Kissed him baith cheek and chin :  
" O fare ye weel, my little son !  
For I'll never see you again."

She has drawn the slippers on her feet,  
Well wrought wi' threads o' gold,  
And he's wrapt her round wi' the soft velvét  
To haud her frae the cold.

" O how do you like the ship ? " he said  
" Or how do you like the sea ?  
And how do you like the bold mariners  
That wait upon thee and me ? " -

" O weel I like the ship," she said,  
" And weel I like the sea ;  
But where are a' your mariners ?  
I see nane but thee and me."

She hadna sailed a league frae land,  
A league but barely three,  
Till she minded on her dear husband,  
And her little young son tee.

"O gin I were on shore again,  
On shore where I wad be,  
Nae living man should flatter me  
To sail upon the sea!"

"O haud your tongue o' weeping," says he,  
"Let a' your mourning be;  
I'll show ye how the lilies grow  
On the banks o' Italie."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?"  
"O yon are the hills o' Heaven," he said,  
Where you will never win."

"O whatna mountain is yon," she said,  
"Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?"  
"O yon is the mountain o' Hell," he cried,  
"Where you and I maun go!"

And aye when she turned her round about,  
Aye taller he seemed for to be;  
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship  
Nae taller were than he.

He strack the mainmast wi' his hand,  
The foremast wi' his knee;  
The gallant ship was broken in twain,  
And sank into the sea.

OLD BALLAD

## 14.—THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THE man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is  
 free  
 From all dishonest deeds, and thoughts of vanity ;  
 That man whose silent days in harmless joys are  
 spent,  
 Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent ;  
 That man needs neither tower nor armour for  
 defence,  
 Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.  
 He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies.  
 Thus, scorning all the care that fate or fortune  
 brings,  
 He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom  
 heavenly things,  
 Good thoughts his only friends, his wealth a well-  
 spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn—a quiet pilgrimage.

FRA. BACON <sup>1</sup>

## 15.—WEEP NO MORE

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;  
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone :  
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain  
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.

<sup>1</sup> So in a MS. in the British Museum. But in a song-book of 1601 it is claimed for T. Campion.

Trim thy locks, look cheerfully :  
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see ;  
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast :  
Why should sadness longer last ?  
Grief is but a wound to woe :  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

J. FLETCHER

16.—L'ALLEGRO<sup>1</sup>

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born<sup>2</sup>  
In Stygian cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy !  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
wings,  
And the night-raven sings ;  
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed  
rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,  
And by men heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :

<sup>1</sup> The Light-hearted Man.

<sup>2</sup> This parentage, like the second suggested for Mirth, is of course invented by Milton.



Or whether (as some sager<sup>1</sup> sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying,  
 There on beds of violet blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom,<sup>2</sup> blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks<sup>3</sup> and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as ye go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph,<sup>4</sup> sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unprovèd pleasures free:—  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise,  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow

<sup>1</sup> Because making true Mirth the child of the Breeze and the Dawn, rather than of Love and Wine.

<sup>2</sup> Lively.

<sup>3</sup> Gibes and puns.

<sup>4</sup> So Tennyson: "Of old sat Freedom on the heights.

Through the sweetbriar or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine,<sup>1</sup>  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack or the barn-door  
Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn  
From the side of some hoar hill  
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;  
Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate  
When the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale <sup>2</sup>  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures :  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,

<sup>1</sup> Probably honey-suckle.

<sup>2</sup> Counts his flock : the shepherd's first morning duty.

Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon<sup>1</sup> and Thyrsis<sup>1</sup> met  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis<sup>1</sup> dresses ;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis<sup>2</sup> to bind the sheaves,  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland<sup>3</sup> hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequered shade,  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail.  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat :  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
 She was pinched and pulled, she said ;  
 And he, by friar's lanthorn<sup>4</sup> led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin<sup>5</sup> swet<sup>6</sup>  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

<sup>1</sup> Shepherd names from the Seventh Eclogue of Vergil.

<sup>2</sup> A name taken from the Second Eclogue of Vergil.

<sup>3</sup> Country.

<sup>4</sup> There is said to be a confusion here between "Friar Rush, who haunted houses, and Jack o' Lanthorn, who haunted fields."

<sup>5</sup> Robin Goodfellow.

<sup>6</sup> Old past tense.

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down the lubber <sup>1</sup> fiend  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings  
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs <sup>2</sup> hold,  
With store of ladies whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, <sup>3</sup> and feast, and revelry,  
With masque and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock <sup>4</sup> be on,  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian <sup>5</sup> airs,

<sup>1</sup> Clumsy.

<sup>2</sup> Shows.

<sup>3</sup> Procession.

<sup>4</sup> *Soccus*, a shoe worn by comic actors.

<sup>5</sup> Of the three ancient musical modes or scales (Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian), the Lydian was the softest and tenderest.

Married to immortal verse ;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out ;  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony :  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. MILTON<sup>1</sup>

### 17.—SONG IN ABSENCE

THE sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he ;  
 But he has tint<sup>2</sup> the blithe blink he had  
 In my ain countrie.  
 O gladness comes to many,  
 But sorrow comes to me,  
 As I look o'er the wide ocean  
 To my ain countrie.

<sup>1</sup> For fuller notes to this and other poems by Milton, see Mr. Hales's *Longer English Poems* (Macmillan).

<sup>2</sup> Lost.

O it's nae my ain ruin  
That saddens aye my e'e,  
But the love I left in Galloway,  
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.  
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie  
An' smiled my fair Marie :  
I've left my heart behind me  
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,  
And the blossom to the bee ;  
But I'll win back—O never,  
To my ain countrie.  
I'm leal to the high Heaven,  
Which will be leal to me,  
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune  
Frae my ain countrie.

A. CUNNINGHAM

### 18.—A QUIET MIND

WHEN all is done and said, in the end this  
shall you find :  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a  
quiet mind ;  
And, clear from worldly cares, to deem can be  
content  
The sweetest time in all this life in thinking to be  
spent.

The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,  
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour ;

And death in time doth change it to a clod of  
clay :  
Whereas the mind, which is divine, runs never to  
decay.

Companion none is like unto the mind alone,  
For many have been harmed by speech—through  
thinking few, or none :  
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes  
not thoughts to cease ;  
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for  
to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at  
the grave ;  
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us  
we have :  
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well  
content  
The sweetest time in all my life to deem in think-  
ing spent.

THOMAS (LORD) VAUX

19.—TO A CHILD IN HEAVEN

I CARE not, though it be  
By the preciser sort thought Popery ;  
We poets can a licence show  
For every thing we do :  
Hear then, my little saint,—I'll pray to thee.  
If now thy happy mind  
Amidst its various joys can leisure find

To attend to any thing so low  
As what I say or do,  
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blest above  
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove :  
Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee ;  
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah, what delight 'twould be  
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with  
me !

How should I thy sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise !  
Come, then—I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;  
Nor should thy fellow-saints ere know  
Of thy escape below :  
Before thou'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, Heaven must needs thy love  
As well as other qualities improve !  
Come then, and recreate my sight  
With rays of thy pure light :  
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if Fate's so severe  
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,  
(And by thy absence I shall know  
Whether thy state be so,)  
Live happy : but be mindful of me there.

J. NORRIS



20.—THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF  
QUATRE BRAS<sup>1</sup>

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
 men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
 bell.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
 No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure  
 meet,  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once  
 more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat :  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
 roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
 Sat Brunswick's fated<sup>2</sup> chieftain : he did hear

<sup>1</sup> Fought 16th June 1815, two days before the Battle of Waterloo.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre Bras.

That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deemed it  
     near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretched his father<sup>1</sup> on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
     quell :

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
     fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness :  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could  
     guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
     rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the  
     steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they  
     come ! they come !"

<sup>1</sup> His father died of his wounds at Jena, 1806.

34 EVE OF THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering"  
rose !

The war-note of Lochiel,<sup>1</sup> which Albyn's<sup>2</sup> hills  
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon  
foes :—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which  
fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-  
man's ears !

And Ardennes<sup>3</sup> waves above them her green  
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold  
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array !

<sup>1</sup> The chief of the clan of the Camerons.      <sup>2</sup> Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> Strictly, the forest of Soignies, regarded here as an extension of the Ardennes.

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and  
pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red burial  
blent !

BYRON

## 21.—PROUD MAISIE

PROUD MAISIE is in the wood,  
Walking so early ;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush  
Singing so rarely.

“ Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me ? ”  
—“ When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“ Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly ? ”  
—“ The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

“ The glowworm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady ;  
The owl from the steeple sing  
' Welcome, proud lady.' ”

W. SCOTT

## 22.—AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

(FROM "THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE")

Two pretty rills do meet ; and, meeting, make  
 Within one valley a large silver lake ;  
 About whose banks the fertile mountains stood  
 In ages passèd, bravely crowned with wood.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

For pleasant was that pool ; and near it, then,  
 Was neither rotten marsh, nor boggy fen.  
 It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,  
 Nor grew there ruddy, then, along the edge  
 A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,  
 Nor broad-leafed flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush ;  
 But here, well-ordered, was a grove with bowers ;  
 There, grassy plots set round about with flowers ;  
 Here you might through the water see the land  
 Appear, strewed o'er with white or yellow sand ;  
 Yon, deeper was it ; and the wind by whiffs  
 Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs ;  
 On which, oft pluming, sat unfrighted there  
 The gaggling wild goose and the snow-white swan,  
 With all those flocks of fowls which, to this day,  
 Upon those quiet waters breed and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be  
 Which once it had, it is the same that we,  
 By transposition, name the Ford of Arle ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And out of which, along a chalky marl  
 That river<sup>2</sup> trills, whose waters wash the fort<sup>3</sup>  
 In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.

North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies  
 A tract of beechy mountains, that arise

<sup>1</sup> Alresford.<sup>2</sup> The Itchen.<sup>3</sup> Winchester.

With leisurely ascending, to such height  
As from their tops the warlike Isle of Wight  
You in the ocean's bosom may espy,  
Though near two thousand furlongs thence it lie.  
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,  
Is strewèd o'er with marjoram and thyme  
Which grow unset. The hedgerows do not want  
The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant  
That freshly scents : as birch, both green and tall ;  
Low sallows, on whose bloomings bees do fall ;  
Fair woodbines, which about the hedges twine ;  
Smooth privet, and the sharp-sweet eglantine ;  
With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair  
The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

When you unto the highest do attain,  
An intermixture both of wood and plain  
You shall behold, which, though aloft it lie,  
Hath downs for sheep and fields for husbandry :  
So much at least, as little needeth more,  
If not enough, to merchandise their store.

In every row hath Nature planted there  
Some banquet for the hungry passenger :  
For here the hazel-nut and filbert grows ;  
There, bullaces ; and, little farther, sloes ;  
On this hand standeth a fair wielding-tree ;  
On that large thickets of black cherries be ;  
The shrubby fields are raspice orchards there ;  
The new-felled woods like strawberry gardens are.  
And had the King of Rivers blest those hills  
With some small number of such pretty rills  
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen  
A sweeter plot of earth than this had been.

G. WITHER

## 23.—DROWNED IN YARROW

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay  
Where bonny grows the lily,  
I heard a fair maid sighing say  
“ My wish be wi’ sweet Willie !

“ Willie’s rare, and Willie’s fair,  
And Willie’s wondrous bonny ;  
And Willie hecht <sup>1</sup> to marry me  
Gin e’er he married ony.

“ O gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
From where my Love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth  
And tell me how he fareth.

“ O tell sweet Willie to come down  
And hear the mavis singing,  
And see the birds on ilka bush  
And leaves around them hinging.

“ The lav’rock there, wi’ her white breast  
And gentle throat sae narrow ;  
There’s sport eneuch for gentlemen  
On Leader haughs <sup>2</sup> and Yarrow.

“ O Leader haughs are wide and braid,  
And Yarrow haughs are bonny ;  
There Willie hecht to marry me  
If e’er he married ony.

<sup>1</sup> Promised.

<sup>2</sup> Low, rich lands.

" But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,  
And does not hear me weeping ;  
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e  
When other maids are sleeping.

" Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
The night I'll mak' it narrow,  
For a' the live lang winter night  
I lie twinned <sup>1</sup> o' my marrow.<sup>2</sup>

" O came ye by yon water-side ?  
Pou'd you the rose or lily ?  
Or came you by yon meadow green,  
Or saw you my sweet Willie ? "

She sought him up, she sought him down,  
She sought him braid and narrow ;  
Syne,<sup>3</sup> in the cleaving of a craig,  
She found him drowned in Yarrow !

OLD BALLAD

## 24.—SONG TO STELLA

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes in-  
tendeth,  
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music  
lendeth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :  
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with  
pleasure ?

Who keeps the keys of Nature's chiefest treasure ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :  
Only for you the Heaven forgot all measure.

<sup>1</sup> Parted from.

<sup>2</sup> Mate.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards.



Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth?  
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose steps all sweetness  
planteth?

Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets  
wanteth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth?  
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only at you all envies hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth?  
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses  
sunders?

Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes in-  
tendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged to music  
lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

P. SIDNEY

## 25.—PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

A BATTERED, wrecked old man,  
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,  
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve  
dreary months,  
Sore, stiff with many toils, sickened and nigh to  
death,  
I take my way along the island's edge,  
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe !  
Haply I may not live another day :  
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or  
sleep,  
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to  
Thee,  
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, com-  
mune with Thee,  
Report myself once more to Thee.

\* \* \* \*

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,  
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in  
thoughts of Thee,  
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee :  
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving re-  
sults to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,  
The urge, the ardour, the unconquerable will,  
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than  
words,

A message from the Heavens whispering to me  
even in sleep :

These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplished,  
By me earth's elder cloyed and stifled lands un-  
cloyed, unloosed,

By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the un-  
known to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee :

Or small or great I know not—what broad fields,  
what lands.

Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth  
I know

Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge  
worthy Thee ;

Haply the swords I know may there indeed be  
turned to reaping-tools ;

Haply the lifeless cross 'I know, Europe's dead  
cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand.

That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted

With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of  
Thee,

Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light,

Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages :

For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my  
knees,

Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,

The clouds already closing in upon me,

The voyage balked, the course disputed, lost,  
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs, grow nerveless,  
My brain feels racked, bewildered.  
Let the old timbers part, I will not part :  
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves  
buffet me :  
Thee, Thee, at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?  
What do I know of life? what of myself?  
I know not even my own work past or present :  
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,  
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,  
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?  
As if some miracle, some hand divine unsealed  
my eyes,  
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and  
sky,  
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,  
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

WALT WHITMAN

## 26.—AS IN A PICTURE

WHITE, on a cliff they stood ;  
Beyond, a cypress wood.

Three there were—one who wept,  
And one as though he slept ;

## DARK ROSALEEN

One with wide steadfast eyes  
Fixed in a sad surprise.

Day, like a dying hymn,  
Grew gradually dim.

A solitary star  
Gleamed on them from afar.

Beneath, by sand and cave  
Sobbed the continual wave.

Long time in reverent thought  
Who these might be I sought,

Then suddenly I said,  
"O Lord of quick and dead!"

L. MORRIS

27.—DARK ROSALEEN<sup>1</sup>

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH)

O MY dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green;  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!

<sup>1</sup> *Roisin Dubh*: an old name for Ireland. The ballad, composed in the stormy days of Queen Elizabeth, was doubtless more or less allegorical.

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health and help and hope,  
My dark Rosaleen !

Over hills and through dales  
Have I roamed for your sake ;  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne at its highest flood  
I dashed across unseen ;  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
O there was lightning in my blood !  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro do I move ;  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love !  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my queen ;  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen :  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,  
Will I fly for your weal ;  
Your holy, delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home, in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills !  
O I could kneel all night in prayer  
To heal your many ills !  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew.  
My dark Rosaleen !

J. C. MANGAN

## 28.—THE SHEPHERD'S ESTATE HAPPIEST

(FROM "THE PURPLE ISLAND")

THRICE, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state,  
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns !  
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,  
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and  
fawns :

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep :  
Singing all day, his flock he learns to keep ;  
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No serian worms <sup>1</sup> he knows, that with their thread  
Draw out their silken lives :—nor silken pride !  
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,  
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture <sup>2</sup> dyed ;  
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;  
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite :  
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,  
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise,  
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,  
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.  
In country plays is all the strife he uses ;  
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses ;  
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :

<sup>1</sup> Silk worms. Serian = Lat. *sericus*, silken, from *seres* (either a corruption of the Chinese word for silk, or the ancient name of the Chinese themselves). <sup>2</sup> Tyrian purple.



The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him  
 With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent :  
 His life is neither tost in boisterous seas  
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;  
 Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God  
 can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,  
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place :  
 His little son into his bosom creeps,  
 The lively picture of his father's face :  
 Never his humble house or state torment him ;  
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent  
 him ;  
 And when he dies, green turf, with grassy tomb,  
 content him.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath blessed,  
 And left His Heaven to be a shepherd base :  
 Thousand sweet songs He to His pipe addressed :  
 Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran  
 apace,  
 And serpents flew, to hear His softest strains :<sup>1</sup>  
 He fed His flock where rolling Jordan reigns ;  
 There took our rags, gave us His robes, and bore  
 our pains.

P. FLETCHER

<sup>1</sup> This christianising of the ancient mythologies is common in literature. So Milton :—

“ . . . the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below.”

It is possible that Fletcher alludes to a fresco in the Roman Catacombs (then only recently re-opened), which is supposed to represent our Lord in the character of Orpheus.

29—IL PENSEROSO <sup>1</sup>

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly, without father bred !  
 How little you bestead  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of <sup>2</sup> Morpheus' train.

But hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy !  
 Hail ! divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue—  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister <sup>3</sup> might beseem,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen <sup>4</sup> that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended :  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore :<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Contemplative Man.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* The body-guard composing.

<sup>3</sup> Hemera.

<sup>4</sup> Cassiopeia, the mother of Andromeda.

<sup>5</sup> This parentage, like that of the spurious "Melancholy" of *L'Allegro*, is of course invented.

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain) :  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.<sup>1</sup>

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure ;  
All in a robe of darkest grain,<sup>2</sup>  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole<sup>3</sup> of cypres<sup>4</sup> lawn  
Over thy decent<sup>5</sup> shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till,  
With a sad<sup>6</sup> leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.  
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

<sup>1</sup> See *Hyperion* (Part II).

<sup>2</sup> Purple. *Granum* meant first "seed," then the dried body of the *coccus* (a kind of cochineal), then the dyes made from it, then the dyes called "Tyrian purple."

<sup>3</sup> Here, probably, hood or veil.

<sup>4</sup> Crape.

<sup>5</sup> Comely.

<sup>6</sup> Fixed.

Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
The cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed<sup>1</sup> oak.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering Moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watered shore  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

<sup>1</sup> The nightingale is said to sing on the same tree for weeks together.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes,<sup>1</sup> or unsphere<sup>2</sup>  
 The spirit of Plato to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;  
 And of those dæmons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous<sup>3</sup> Tragedy  
 In sceptred pall<sup>4</sup> come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes,<sup>5</sup> or Pelops'<sup>5</sup> line,  
 Or the tale of Troy<sup>5</sup> divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd<sup>6</sup> stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus<sup>7</sup> from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,

<sup>1</sup> The Egyptian Thoth, identified with Hermes as "Hermes Trismegistus" (thrice-great) being Prophet, Sage, and King. Many philosophical works were attributed to him.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Bring him down from where he lives—

"Ensphered

"In regions mild of calm and serene air."

<sup>3</sup> Tragedy had to do with exalted themes and personages.

<sup>4</sup> Lat. *palla*, the outer garment.

<sup>5</sup> The three favourite subjects of Greek Tragedy.

<sup>6</sup> The buskin was the high-heeled boot (Lat. *cothurnus*) worn by tragic actors.

<sup>7</sup> A Thracian bard, said to be the son of Orpheus.

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek !  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canacé to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar king did ride !<sup>1</sup>  
And if aught else great bards<sup>2</sup> beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear !

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited<sup>3</sup> Morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownced<sup>4</sup> as she was wont  
With the Attic Boy<sup>5</sup> to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud  
While rocking winds are piping loud ;  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,

<sup>1</sup> See Chaucer's unfinished *Squire's Tale*.

<sup>2</sup> Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser.

<sup>3</sup> Sober-suited.

<sup>4</sup> Curled.

<sup>5</sup> Cephalus, beloved by the Dawn.

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt  
There in close covert by some brook  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort <sup>1</sup> as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid;  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowèd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,<sup>2</sup>  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Concert. The right form of the word will depend on its derivation, which is variously given as *consortium* (Kitchin), *conserere* (Skeat), and *concertare* (Littré).

<sup>2</sup> In its full sense, of a condition of mind which has lost all consciousness of self and of external objects.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell ;  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.  
J. MILTON <sup>1</sup>

30.—FLUSH OR FAUNUS ?

YOU see this dog ; it was but yesterday  
I mused forgetful of his presence here  
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on  
tear :

When from the pillow where wet-cheeked I lay  
A head as hairy as Faunus thrust its way  
Right sudden against my face, two golden-clear  
Great eyes astonished mine, a drooping ear  
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray !  
I started first as some Arcadian  
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove,  
But as the bearded vision closelier ran  
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above  
Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true Pan  
Who by low creatures leads to heights of love.

E. B. BROWNING

<sup>1</sup> See note 1, p. 28.



## 31.—THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she ;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word cam' to the carline <sup>1</sup> wife,  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word cam' to the carline wife  
That her sons she'd never see.

" I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fish be in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood ! "

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,  
And their hats were o' the birk.<sup>2</sup>

It neither grew in syke <sup>3</sup> nor ditch,  
Nor yet in any sheugh ; <sup>4</sup>  
But at the gates o' Paradise  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

<sup>1</sup> Old peasant-woman.

<sup>3</sup> Marsh.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.

<sup>4</sup> Trench.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens !  
Bring water from the well !  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide ;  
And she's ta'en her mantle round about,  
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray ;  
The eldest to the youngest said  
"'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,  
The channerin'<sup>1</sup> worm doth chide ;  
Gin we be missed out o' our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may ;  
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes  
She'll go mad ere it be day.

"Our mother has nae mair but us ;  
See where she leans asleep ;  
The mantle that was on herself  
She has happed it round our feet."

O it's they have ta'en up their mother's mantle,  
And they've hung it on a pin ;  
"O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,  
Ere ye hap us again !

<sup>1</sup> Fretting.

“Fare ye weel, my mother dear !  
 Fareweel to barn and byre !<sup>1</sup>  
 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
 That **kindles** my mother’s fire !”

OLD BALLAD

### 32.—EPITAPH ON A CHILD

HERE lies, within a cabinet of stone,  
 The dear remainder of a pretty one,  
 Who did in wit his years so far outpass,  
 His parents’ wonder and their joy he was,  
 And by his face you might have deemèd him  
 To be on earth some heavenly cherubim.  
 Six years with life he laboured, then deceased  
 To keep the sabbath of eternal rest ;  
 So that, which many thousand able men  
 Are labouring for till threescore years and ten,  
 This blessèd child attainèd to ere seven,  
 And now enjoys it with the saints of Heaven.

G. WITHER

### 33.—TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live  
 Thy protestant <sup>2</sup> to be :  
 Or bid me love, and I will give  
 A loving heart to thee.

<sup>1</sup> Stable.

<sup>2</sup> Champion, witness.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair  
Under that cypress-tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK

34.—“ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE”<sup>1</sup>

WHAT is our life ? a play of passion ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Our mirth ? the music of division :<sup>3</sup>  
 Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,  
 Where we are drest for this short comedy ;  
 Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,  
 That sits and marks whoe'er doth act amiss ;  
 Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun,  
 Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.  
 Thus march we playing to our latest rest :  
 Only we die in earnest,—that's no jest.

W. RALEIGH

35.—HESTER<sup>4</sup>

WHEN Maidens such as Hester die,  
 Their place ye may not well supply,  
 Though ye among a thousand try  
     With vain endeavour.  
 A month or more hath she been dead,  
 Yet cannot I by force be led  
 To think upon the wormy bed  
     And her together.  
 A springy motion in her gait,  
 A rising step, did indicate

<sup>1</sup> From a song-book published in 1612. There are other readings.

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the Passion Plays.

<sup>3</sup> Airs with variations : probably played as interludes.

<sup>4</sup> Hester Savory, married eight months before her death to C. S. Dudley.

Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.  
I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call ; if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool :  
But she was trained in Nature's school ;  
Nature had blest her.  
A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind :  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet ?—as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,  
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away ;  
A sweet fore-warning !

C. LAMB

36.—ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY !

ON a day, alack the day !  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air ;

Through the velvet leaves the wind  
 All unseen 'gan passage find ;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wished himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air, would I might triumph so !  
 But, alack, my hand is sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet ;  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me  
 That I am forsworn for thee :  
 Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiopie were,  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

W. SHAKSPEARE

## 37.—A FRAGMENT

GANE were but the winter cauld,  
 And gane were but the snaw,  
 I could sleep in the wild woods,  
 Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,  
 And cauld at my feet,  
 And the finger o' death's at my e'en,  
 Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,  
 Or my mither sae dear,  
 I'll meet them baith in heaven  
 At the spring o' the year.

A. CUNNINGHAM

## 38.—GOLDEN APPLES

(FROM "HESPERIDES")

## I.—SWEETNESS IN SACRIFICE

'Tis not greatness they require,  
To be offered up with fire :  
But 'tis sweetness that doth please  
Those Eternal Essences.

## II.—LOVE, WHAT IT IS

Love is a circle, that doth restless move  
In the same sweet eternity of Love.

## III.—ADVERSITY

Adversity hurts none, but only such  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled hath too much.

## IV.—NOTHING FREE-COST

Nothing comes free-cost here : Jove will not let  
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

## V.—THE CROWD AND COMPANY

In holy meetings, there a man may be  
One of the crowd, not of the company.

## VI.—LIVING AND LASTING

He lives, who lives to virtue ; men who cast  
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.



## VII.—UPON TEARS

Tears, though they're here below the sinner's brine,  
Above, they are the angels' spiced wine.

## III.—REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION

Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on :  
Back-turning slackens resolution.

## IX.—FAME

Brave men can't die : whose candid<sup>1</sup> actions are  
Writ in the poets' endless calendar ;  
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,  
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

R. HERRICK

## 39.—HIS MISTRESS' FACE

AND would you see my mistress' face ?  
It is a flowery garden place,  
Where knots of beauties have such grace  
That all is work,<sup>2</sup> and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,  
Where day is breeding, never born ;  
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,  
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

<sup>1</sup> White, dazzling.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Knot-work. Knots were the flower-beds of Elizabethan gardens, fantastically arranged in patterns, and so crowded that there was little room for anything else.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY 65

It is fair beauty's freshest youth ;  
It is the feigned Elysium's truth ;  
The Spring, that wintered hearts renew'th :  
And this is that my soul pursu'th !

P. ROSSETER

40.—SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S<sup>1</sup> DAY

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony<sup>2</sup>  
This universal frame began.  
When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high :  
"Arise, ye more than dead !" <sup>3</sup>  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry<sup>3</sup>  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.  
From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
This universal frame began :  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason<sup>4</sup> closing full in Man.

<sup>1</sup> The patron saint of Music.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* The harmony of Heaven, which preceded the harmony of the Universe. See Milton's *Nat. Ode*, st. 12, and *P. L.*, v. 619.

<sup>3</sup> The germs of the four Elements :—

"Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt."

*P. L.*, ii. 912.

<sup>4</sup> Octave. Man completes the harmony of Creation.

66      SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?  
    When Jubal struck the chorded shell <sup>1</sup>  
    His listening brethren stood around,  
    And, wondering, on their faces fell  
    To worship that celestial sound.  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
    Within the hollow of that shell  
    That spoke so sweetly and so well,      •  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

    The trumpet's loud clangour  
    Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger  
    And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
    Of the thundering drum  
Cries, " Hark ! the foes come ;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! "

    The soft complaining flute  
    In dying notes discovers  
    The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

    Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion  
    For the fair disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach  
What human voice can reach  
    The sacred organ's praise ?

<sup>1</sup> The lyre, originally made of a tortoise-shell.

Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place  
Sequacious of<sup>1</sup> the lyre ;  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;  
When to her<sup>2</sup> organ vocal breath was given  
An angel heard, and straight appeared—  
Mistaking Earth for Heaven !

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the blest above ;  
So, when the last and dreadful hour  
This trembling pageant shall devour,  
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.<sup>3</sup>

J. DRYDEN

#### 41.—GLEN-ALMAIN ; OR THE NARROW GLEN

IN this still place, remote from men,  
Sleeps Ossian, in the narrow glen ;  
In this still place, where murmurs on  
But one meek streamlet, only one :

<sup>1</sup> Following.

<sup>2</sup> A later tradition makes Cecilia the inventor of the organ.

<sup>3</sup> As the "music of the spheres" was brought into being  
by a higher Music, so a higher Music will at last destroy it.

He sang of battles, and the breath  
Of stormy war, and violent death ;  
And should, methinks, when all was past,  
Have rightfully been laid at last  
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
As by a spirit turbulent ;  
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,  
And everything unreconciled ;  
In some complaining, dim retreat,  
For fear and melancholy meet :  
But this is calm ; there cannot be  
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?  
Or is it but a groundless creed ?  
What matters it ?—I blame them not  
Whose fancy in this lovely spot  
Was moved ; and in such way expressed  
Their notion of its perfect rest.  
A convent, even a Hermit's cell,  
Would break the silence of this dell ;  
It is not quiet, it is not ease,  
But something deeper far than these :  
The separation that is here  
Is of the grave ; and of austere  
Yet happy feelings of the dead :  
And therefore was it rightly said  
That Ossian, last of all his race,  
Lies buried in this lonely place.

W. WORDSWORTH

42.—ON LEONARDI DA VINCI'S “VIRGIN  
OF THE ROCKS”

WHILE young John runs to greet  
The greater Infant's feet,  
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion  
Of devout admiration,  
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty  
adoration ;  
Nor knows as yet the full event  
Of those so low beginnings,  
From whence we date our winnings,  
But wonders at the intent  
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-  
worship meant.  
But at her side  
An angel doth abide,  
With such a perfect joy  
As no dim doubts alloy,  
An intuition,  
A glory, an amenity,  
Passing the dark condition  
Of blind humanity,  
As if he surely knew  
All the blest wonder should ensue,  
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,  
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine  
riddles there.

C. LAMB

## 43.—TO HIS WIFE

(FROM "THE EXEQUY")

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed  
Never to be disquieted.  
My last good-night ! Thou wilt not wake  
Till I thy fate shall overtake,  
Till age or grief or sickness must  
Marry my body to that dust  
It so much loves, and fill the room  
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.  
Stay for me there : I will not fail  
To meet thee in that narrow vale  
And think not much of my delay :  
I am already on the way,  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step towards thee.  
At night when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my west  
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steers  
And my day's compass downward bears ;  
Nor labour I to stem the tide  
Through which to thee I gently glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield  
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,  
And gotten hast the victory  
In thus adventuring to die  
Before me, whose more years might crave  
A just precedence in the grave.

But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,  
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;  
And slow howe'er my marches be,  
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,  
And wait my dissolution  
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive  
The crime), I am content to live  
Divided, but with half a heart,  
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING

44.—OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN  
BLAW

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives  
The lassie I lo'e best :  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between :  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair :  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But minds me o' my Jean.

R. BURNS



## 45.—TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge,  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON

46.—ASTROPHEL<sup>1</sup>

## I.—HIS CHARACTER

YOU knew, who knew not? Astrophel:<sup>2</sup>  
(That I should live to say I knew  
And have not in possession still !)  
Things known permit me to renew  
Of him : you know his merit such,  
I cannot say, you hear, too much.

Within these woods of Arcady  
His chief delight and pleasure took  
And on the mountain Partheny,  
Upon the crystal liquid brook,  
The Muses met him every day  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,  
His personage seemed most divine ;  
A thousand graces one might count  
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne :  
To hear him speak and sweetly smile  
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel books :

<sup>1</sup> The name of the first of a series of elegies on Sir P. Sidney, to which Spenser and others contributed. The selection here given includes the more striking stanzas of the more striking poems.

<sup>2</sup> Star-lover, in allusion to Stella. See p. 75.

I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,  
Was never ear did hear that tongue,  
Was never mind did mind his grace,  
That ever thought the travail long ;  
But eyes and ears and every thought  
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Above all others this is he  
Which erst approvèd in his song  
That love and honour might agree,  
And that pure love will do no wrong.  
Sweet saints ! it is no sin or blame  
To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe  
In any mortal breast before ;  
Did never Muse inspire beneath  
A poet's brain with finer store :  
He wrote of love with high conceit,  
And beauty reared above her height.

M. ROYDON

## II.—HIS DEATH IN BATTLE<sup>1</sup>

THERE didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,  
Grief, sorrow, sickness, and base Fortune's might :  
Thy rising day saw never woful night,  
But passed with praise from off this worldly stage.

<sup>1</sup> Against the Spaniards, who were trying to relieve Zutphen.

Back to the camp by thee that day was brought,  
First, thine own death ; and after, thy long fame ;  
Tears to the soldiers ; the proud Castilians' shame ;  
Virtue expressed, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost that such great grace hath won ?  
Young years for endless years, and hope unsure  
Of Fortune's gifts for wealth that still shall dure :  
O happy race, with so great praises run !

W. RALEIGH

### III.—THE GRIEF OF STELLA <sup>1</sup>

HIS pallid face, impicturèd with death,  
She bathèd oft with tears and drièd oft ;  
And with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath  
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft ;  
And oft she called to him, who answered nought,  
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret  
And piteous moan the which she for him made,  
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set  
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.  
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,  
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she stayèd not a whit,  
But after him did make untimely haste ;

<sup>1</sup> The Lady Penelope Devereux, whom Sidney had loved before her marriage with Lord Rich, and continued to love passionately till his death. She did not die, as in the poem, but lived to marry again.

Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,  
And followèd her mate like turtle chaste :  
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide  
Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The Gods, which all things see, this same beheld  
And, pitying this pair of lovers true,  
Transformèd them, there lying on the field,  
Into one flower<sup>1</sup> that is both red and blue :  
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,  
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,  
As fairly formed as any star in skies,  
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,  
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes ;  
And all the day it standeth full of deow,<sup>2</sup>  
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some *Starlight* is called by name ;  
Of others *Penthia*, though not so well :  
But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,  
From this day forth do call it *Astrophel* :  
And when so ever thou it up dost take,  
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

ED. SPENSER

<sup>1</sup> Probably one of the *Boragineæ*, whose flowers change from red to blue, and have a yellow star in the centre. The *Aster Tripolium* has also been suggested. See Spenser's *Daphnaida* :—

“ Feed ye henceforth on bitter astrofell.”

<sup>2</sup> Dew.

## IV.—HIS REWARD

O DEATH, that hast us of such riches reft,  
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done ?  
What is become of him, whose flower here left  
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?  
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was :  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was deckt  
With all the dowries of celestial grace,  
By sovran choice from th' heavenly quires select,  
And lineally derived from angels' race,  
O, what is now of it become aread :<sup>1</sup>  
Ay me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah no ! it is not dead, ne cannot die.  
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise ;  
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie  
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise ;  
And compassed all about with roses sweet  
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,  
To him do sweetly carol day and night,  
And with strange notes, of him well understood,  
Lull him asleep in ángelic delight ;  
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be  
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure  
Of their divine aspécts, appearing plain  
And kindling love in him above all measure,  
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain :

<sup>1</sup> Advise, inform (us).

For whatso goodly form he there doth see  
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

CLORINDA <sup>1</sup>

#### 47.—AFTER THE BATTLE

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way  
And lightnings showed the distant hill,  
Where those who lost that dreadful day  
Stood few and faint, but fearless still !  
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
For ever dimmed, for ever crossed,—  
O who shall say what heroes feel  
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
And valour's task, moved slowly by,  
While mute they watched, till morning's beam  
Should rise and give them light to die.  
There's yet a world where souls are free,  
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;  
If death that world's bright opening be,  
O who would live a slave in this ?

T. MOORE

<sup>1</sup> Mary, Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister. But it seems not improbable that Spenser personates her, as the style closely resembles his own.

## 48.—ASTROLOGY

(FROM "AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE")

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate :  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,  
Our fatal <sup>1</sup> shadows that walk by us still ;  
And when the stars are labouring, we believe  
It is not that they govern, but they grieve  
For stubborn ignorance : all things that are  
Made for our general uses are at war ;  
Even we among ourselves, and from the strife  
Our first unlike opinions get a life.

O man, thou image of thy Maker's good,  
What canst thou fear when breathed into thy blood  
His Spirit is that built thee ? What dull sense  
Makes thee suspect in need that providence ?  
Who made the morning, and who placed the light  
Guide to thy labours ? Who called up the night  
And bade her fall upon thee like sweet showers  
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ?  
Who gave thee knowledge ? Who so trusted thee  
To let thee grow so near Himself, the tree ?  
Must He then be distrusted ? shall His frame  
Discourse with Him, why thus and thus I am ?  
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all ;  
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call :  
O canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,  
To seek a saving influence, and lose Him ?

<sup>1</sup> Fateful.



Can stars protect thee ; or can poverty,  
Which is the light to Heaven, put out His eye ?  
He is my star, in Him all truth I find,  
All influence, all fate ; and when my mind  
Is furnished with His fulness, my poor story  
Shall outlive all their age and all their glory.

F. BEAUMONT

49.—I SAW MY LADY WEEP

I SAW my Lady weep,  
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so  
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep ;  
Her face was full of woe.  
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts  
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair  
And passion wise ; tears, a delightful thing ;  
Silence, beyond all speech or wisdom rare.  
She made her sighs to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadness move  
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else  
The world can show ! leave off in time to grieve.  
Enough, enough ! Your joyful look excels.

Tears kill the heart, believe.  
O strive not to be excellent in woe,  
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

ANON. (16th century)

## 50.—THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE

TWA cats anes on a cheese did light,  
 To which baith had an equal right ;  
 But disputes, sic as aft arise,  
 Fell out in sharing o' the prize.  
 "Fair play !" said ane ; "ye bite o'er thick ;  
 Thae teeth o' yours gang wonder quick.  
 Let's part it ; else, lang or the moon  
 Be changed, the kebbuck<sup>1</sup> will be doon !"  
 —But wha's to do't ? They're parties baith ;  
 An' ane may do the other skaith.  
 Sae wi' consent away they trudge,  
 An' laid the cheese before a judge :  
 A monkey, wi' a camsho<sup>2</sup> face,  
 Clerk to a justice o' the peace :  
 A judge he seemed in justice skilled.  
 When he his master's chair had filled,  
 Now umpire chosen for division,  
 Baith swore to stand by his decision.  
 Demure he looks : the cheese he pales ;  
 He prives<sup>3</sup>—'tis guid ; ca's for the scales ;  
 His knife whops throw't ; in twa it fell :  
 He puts ilk hauf in either shell.  
 Said he, "We'll truly weigh the case,  
 An' strictest justice shall ha' place !"  
 Then, lifting up the scales, he fand  
 The tane bang up, the other stand :  
 Syne out he took the heaviest hauf,  
 An' ate a noost on't quickly aff,  
 An' tried it syne : it now proved light.  
 "Friend cats," said he, "we'll do ye right !"

<sup>1</sup> Cheese.<sup>2</sup> Cross.<sup>3</sup> Tastes.

Then to the other hauf he fell,  
 An' laid till't toughly tooth an' nail,  
 Till weighed again it lightest proved.  
 The judge, wha this sweet process loved,  
 Still weighed the case, an' still ate on,  
 Till clients baith were weary grown :  
 An' tenting<sup>1</sup> how the matter went,  
 Cried "Come, come, Sir, we're baith content !"  
 "Ye fools !" quoth he ; "an' justice too  
 Maun be content as weel as you !"  
 Thus grumbled they, then he went on,  
 Till baith the ha'ves were near-hand done.  
 Poor Pousies now the daffin<sup>2</sup> saw  
 O' gawn for nignies<sup>3</sup> to the law,  
 An' billed the judge that he wad please  
 To gie them the remaining cheese.  
 To which his worship grave replied,  
 "The dues o' court maun first be paid.  
 Now justice pleased, what's to the fore  
 Will but right scrimply clear your score :  
 That's our decreet. Gae hame an' sleep,  
 An' thank us ye've win aff sae cheap !"

ALLAN RAMSAY

### 51.—THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring,  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling

<sup>1</sup> Noticing.

<sup>2</sup> Folly.

<sup>3</sup> Trifles.

Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it, and then fled, as thou mightest in  
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers<sup>1</sup> and violets ;

Daisies, those pearled Arcturi<sup>2</sup> of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets ;

Faint oxslips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower<sup>3</sup> that  
wets

Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
When the low wind its playmate's voice it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured  
May,

And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering  
astray ;

And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge

There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked  
with white,

And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,

<sup>1</sup> Anemones.

<sup>2</sup> Arcturus is the brightest star in the constellation *Boötes*.

<sup>3</sup> Uncertain : the most likely suggestions are "crown imperial," large campanula, and tulip. See *The Sensitive Plant*—

"The pied windflowers and the tulip tall."

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery  
light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it ! O to whom ?

P. B. SHELLEY

## 52.—A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen ;  
O, things without compare !  
Such sights again cannot be found  
In any place on English ground,  
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,<sup>1</sup>  
There is a house with stairs ;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such folk as are not in our town,  
Forty at least, in pairs.

<sup>1</sup> The Haymarket, where hay used to be sold.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine  
(His beard no bigger though than thine)  
    Walked on before the rest :  
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;  
The King (God bless him !) 'twould undo him  
    Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park,<sup>1</sup> without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out  
    By all the maids i' th' town :  
Though lusty Roger there had been,  
Or little George upon the Green,  
    Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going  
To make an end of all his wooing ;  
    The Parson for him stayed :  
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)  
He did not so much wish all past  
    (Perchance), as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale,  
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale<sup>2</sup>  
    Could ever yet produce :  
No grape that's kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
    Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on, which they did bring,  
    It was too wide a peck :

<sup>1</sup> An old game. See W. Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*)—

“ He coursed a park with females fraught,  
Which would not run except they might be caught.”

<sup>2</sup> Whitsun-merrymaking : so, *bridal* (bride-ale).

And to say truth (for out it must)  
It looked like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light :  
But O she dances such a way !  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison,  
(Who sees them is undone),  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Catherine pear  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin,  
(Some bee had stung it newly) ;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze  
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get ;  
But she so handled still the matter  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me, how I run on !  
There's that that would be thought upon,  
I trow, besides the bride.

The business of the kitchen's great  
For it is fit that men should eat ;  
Nor was it there denied :

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey ;  
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,  
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,  
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table  
What man of knife or teeth was able  
To stay to be entreated ?  
And this the very reason was,  
Before the parson could say grace,  
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off and youths carouse ;  
Healts first go round, and then the house,  
The bride's came thick and thick :  
And when 'twas named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;  
And who could help it, Dick ?

On the sudden up they rise and dance ;  
Then sit again and sigh and glance :  
Then dance again and kiss :  
Thus several ways the time did pass,  
Whilst every woman wished her place,  
And every man wished his.

J. SUCKLING



## 53.—A COUNTRY PARSON

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden  
smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his  
place ;<sup>1</sup>  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were  
won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to  
glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

<sup>1</sup> Position, not locality.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side :  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's  
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm :  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

O. GOLDSMITH

## 54.—A DREAM

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night ;  
I went to the window to see the sight ;  
All the Dead that ever I knew  
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd ;  
Townsfellows all, from first to last ;  
Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd  
At soldiers once—but now more staid ;  
Those were the strangest sight to me  
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk ; bent and weak, too ;  
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;  
Some but a day in their churchyard bed ;  
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seemed lonely,  
Yet of them all there was one, one only,  
Raised a head, or look'd my way ;  
She linger'd a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair palè face !  
Ah, Mother dear, might I only place  
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,  
Young and old, women and men ;  
Many long forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter ;  
A sound of tears the moment after ;  
And then a music so lofty and gay,  
That every morning, day by day,  
I strive to recal it if I may.

W. ALLINGHAM

55.—THE PRAISE OF VIRTUE

(FROM "THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE")

THOUGH sometimes my song I raise  
To unused heights of praise,  
And break forth, as I shall please  
Into strange hyperboles,  
'Tis to show, conceit hath found  
Worth beyond expression's bound.  
Though her breath I do compare  
To the sweet'st perfumes that are,  
Or her eyes that are so bright  
To the morning's cheerful light,  
Yet I do it, not so much  
To infer that she is such,  
As to show that, being blest  
With what merits name of best,  
She appears more fair to me  
Than all creatures else that be.

Her true beauty leaves behind  
Apprehensions in my mind  
Of more sweetness than all art  
Or inventions can impart :  
Thoughts too deep to be expressed,  
And too strong to be suppressed.  
Which oft raiseth my conceits  
To so unbelieved heights

That I fear some shallow brain  
Thinks my Muses do but feign.  
Sure, he wrongs them, if he do !  
For, could I have reachèd to  
So like strains as these you see,  
Had there been no such as she ?  
Is it possible that I  
Who scarce heard of poesy  
Should a mere idea<sup>1</sup> raise  
To as true a pitch of praise  
As the learned poet could  
Now, or in the times of old,  
All those real beauties bring,  
Honoured by the sonneting ;  
Having arts and favours too  
More to encourage what they do ?  
No : if I had never seen  
Such a beauty, I had been  
Piping in the country shades  
To the homely dairy maids  
For a country fiddler's fees,  
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese !  
I no skill in numbers had  
More than every shepherd's lad,  
Till she taught me strains that were  
Pleasing to her gentle ear.  
Her fair splendour and her worth  
From obscureness drew me forth,  
And because I had no Muse,  
She herself deigned to infuse  
All the skill by which I climb  
To these praises in my rime.

G. WITHER

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in allusion to Drayton's *Idea*, a series of sixty-three Sonnets to a real or imaginary Love.

## 56.—TWO SONGS OF PARTING

## I

WE must not part, as others do,  
With sighs and tears, as we were two :  
Though with these outward forms we part,  
We keep each other in our heart :  
What search hath found a being,<sup>1</sup> where  
I am not, if that thou be there ?

True Love hath wings, and can as soon  
Survey the world as sun and moon,  
And everywhere our triumphs keep  
O'er absence, which makes others weep :  
By which alone a power is given  
To live on earth as they in heaven.

## II

O that this last farewell  
Could from my lips more gently part ;  
And were not such a deadly spell  
As, spoken, it must break my heart !

Or that the clue of love  
By her unkindness were so worn  
As heart from heart might, hurtless, move  
And neither in themselves be torn !

But never fear<sup>2</sup> her heart !  
In that it has not wrought so deep ;  
For though to me the word *depart*  
Be death, to her it is but sleep.

ANON. (17th cent.)

<sup>1</sup> State.

<sup>2</sup> Fear for.

57.—THE DANCE OF DEATH<sup>1</sup>

("CHANT ROYAL," AFTER HOLBEIN)

"Contra vim Mortis  
Non est medicamen in hortis."

HE is the despot's Despot. All must bide,  
Later or soon, the message of his might;  
Princes and potentates their heads must hide,  
Touched by the awful sigil<sup>2</sup> of his right;  
Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait  
And pours a potion in his cup of state;  
The stately Queen his bidding must obey;  
No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray;  
And to the Dame that wantoneth he saith—  
"Let be, Sweetheart, to junket and to  
play . . ."

There is no king more terrible than Death.

The lusty Lord, rejoicing in his pride,  
He draweth down; before the armèd Knight  
With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride;  
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;  
The Burgher grave he beckons from debate;  
He hales the Abbot by his shaven pate,  
Nor for the Abbess' wailing will delay;  
No bawling Mendicant shall say him nay;  
E'en to the pyx the Priest he followeth,  
Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay . . .  
There is no king more terrible than Death.

All things must bow to him. And woe betide  
The Wine-bibber,—the Roisterer by night;

<sup>1</sup> See, for illustrations of the *Dance of Death*, Prof. Morley's *Shorter English Poems* (Cassell).

<sup>2</sup> Seal.

Him the Feast-master, many bouts defied,  
Him 'twixt the pledging and the cup shall smite:  
Woe to the Lender at usurious rate,  
The hard Rich Man, the hireling Advocate ;  
Woe to the Judge that selleth right for pay ;  
Woe to the Thief that like a beast of prey  
With creeping tread the traveller harryeth :—  
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall  
slay . . .

There is no king more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity,—nor will be denied.  
When the low hearth is garnishèd and bright,  
Grimly he flingeth the dim portal wide,  
And steals the Infant in the mother's sight ;  
He hath no pity for the scorned of fate :—  
He spares not Lazarus lying at the gate,  
Nay, nor the Blind that stumbleth as he may ;  
Nay, the tired Ploughman,—at the sinking ray,  
In the last furrow,—feels an icy breath,  
And knows a hand hath turned the team  
astray . . .

There is no king more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity : for the new-made Bride,  
Blithe with the promise of her life's delight,  
That wanders gladly by her Husband's side,  
He with the clatter of his drum doth fright ;  
He scares the Virgin at the convent grate,  
The Maid half-won, the Lover passionate.  
He hath no grace for weakness or decay :  
The tender Wife, the Widow bent and gray,  
The feeble Sire whose footstep faltereth,—  
All these he leadeth by the lonely way . . .  
There is no king more terrible than Death.



## ENVOY

Youth, for whose ear and monishing of late  
 I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,  
     Have thou thy joy of living and be gay ;  
 But know not less that there must come a day,—  
 Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—  
     When thine own heart shall speak to thee  
     and say,—  
 There is no king more terrible than Death.

AUSTIN DOBSON

## 58.—A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,  
     That hangs his head, and a' that ?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,.  
     We dare be poor for a' that !  
     For a' that and a' that,  
     Our toils obscure, and a' that ;  
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp ;  
     The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
     Wear hodden grey, and a' that ;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
     A man's a man, for a' that.  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Their tinsel show, and a' that :  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
     Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,<sup>1</sup> ca'd a lord,  
     Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;

<sup>1</sup> Smart fellow.

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof<sup>1</sup> for a' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's abune his might,  
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that ;  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth  
 May bear the gree,<sup>2</sup> and a' that ;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that ;  
 That man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

R. BURNS

### 59.—CHARGE OF ARIEL TO THE SYLPHS

YE Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear :  
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear !  
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned  
 By laws eternal to the aërial kind :

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Come off victor.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;  
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on  
     high,

Or roll the planets though the boundless sky ;  
 Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :  
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,—  
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care :  
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale ;  
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;  
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers  
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,  
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;  
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow  
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest Fair  
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care :  
 Some dire disaster, or by force or flight ;  
 But what or where, the fates have wrapt in night.  
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw ;  
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;  
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;  
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;

Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock<sup>1</sup> must  
fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :  
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;  
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;  
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;  
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;  
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,  
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins ;  
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye ;  
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain ;  
Or alum styptics with contracting power  
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd<sup>2</sup> flower :  
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

A. POPE

### 60.—THE GARDEN<sup>3</sup>

How vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,

<sup>1</sup> The lady's lap-dog.

<sup>2</sup> Wrinkled : connected with *shrivel*.

<sup>3</sup> The version here followed is that of Arber, who copies from the edition of 1681.

And their incessant labours see  
Crowned from some single herb or tree,  
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid,  
While all flowers and all trees do close  
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men.  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow :  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So amorous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees their mistress' name ;  
Little, alas ! they know or heed  
How far these beauties hers exceed !  
Fair trees, wheresoe'er your barks I wound,  
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat.  
The gods that mortal beauty chase  
Still in a tree did end their race :  
Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
Only that she might laurel grow ;  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !  
Ripe apples drop about my head ;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;  
The nectarine and curious peach  
Into my hands themselves do reach ;  
Stumbling on melons as I pass,  
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
Withdraws into its happiness ;—  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find :  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
For other worlds and other seas,  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide :  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and combs<sup>1</sup> its silver wings,  
And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state  
While man there walked without a mate !  
After a place so pure and sweet  
What other help could yet be meet ?  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there :  
Two paradises 'twere in one  
To live in paradise alone.

<sup>1</sup> Plumes.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new,  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run ;  
 And, as it works, the industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we !  
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

A. MARVELL

### 61.—TO TIME

ETERNAL TIME ! that wastest without waste,  
 That art, and art not,—diest and livest still ;  
 Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste ;  
 Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill :  
 How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise ?  
 Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy days.

Both free and scarce, thou givest and takest again.  
 Thy womb, that all doth breed, is tomb to all ;  
 What so by thee hath life by thee is slain ;  
 From thee do all things rise, to thee they fall :  
 Constant, inconstant ; moving, standing still ;  
*Was, is, shall be*, do thee both breed and kill.

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out ;  
 The farther off, the more I follow thee ;  
 The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt ;  
*Was, is*, I know ; but *shall* I cannot see :  
 All things by thee are measured, thou by none ;  
 All are in thee ; thou in thyself alone.

A. W.<sup>1</sup> (*cir.* 1600)

<sup>1</sup> The owner of these initials has never been discovered.

## 62.—THE ARMADA

## A FRAGMENT

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
praise ;  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in  
ancient days,  
When that great fleet invincible against her bore  
in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts  
of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer  
day,<sup>1</sup>  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to  
Plymouth Bay :  
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond  
Aurigny's isle,<sup>2</sup>  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many  
a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace ;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her  
close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun, was placed along  
the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's  
lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the  
coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland  
many a post.

<sup>1</sup> June 19 (old style), 1588.<sup>2</sup> Alderney.



With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old  
sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him  
sound the drums ;  
His yeomen round the market cross make clear  
an ample space ;  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of  
Her Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance  
the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon  
swells.  
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient  
crown,<sup>1</sup>  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay  
Lilies down !  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that  
famed Picard field,  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's  
eagle shield ;<sup>2</sup>  
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he  
turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the  
princely hunters lay.  
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !  
scatter flowers, fair maids :  
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants,  
draw your blades :

<sup>1</sup> A *crowned* lion, supporting the shield on which the English and French arms were quartered, seems to have been first introduced by Henry VIII., and was retained by Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the King of Bohemia, the Genoese archers, and the King of the Romans, who fought in the Battle of Creci.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft  
her wide ;  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,<sup>1</sup> the banner of our  
pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that  
banner's massy fold ;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty  
scroll of gold ;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the  
purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er  
again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn  
to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as  
the day ;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly  
war-flame spread,  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone  
on Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twink-  
ling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glitter-  
ing waves :  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's  
sunless caves !  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,  
the fiery herald flew :  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the  
rangers of Beaulieu.

<sup>1</sup> Queen Elizabeth's motto.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang  
out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on  
Clifton Down :  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into  
the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of  
blood-red light,  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-  
like silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal  
city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering  
fires ;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her  
reeling spires ;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud  
the voice of fear ;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back  
a louder cheer ;  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush  
of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed  
down each roaring street :  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder  
still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came  
spurring in :  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the  
warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant  
squires of Kent.  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those  
bright couriers forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they  
started for the north ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they  
bounded still :  
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they  
sprang from hill to hill :  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's  
rocky dales,  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy  
hills of Wales,  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's  
crest of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's  
stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the  
boundless plain ;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide  
vale of Trent ;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's  
embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers  
of Carlisle.

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MACAULAY

## 63.—NOVEMBER IN LONDON

No sun—no moon—  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—  
     No end to any row—  
     No indications where the crescents go—  
     No top to any steeple—  
 No recognitions of familiar people—  
     No courtesies for shewing ’em—  
         No knowing ’em !  
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
 No inkling of the way—no notion—  
     “ No go ”—by land or ocean—  
         No mail—no post—  
         No news from any foreign coast—  
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
     No company—no nobility—  
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—  
     No comfortable feel in any member—  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—  
         November !

T. HOOD

## 64.—HOW DO I LOVE THEE

FROM THE PORTUGUESE<sup>1</sup>

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of everyday’s  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

<sup>1</sup> Under this thin disguise Mrs. Browning concealed the authorship of some of her most beautiful sonnets.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING

## 65.—THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.

### IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

SEE ! with what simplicity

This Nymph begins her golden days.

In the green grass she loves to lie,

And there with her fair aspect tames

The wilder flowers, and gives them names ;

But only with the roses plays,

And them does tell

What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause

This Darling of the Gods was born ?

Yet this is she whose chaster laws

The wanton Love shall one day fear,

And, under her command severe,

See his bow broke and ensigns torn.

Happy who can

Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound,

And parley with those conquering eyes

Ere they have tried their force to wound ;  
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive  
In triumph over hearts that strive,  
And them that yield but more despise !  
Let me be laid  
Where I may see the glories from some shade !

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the Spring !  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;  
And roses of their thorns disarm ;  
But most procure  
That violets may a longer age endure !

But O, young Beauty of the woods !  
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds !  
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Should quickly make the example yours ;  
And, ere we see,  
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

A. MARVELL

66.—PARTED

WHEN I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie,  
And now what lands between us lie  
How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary !  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.

OLD SONG

67.—HIGH COMMUNINGS

(FROM "CHARITY")

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

So when a ship, well freighted with the stores  
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,  
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled,  
In some safe haven of our western world,  
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went :  
The gale informs us laden with the scent.

W. COWPER

68.—A WOOD PATH

(FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND")

THE path through which that lovely twain  
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,  
And each dark tree that ever grew,  
Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue ;  
Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain



Can pierce its interwoven bowers,  
Nor aught save where some cloud of dew  
    Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze  
    Between the trunks of the hoar trees,  
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers  
    Of the green laurel blown anew ;  
And bends, and then fades silently,  
One frail and fair anemone ;  
Or when some star, of many a one  
    That climbs and wanders through steep night,  
Has found the cleft through which alone  
Beams fall from high those depths upon,  
Ere it is borne away, away,  
By the swift heavens that cannot stay,  
    It scatters drops of golden light,  
    Like lines of rain that ne'er unite :  
And the gloom divine is all around,  
And underneath is the mossy ground.

There the voluptuous nightingales  
    Are awake through all the broad noonday.  
When one with bliss or sadness fails,  
And through the windless ivy-boughs,  
    Sick with sweet love, droops dying away  
    On its mate's music-panting bosom ;  
    Another, from the swinging blossom  
Watching to catch the languid close  
Of the last strain, then lifts on high  
The wings of the weak melody,  
Till some new strain of feeling bear  
    The song, and all the woods are mute ;  
When there is heard through the dim air  
The rush of wings, and rising there  
    Like many a lake-surrounded flute,

Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

P. B. SHELLEY

## 69.—THE PRAISE OF DANCING

(FROM "ORCHESTRA")

DANCING (bright lady) then began to be  
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring—  
The fire, air, earth, and water—did agree,  
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,  
To leave their first disordered combating,  
And in a dance such measure to observe  
As all the world their motion should preserve.

Since when they still are carried in a round,  
And changing come one in another's place ;  
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,  
But every one doth keep the bounded space  
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace :  
This wondrous miracle did Love devise,  
For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

First you see fixed in this huge mirror blue  
Of trembling Lights a number numberless ;  
Fixed they are named, but with a name untrue,  
For they are moved and in a dance express  
That great long year that doth contain no less  
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all  
Which the Sun makes with his course natural.

Under that spangled sky, five wandering Flames,  
Besides the King of Day and Queen of Night,  
Are wheeled around, all in their sundry frames,<sup>1</sup>  
And all in sundry measures do delight,  
Yet altogether keep no measure right :  
For by itself, each doth itself advance,  
And by itself, each doth a galliard <sup>2</sup> dance.

For that brave Sun, the father of the Day,  
Doth love this Earth, the mother of the Night,  
And, like a reveller in rich array,  
Doth dance his galliard <sup>2</sup> in his leman's sight :  
Both back and forth and sideways passing light,  
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,  
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

But see the Earth, when he approacheth near,  
How she for joy doth spring and sweetly smile ;  
But see again her sad and heavy cheer  
When changing places he retires a while :  
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,  
And make them all before his presence fly  
As mists consumed before his cheerful eye.

Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,  
Which thirteen times she danceth every year ?  
And ends her pavin <sup>3</sup> thirteen times as soon  
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair  
She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear ;

<sup>1</sup> The "frames" or spheres of the Ptolemaic system were those of the *Moon*, *Mercury*, *Venus*, the *Sun*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and the *Fixed Stars*. The larger and more distant the sphere, the slower also its motion.

<sup>2</sup> A lively dance, from Fr. *gai*.

<sup>3</sup> A stately dance, from Ital. *pavo*, peacock.

Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,  
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descried.

And now behold your tender nurse the Air,  
And common neighbour that aye runs around ;  
How many pictures and impressions fair  
Within her empty regions are there found,  
Which to your senses dancing doth propound !  
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,  
But dancings of the Air in sundry kinds ?

Hence is her prattling daughter Echo born,  
That dances to all voices she can hear :  
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,  
Nor any time wherein she will forbear  
The airy pavement with her feet to wear ;  
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,  
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,  
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,  
Lodestone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,  
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech !  
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones  
canst teach,  
That when the Air doth dance her finest measure,  
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet  
pleasure.

If then fire, air, wandering and fixèd lights,  
In every province of the imperial sky.  
Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,  
In vain I teach the ear that which the eye  
With certain view already doth descry :  
But, for your eyes perceive not all they see,  
In this I will your senses' master be.

For lo ! the Sea that fleets about the land,  
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,  
Music and measure both doth understand ;  
For his great crystal eye is always cast  
Up to the Moon, and on her fixèd fast ;  
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,  
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set  
One after other flow unto the shore,  
Which when they have with many kisses wet,  
They ebb away in order as before ;  
And, to make known his courtly love the more,  
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,  
And with his arms the timorous Earth embrace.

See how those flowers that have sweet beauty too,  
(The only jewel that the Earth doth wear  
When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo)  
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,  
Do wave their tender bodies here and there ;  
And though their dance no perfect measure is,  
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

What makes the vine about the elm to dance  
With turnings, windings, and embracements round ?  
What makes the lodestone to the north advance  
His subtle point as if from thence he found  
His chief attracting virtue to redound ?  
Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love ;  
Love makes them dance and in just order move.

Lo ! this is Dancing's true nobility :  
Dancing, the child of Music and of Love ;  
Dancing, itself both love and harmony,

Where all agree and all in order move :  
Dancing, the art that all arts do approve :  
The fair character of the world's consent,  
The Heavens' true figure, and th' Earth's ornament.

J. DAVIES

70.—ON COMO

Is it the dusk, with the pale moon crowned,  
That fills the silence, or some strange bliss  
Half pain? The dusk, or a vague delight  
And a vaguer sorrow : that make no sound,  
But fold me close as a mother's kiss  
Where I lean and look over the lake to-night ?

The day's hard limit of earth and heaven  
Is dimmed, and the blue is a holier gray :  
For the night hath woven a luminous pall  
Of the moon and the mist, and hues are given  
More shadowy fair than the hues of day  
Where the folds of its softness gleaming fall.

It grows : till the lake is the mystic tide  
Of poet and seer, and I look from its edge,  
From the desolate margin of Time and Dreams,  
To a shore's dim beauty by souls descried  
Through the mists of half-dropped tears : a pledge  
From the heavenly world to the world that seems.

O vastness hid in a poor hour's space !  
O Earth, new-born with a birth divine !  
Methinks, if the spell could last, even I

Should drain the cup and achieve the grace,  
And speak to the soul that speaks to mine  
From the night, and the depth, and the infinite  
sky !

It will pass, too soon, with the common day :  
Earth will be solid, the waters blue ;  
I shall smile at the fancies that stirred my brain  
As I leaned o'er the boat's edge into the gray ;  
And sense and seeming will forge anew  
Their chains ; and life will be prose again.

But a time will come, when the tumult dies,  
And memory stirs 'twixt the dark and light,  
That my soul will awake to the wakening stream,  
Or a touch, or the look in a child's soft eyes,  
And know of a truth, as it knows to-night,  
That this was the vision ; the rest, a dream.

ANON.

#### 71.—TO A DEAD FRIEND

AMID the ice of the far Northern Sea,  
A star about the Arctic circle may  
Than ours yield clearer light, yet that but shall  
Serve at the frozen pilot's funeral.  
Thou, brightest constellation ! to this main  
Which all we sinners traffic on, didst deign  
The bounty of thy fire, which with so clear  
And constant beams did our frail vessels steer  
That safely we, what storm so e'er bore sway,  
Passed o'er the rugged alps of th' angry sea.

W. HABINGTON

## 72.—CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple on his chin :  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes :  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

J. LYLY

## 73.—SONNETS

## I

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.<sup>1</sup>  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear  
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

<sup>1</sup> He had already written the *Nativity Ode*, *Vacation Exercise*, etc., but regarded these earlier efforts as "harsh and crude." See *Lycidas* (Part II).



It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Tow'rd which time leads me, and the will of  
     Heaven ;  
 All is,<sup>1</sup> if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## II

When I consider how my light is spent,  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;  
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"  
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His  
     state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

J. MILTON

74.—THE BANKS O' DOON<sup>2</sup>

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fair !  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care !

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* All that matters is. So in *Hamlet*: "the readiness  
*is all.*"

<sup>2</sup> The original version.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings upon the bough ;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings beside thy mate ;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love ;  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae aff its thorny tree ;  
And my fause luver staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

R. BURNS

## 75.—THE KINGDOM OF PLUTO

(FROM THE "INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR  
FOR MAGISTRATES")

THENCE come we to the horror and the hell,  
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign  
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,  
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,  
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,  
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan ;  
Earth, air and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed  
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed ;

Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead  
 That slew themselves when nothing else availed :  
 A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed  
 With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,<sup>1</sup>  
 That, O alas ! it was a hell to hear.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear  
 Beheld this heavy sight ; while from mine eyes  
 The vapoured tears down stillèd here and there,  
 And Sorrow eke in far more woful wise  
 Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies  
 Her wretched hands ; that with her cry the rout  
 'Gan all in heaps to swarm us here about.

“ Lo here,” quoth Sorrow, “ princes of renown,  
 That whilom sat on top of Fortune’s wheel,  
 Now laid full low, like wretches whirlèd down  
 Even with one frown, that staid but with a smile :  
 And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,  
 Saw only in thought ; and what thou now shalt  
 hear

Recount the same to kesar,<sup>2</sup> king and peer.

T. SACKVILLE (LORD BUCKHURST)

## 76.—THE POET IN WAR-TIME

(FROM “THE BIGLOW PAPERS”)

TIME wuz, the rhymes come crowdin’ thick  
 Ez office-seekers arter ’lection,  
 An’ into ary place ’ould stick  
 Without no bother nor objection :

<sup>1</sup> Together.

<sup>2</sup> Emperor, from *Cæsar* : so Ger. *Kaiser*.

But sence the war my thoughts hang back  
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em ;  
An' subs'tutes,—*they* don't never lack,  
But then they'll slope afore you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz :  
I can't see wut there is to hender,  
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,  
Like bumblebees agin a winder.  
'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,  
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,  
Where I could hide an' think,—but now  
It's all one teeter,<sup>1</sup> hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,  
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,  
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,  
Walk the col' starlight into summer :  
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell  
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer  
Than the last smile thet strives to tell  
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things  
Than cocks o' Spring or bees o' clover ;  
They filled my heart with livin' springs :  
But now they seem to freeze 'em over.  
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,  
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,  
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me  
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

Indoors an' out by spells I try :  
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',

<sup>1</sup> Suspense.

But leaves my natur' stiff and dry  
Ez fiels o' clover arter mowin' ;  
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,  
Calmer 'n a clock, and never carin',  
An' findin' nary thing to blame,  
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane,—  
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,—  
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',  
With Grant or Sherman ollers present :  
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,  
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'  
Like a shot hawk ; but all's ez stale  
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,  
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,  
An' hear among their furry boughs  
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,  
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low  
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',  
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,  
Further an' further south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain  
An' see a hundred hills like islans  
Lift their blue woods in broken chain  
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence :  
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,  
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',  
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth  
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,  
An' rattles di'mons from his granite :  
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,  
An' into psalms or satires ran it ;  
But he, nor all the rest thet once  
Started my blood to country-dances,  
Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce  
Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street  
I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet  
Thet follered once, an' now are quiet,—  
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,  
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,  
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ?  
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',  
Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin' ?  
I set an' look into the blaze  
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',  
Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways,  
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth  
On War's red techstone rang true metal,  
Who ventur'd life an' love an' youth  
For the gret prize o' death in battle ?  
To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men  
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder ?

T'ain't right to hev the young go fust,  
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,  
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust  
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.  
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss !

Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay<sup>1</sup> in ;  
 And *thet* world seems so fur from this  
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in !

\* \* \* \*

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed  
 For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,  
 But proud, to meet a people proud,  
 With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted !  
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,  
 An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter !  
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt<sup>2</sup>  
 Like shipwrecked men's on rafs for wáter.

Come, while our country feels the lift  
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,  
 An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift  
 That tarries long in hans o' cowards !  
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when  
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,  
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,—  
 A nation saved, a race delivered !

J. R. LOWELL

<sup>1</sup> Fit.

<sup>2</sup> Droop.

## 77.—LOVE'S GROWTH

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure  
 As I had thought it was ;  
 Because it doth endure  
 Vicissitude and season, as the grass :  
 Methinks I lied all Winter, when I swore  
 My love was infinite, if Spring make 't more.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

And yet no greater, but more eminent,  
 Love by the Spring is grown ;  
 As in the firmament,  
 Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown :<sup>1</sup>  
 Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,  
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.

J. DONNE

78.—FLOWERS FOR THE WEDDING  
OF THAME AND ISIS

(FROM "POLYOLBION")

THE Naiads and the Nymphs extremely over-  
 joyed,  
 And on the winding banks all busily employed,  
 Upon this joyful day some dainty chaplets twine ;  
 Some others, chosen out, with fingers neat and fine  
 Brave anadems<sup>2</sup> do make ; some baldrics<sup>3</sup> up do  
 bind :

<sup>1</sup> All stars were supposed to derive their light from the sun. See *Paradise Lost*, vii. 364, 365.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. headbands ; so, wreaths.

<sup>3</sup> Belts, necklaces.



Some, garlands ; and to some the nosegays were  
assigned :

As best their skill did serve. But for that Thame  
should be

Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that he  
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that  
belong

(His bride that better fit), but only such as sprung  
From the replenished meads and fruitful pastures  
near.

To sort which flowers, some sit ; some making  
garlands were ;

The primrose placing first because that in the Spring  
It is the first appears, then only flourishing ;

The azured hare-bell<sup>1</sup> next with them they neatly  
mixed ;

To allay whose luscious smell they woodbind<sup>2</sup>  
placed betwixt.

Amongst those things of scent there prick they in  
the lily,

And near to that again her sister daffadilly.

To sort these flowers of show with t'other that  
were sweet

The cowslip then they couch, and the oxslip, for  
her meet ;

The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,  
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,  
And now and then among, of eglantine<sup>3</sup> a spray ;  
By which again a course of lady-smocks<sup>4</sup> they lay ;  
The crow-flower,<sup>5</sup> and thereby the clover-flower  
they stick,

The daisy over all those sundry sweets, so thick

<sup>1</sup> Wild hyacinth.    <sup>2</sup> Honeysuckle.    <sup>3</sup> Sweet briar.

<sup>4</sup> Cuckoo-flowers.    <sup>5</sup> Ragged Robin.

As Nature doth herself ; (to imitate her right,  
 Who seems in that her pearl so greatly to delight,  
 That every plain therewith she powdereth to behold ;)   
 The crimson danel flower, the blue-bottle,<sup>1</sup> and  
 gold ;<sup>2</sup>

Which, though esteemed but weeds, yet for their  
 dainty hues  
 And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose  
 choose.

Thus having told you how the bridegroom  
 Thame was dressed,  
 I'll show you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest ;  
 Sitting to be attired under her bower of state,  
 Which scorns a meaner sort than fits a princely  
 rate.

In anadems for whom they curiously dispose  
 The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,—  
 For the rich ruby, pearl and amethyst, men place  
 In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that enchase.  
 The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign  
 power,

(So of his colour called,<sup>3</sup> although a July-flower)<sup>4</sup>  
 With the other of his kind, the speckled and the  
 pale ;

Then the odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a  
 gale

<sup>1</sup> Blue corn-flower.

<sup>2</sup> Corn-marigold.

<sup>3</sup> This is a mistake, the colour being named from the  
 flower. Carnation is "coronation," from its use in gar-  
 lands. So Spenser (*Shep. Cal.*)—

"Bring coronations and sops-in-wine."

<sup>4</sup> Gilliflower : a name given to various sweet-scented  
 flowers, such as the carnation, wall-flower, etc. ; from Fr.  
*girofle*, clove.

Of sweetness, yet in scents as various as in  
sorts.

The purple violet then the pansy there supports ;  
The marigold above to adorn the archèd bar ;  
The double daisy, thrift, the button-bachelor,  
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine,<sup>1</sup> the campion ; and to  
these

Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays ;  
Sweet marjoram with her like, sweet basil rare for  
smell,

With many a flower whose name were now too  
long to tell ;

And, rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de-lis.<sup>2</sup>

M. DRAYTON

### 79.—WHEN THOU MUST HOME

WHEN thou must home, to shades of underground,  
And, there arrived, a new admirèd guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engird thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can  
move :

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did  
make,

<sup>1</sup> Clove-pinks, used for flavouring wine.

<sup>2</sup> The white iris. For some interesting information  
about Elizabethan flowers, see Canon Ellacombe's *Plant-  
Lore of Shakspeare*.

Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake.  
When thou hast told those honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell ! how thou didst murder me.

T. CAMPION

80.—BALLADE OF SLEEP

THE hours are passing slow,  
I hear their weary tread  
Clang from the tower, and go  
Back to their kinsfolk dead.  
Sleep ! death's twin brother dread !  
Why dost thou scorn me so ?  
The wind's voice overhead  
Long wakeful here I know,  
And music from the steep,  
Where waters fall and flow.  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

All sounds that might bestow  
Rest on the fevered bed,  
All slumbrous sounds and low  
Are mingled here and wed,  
And bring no drowsihead.  
Shy dreams flit to and fro  
With shadowy hair dispread ;  
With wistful eyes that glow,  
And silent robes that sweep.  
Thou wilt not hear me ; no ?  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

What cause hast thou to show  
 Of sacrifice unsped ?  
 Of all thy slaves below  
 I most have labourèd  
 With service sung and said ;  
 Have culled such buds as blow,  
 Soft poppies white and red,  
 Where thy still gardens grow  
 And Lethe's waters weep.  
 Why, then, art thou my foe ?  
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

## ENVOI

Prince, ere the dark be sped  
 By golden shafts, ere low  
 And long the shadows creep :  
 Lord of the wand of lead,  
 Soft-footed as the snow,  
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep ?

A. LANG

## 81.—THE PRAISE OF LETTERS

(FROM "MUSOPHILUS")

O BLESSED Letters, that combine in one  
 All ages past, and make One live with All !  
 By you we do confer with who are gone,  
 And the dead-living unto council call ;  
 By you the unborn shall have communion  
 Of what we feel, and what shall us befall.

Soul of the world, Knowledge ! without thee  
What hath the world that truly glorious is ?  
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,  
To be forgot ? what good is like to this,  
To do worthy the writing, and to write  
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight ?

Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence !  
That with the strong rein of commanding words  
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence  
Of men's affections, more than all their swords :  
Shall we not offer to thy excellence  
The richest treasure that our wit affords ?

And as for Poesy, mother of this force,  
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might.  
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,  
With comely motions how to go upright,  
And, fostering it with bountiful discourse,  
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight ;—

What should I say ? Since it is well approved  
The speech of Heaven, with whom they have com-  
mérce  
That only seem out of themselves removed,  
And do with more than human skills converse ;  
Those numbers wherewith Heaven and Earth are  
moved  
Show, weakness speaks in prose, and power in  
verse.

S. DANIEL

## 82.—AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at  
hame,  
And a' the warld to rest are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his  
bride ;  
But saving a croun he had naething else beside :  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to  
sea ;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was  
stawn awa ;  
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna  
spin ;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna  
win ;  
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in  
his e'e  
Said, " Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me !"

My heart it said nay ; I looked for Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wrack ;  
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?  
Or why do I live to cry, " Wae's me !" ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;  
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like  
     to break :  
 They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at  
     the sea ;  
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—  
 Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;  
 We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away :  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;  
 And why was I born to say—"Wae's me !"

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

A. LINDSAY<sup>1</sup>

### 83.—THE LAND OF DROWSIHEAD

(FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE")

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Anne Barnard.



And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-  
     browned,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne carèd even for  
     play.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,<sup>1</sup>  
 From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant  
     green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets  
     played  
 And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen ;  
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur  
     made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;  
 And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :  
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,

<sup>1</sup> Cast. So used by Spenser.

Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to  
move,  
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood ;  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely  
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky :  
There eke the soft delights that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;  
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.  
J. THOMSON

## 84.—ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee  
Doth suck his sweet ;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet ;  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast :  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, wanton ! will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
    With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
    The livelong night :  
Strike I my lute he tunes the string,  
He music plays if so I sing,  
He lends me every lovely thing ;  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.  
    Whist, wanton ! still ye !

Else I with roses every day  
    Will whip you hence ;  
And bind you when you want to play,  
    For your offence :  
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a pin.  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,  
    If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
    With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy  
    Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be !  
Look in mine eyes : I like of thee.  
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,  
    Spare not, but play thee !

T. LODGE

## 85.—CYNTHIA

(FROM THE LOST POEM "CYNTHIA," OF WHICH  
A FRAGMENT HAS BEEN LATELY RECOVERED)

SHE is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever  
fair.

Sorrow draws weakly, where love draws not  
too :

Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear.

Do then by dying what life cannot do :

Unfold thy flocks and leave them to the fields,

To feed on hills or dales, where likes them best,  
Of what the summer or the spring-time yields ;

For love and time hath given thee leave to rest.

Thy heart which was their fold, now in decay

By often storms and winter's many blasts

All torn and rent, becomes misfortune's prey ;

False hope my shepherd's staff (now age hath  
brast

My pipe, which Love's own hand gave my desire

To sing her praises and my woe upon)

Despair hath often threatened to the fire,

As vain to keep now all the rest are gone.

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws  
on ;

Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine  
eyes :

Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone

Against the hill which over-weighty lies

For feeble arms or wasted strength to move ;  
 My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,  
 My mind's affection and my soul's sole love,  
 Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.

To God I leave it, Who first gave it me,  
 And I her gave, and she returned again,  
 As it was hers ; so let His mercies be  
 Of my last comforts the essential mean.  
 But be it so or not, the effects are past :  
 Her love hath end ; my woe must ever last.  
 W. RALEIGH

## 86.—WALY, WALY

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
 O waly, waly, down the brae,  
 And waly, waly, yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my Love were wont to gae !  
 I leaned my back unto an aik,  
 I thocht it was a trustie tree,  
 But first it bowed and syne it brak',—  
 Sae my true<sup>1</sup> Love did lichtlie<sup>2</sup> me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new !  
 But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true Love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

<sup>1</sup> Troth.<sup>2</sup> Make light of.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me ;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink ;  
Since my true Love's forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree ?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry ;  
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,  
We were a comely sight to see ;  
My Love was clad in the black velvet,  
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed  
That love had been so ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,  
And pinned it wi' a silver pin.  
And O ! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel' were dead and gane  
And the green grass growing over me !  
OLD BALLAD

## 87.—AMORETTI

## I

THE glorious portrait of that Angel's face  
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill  
And this world's worthless glory to embase,  
What pen, what pencil can express her fill?  
For though he colours could devise at will,  
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,  
Yet many wondrous things there are beside :  
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide ;  
The charming smiles, that rob sense from the  
heart ;  
The lovely pleasaunce, and the lofty pride,  
Cannot expressèd be by any art.  
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,  
That can express the life of things indeed.

## II

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,  
And tell me whereto can ye liken it ;  
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear  
An hundred graces as in shade to sit ?  
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,  
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,  
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,  
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly  
ray ;  
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,  
And every beast that to his den was fled,

Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,  
And to the light lift up their drooping head.  
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered  
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

## III

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty King,  
In whose coat-armour<sup>1</sup> richly are displayed  
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,  
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed :  
Go to my love, where she is careless laid  
Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake ;  
Tell her the joyous Time will not be stayed  
Unless she do him by the forelock take ;  
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make  
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,  
Where every one that misseth then her make  
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.  
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,  
For none can call again the passèd time.

E. SPENSER

## 88.—TO THE ROSE

Go, lovely Rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

<sup>1</sup> A surcoat, worn over the armour, and embroidered with heraldic devices.



## MY LOVE IS PAST

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
 That had'st thou sprung  
 In deserts where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired :  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee,  
 How small a part of time they share  
 Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.

E. WALLER

## 89.—MY LOVE IS PAST

(FROM "THE PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE")

RESOLVED to dust intomb'd here lieth Love,  
 Through fault of her who here herself should lie :  
 He struck her breast, but all in vain did prove  
 To fire the ice ; and doubting by and by  
 His brand had lost his force, he gan to try  
 Upon himself : which trial made him die.

In sooth no force ;<sup>1</sup> let those lament who lust !  
 I'll sing a carol song for obsequy ;  
 For towards me his dealings were unjust,

<sup>1</sup> Matter.

And cause of all my passèd misery :  
 The Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,  
 In my behalf wrought this revenge at last.

But, somewhat more to pacify my mind  
 By illing him through whom I lived a slave,  
 I'll cast his ashes to the open wind,  
 Or write this epitaph upon his grave :  
 "Here lieth Love, of Mars the bastard son,  
 Whose foolish fault to death himself hath done."

T. WATSON

### 90.—A NORTHERN SPRING

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a draw,  
 An' it clings hold like precerdents in law :  
 Your gra'ma'am put it there,—when, goodness  
 knows,—

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday clo'es ;  
 But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,  
 (For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life ?)  
 An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread  
 O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,  
 Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides  
 To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides ;  
 But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,  
 An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets : wut they've airly<sup>1</sup> read  
 Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,  
 So 's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers<sup>2</sup>  
 With furrin countries or played-out ideers,

<sup>1</sup> Early.

<sup>2</sup> On a level.

Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack  
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back.  
This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,  
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings,—  
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink<sup>1</sup>  
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink :)—  
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May ;  
Which t'ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it  
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet !  
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks  
Up in the country ez it doos in books :  
They're no more like than hornets' nests an' hives,  
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.  
I, with my trousers perched on cowhide boots,  
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,  
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse  
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,  
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,  
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes :  
I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,  
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.  
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,  
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch ;  
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,  
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,  
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,  
Ez steddily ez though 't wuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find  
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,

<sup>1</sup> A song-bird and bird of passage. He migrates in July to the Southern States, where he is known as the rice-bird, from his depredations in the rice-fields.

An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's<sup>1</sup> notes,—  
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,  
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,  
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl ;—  
But these are jes' Spring's pickets ; sure ez sin,  
The rebbles frosts 'll try to drive 'em in ;  
For half our May's so awfully like May n't,  
'Twould rile a Shaker or an ev'rige saint :  
Though I own up I like our back'ard Springs  
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,  
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words  
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds :  
Thet's Northern natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's no gi'n' out !

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,  
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—  
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned  
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.  
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief ;  
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
Then saffron swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold  
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old :  
Thet's robin-redbreast's<sup>2</sup> almanick ; he knows  
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows ;  
So, choosin' out a handy crotch<sup>3</sup> and spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë<sup>4</sup> house.

<sup>1</sup> A song-bird, with bright blue back, about the size of a chaffinch.

<sup>2</sup> The American robin has no resemblance to ours but his red breast, and is considerably larger.

<sup>3</sup> Angle, fork of a tree.

<sup>4</sup> A sun-baked brick ; here, clay and straw.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,  
 Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,  
 An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams,  
 Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,  
 A leak comes spirtin' thru some pinhole cleft,  
 Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,  
 Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
 Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,  
 Jes' so our Spring gits everthin' in tune,  
 An' gives one leap from April into June.  
 Then all comes crowdin' in : afore you think,  
 Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with  
 pink :

The catbird<sup>1</sup> in the laylock<sup>2</sup>-bush is loud ;  
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud ;  
 Red cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,  
 An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet ;  
 The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade  
 An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade ;  
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-bird clings,  
 An' for the summer v'y'ge his hammock slings ;  
 All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers  
 The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,  
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try  
 With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys,  
 bimeby !—

But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you ?—  
 Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo ;<sup>3</sup>  
 One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two :  
 'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ;

<sup>1</sup> A bird with a note like a cat's mew.

<sup>2</sup> Lilac.

<sup>3</sup> Public sale.

Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
 Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,  
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

J. R. LOWELL

91.—TO ECHO

(FROM "COMUS")

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered vale

Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad tale mourneth well :  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heaven's  
 harmonies.

J. MILTON

92.—SONG OF CALLICLES

(FROM "EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA")

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts  
 Thick breaks the red flame ;  
 All Etna heaves fiercely  
 Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo !  
Are haunts meet for thee.  
But where Helicon breaks down  
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets  
Send far their light voice  
Up the still vale of Thisbe,  
O speed, and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff-top  
Lie strewn the white flocks,  
On the cliff-side the pigeons  
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds  
Soft lulled by the rills,  
Lie wrapt in their blankets  
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming  
So white through the gloom ?  
What garments out-glistening  
The gold-flowered broom ?

What sweet-breathing presence  
Out-perfumes the thyme ?  
What voices enrapture  
The night's balmy prime ?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading  
His choir, the Nine.  
—The leader is fairest,  
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows !  
They stream up again !  
What seeks on this mountain  
The glorified train ?

They bathe on this mountain,  
In the spring by their road ;  
Then on to Olympus,  
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention ?  
Of what is it told ?—  
What will be for ever ;  
What was from of old .

First hymn they the Father  
Of all things ; and then,  
The rest of Immortals,  
The action of men,

The day in his hotness,  
The strife with the palm ;  
The night in her silence,  
The stars in their calm.

M. ARNOLD

93.—TO HELEN<sup>1</sup>

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks<sup>2</sup> of yore

<sup>1</sup> Helen Stannard, the mother of a friend, his "one idolatrous and purely ideal love."

<sup>2</sup> Apparently the magic barks of the Pheacians, in one of which Odysseus was conveyed to Ithaca. (See *Odyssey*, Bk. xiii.) The only possible explanation of "Nicean" seems to be that the surname *Nice* (victory) was sometimes given to Athene, the protectress of Odysseus.



That gently o'er a perfumed sea  
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand—  
Ah, Psyche! from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

E. A. POE

94.—SONNETS

(FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA"<sup>1</sup>)

I

STELLA! the fulness of my thoughts of thee  
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;  
But they do swell and struggle forth of me  
Till that in words thy figure be expressed.  
And yet as soon as they so formèd be  
According to my lord Love's own behest,  
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see  
To portrait that which in this world is best:  
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,  
And cannot choose but put out what I write;

<sup>1</sup> See p. 73.

While these poor babes their death in birth do find.  
And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,  
But that they stopped his fury from the same,  
Because their forefront bare sweet Stella's name.

## II

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the  
skies !

How silently, and with how wan a face !  
What ! may it be that even in heavenly place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?  
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease !  
I read it in thy looks : thy languished grace,  
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

## III

Come, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace ;  
The baiting-place of wit ; the balm of woe ;  
The poor man's wealth ; the prisoner's release ;  
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.  
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw.  
O make in me those civil wars to cease :  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,

A rosy garland and a weary head ;  
 And if these things, as being there by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

P. SIDNEY

### 95.—YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
     With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
     When I was young !  
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !  
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
 How lightly then it flashed along :  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
 When Youth and I lived in't together.  
 Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
 O the joys that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.  
     Ere I was old !  
 Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,  
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here !

O Youth ! for years so many and sweet  
'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be that thou art gone !  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :—  
And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
What strange disguise hast now put on  
To make believe that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size :  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but Thought : so think I will  
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve !  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve  
                    When we are old :  
—That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest  
That may not rudely be dismiss,  
Yet hath out-stayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE

96.—ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A  
PARROT

THE Parrot, from East India to me sent,  
 Is dead : all fowls, her exequies frequent !  
 Go, godly birds, striking your breasts, bewail ;  
 And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail !  
 For woful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound ;  
 For long-shrill'd trumpets let your notes resound !  
 Why, Philomel, dost Tereus' lewdness mourn ?  
 All-wasting years have that complaint now worn :  
 Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow  
 (Itys a great, but ancient cause of sorrow).  
 All you whose pinions in the clear air soar  
 But most, thou friendly Turtle-dove, deplore !  
 Full concord all your lives was you betwixt  
 And to the end your constant faith stood fixt :  
 What Pylades did to Orestes prove  
 Such to the Parrot was the Turtle-dove.  
 But what availed this faith ? her rarest hue ?  
 Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew ?  
 What helps it thou wert given to please my wench ?  
 Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench !  
     Thou with thy quills mightst make green-  
         emeralds dark,  
 And pass our scarlet of red saffron's<sup>1</sup> mark ;  
 No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,  
 Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering  
     sound.  
 Envy hath rapt thee : no fierce wars thou mov'dst ;

<sup>1</sup> The safflower, or bastard saffron, cultivated in India and other countries for its red dye.

# ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PARROT 157

Vain-babbling speech and pleasant peace thou  
lov'd'st.

Behold, how Quails among their battles live !  
Which do perchance old age unto them give.  
A little filled thee, and, for love of talk  
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk,  
Nuts were thy food, and poppy caused thee sleep ;  
Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.  
The ravenous Vulture lives ; the Puttock hovers  
Around the air ; the Cadess<sup>1</sup> rain discovers ;  
And Crow survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,  
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date :<sup>2</sup>  
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,  
The Parrot given me, the far world's best choice.  
The greedy Spirits take the best things first,  
Supplying their void places with the worst :  
Thersites did Protesilaus survive ;  
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive.

My wench's vows for thee what should I show,  
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow ?  
The seventh day came ; none following mightst  
thou see ;

And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee.  
Yet words in thy benumbèd palate rung ;  
"Farewell, Corinna !" cried thy dying tongue.

Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,  
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack.  
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden),

<sup>1</sup> Jackdaw.

<sup>2</sup> See Aristophanes (*Birds*)—

" Old proverbs affirm  
That the final term  
Of a raven's life exceeds the space  
Of five generations of human race."

Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.  
 There harmless Swans feed all abroad the river ;  
 There lives the Phoenix, one alone bird ever.  
 There Juno's bird <sup>1</sup> displays his gorgeous feather,  
 And loving Doves kiss eagerly together.  
 The Parrot, into wood received with these  
 Turns all the godly birds to what she please.

A grave her bones hides : on her corpse' great  
 grave

The little stones these little verses have :  
 "This tomb approves I pleased my mistress well ;  
 My mouth in speaking did all birds excel."

C. MARLOWE

### 97.—EMPLOYMENT

HE that is weary, let him sit ;  
 My soul would stir  
 And trade in courtesies and wit,  
 Quitting the fur  
 To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal  
 Of mortal fire ;  
 Who blows it not, nor doth control  
 A faint desire,  
 Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest  
 With Him whose will  
 Ordained the highest to be best,  
 The earth sat still,  
 And by the others is opprest.

<sup>1</sup> The peacock.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;  
 Ever in wars.  
 The sun still shineth there or here ;  
 Whereas the stars  
 Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,  
That busy plant !  
Then should I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruit for Him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old ;  
           The man is gone  
 Before we do our wares unfold ;  
           So we freeze on,  
 Until the grave increase our cold.

G. HERBERT

98.—LOVE'S DEATHBED

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part !  
Nay, I have done : you get no more of me :  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;  
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.  
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,



160 THE WARBLING OF BLACKBIRDS

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover !

M. DRAYTON

99.—THE WARBLING OF BLACKBIRDS

WHEN I hear the waters fretting,  
When I see the chestnut letting  
All her lovely blossom falter down I think, "Alas  
the day !"

Once with magical sweet singing  
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,  
That awakes no more while April hours wear  
themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,  
Sweet as air, and all beguiling ;  
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope  
and down the dell ;  
And we talked of joy and splendour  
That the years unborn would render,  
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for  
they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, " Bees are humming,  
April's here, and Summer's coming ;  
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men,  
in pride and joy ;  
Think on us in alleys shady,  
When you step a graceful lady ;  
For no fairer day have we to hope for, little girl  
and boy.

“ Laugh and play, O lispings waters,  
Lull our downy sons and daughters ;  
Come O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy  
wanderings coy ;  
When they wake we'll end the measure  
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,  
And a ‘ Hey down derry, let's be merry ! little  
girl and boy ! ’ ”

J. INGELOW

100.—A VIGIL IN THE EAST

SLEEP, love, sleep !  
The dusty day is done.  
Lo ! from afar the freshening breezes sweep  
Wide over groves of balm,  
Down from the towering palm  
In at the open casement cooling run,  
And round thy lowly bed  
Thy bed of pain,  
Bathing thy patient head  
Like grateful showers of rain  
They come ;  
While the thick curtains, waving to and fro,  
Fan the sick air  
And pityingly the shadows come and go  
With gentle human care  
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is gone,  
The night begun :  
While prayerful watch I keep,  
Sleep, love, sleep !

Is there no magic in the touch  
Of fingers thou dost love so much ?  
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,  
Or, with a soft caress,  
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press  
Upon the weary lid and aching brow,  
While prayerful watch I keep,  
Sleep, love, sleep !

On the pagoda spire  
The bells are swinging  
Their little golden circles in a flutter,  
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,  
Till all are ringing  
As if a choir  
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing ;  
And with a lulling sound  
The music floats around  
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear ;  
Commingle with the hum  
Of the sepoy's distant drum,  
And lazy beetle ever droning near,  
Sounds these of deepest silence born  
Like night made visible by morn ;  
So silent, that I sometimes start  
To hear the throbbings of my heart,  
And watch, with shivering sense of pain  
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes  
Peeps from the mortise with surprise  
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din ;  
Then ventures boldly out  
And looks about,

And with his hollow feet  
Treads his small evening beat,  
Darting upon his prey  
In such a tricky winsome sort of way,  
His delicate marauding seems no sin.  
And still the curtains swing  
But noiselessly ;  
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,  
As tears were in the sky ;  
More heavily the shadows fall  
Like the black foldings of a pall  
Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;  
The candles flare  
With fresher gusts of air ;  
The beetle's drone  
Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan ;  
Night deepens, and I sit in cheerless doubt  
alone. E. JUDSON

## 101.—SONNETS

## I

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not :—Great God ! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

## II

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :  
O raise us up ! return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## III

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals  
hold

Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

W. WORDSWORTH

102.—SIR DAVID GRÆME

THE dow <sup>1</sup> flew east, the dow flew west,  
The dow flew far ayont the fell ;  
And sair at e'en she seemed distrest,  
But what perplexed her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,  
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair ;  
And lookit sad as she war boun  
To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, and some did blame :  
She did not blame the bonnie dow.  
But sair she blamed Sir David Græme,  
Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the stars sae bright,  
And by their tryst on the dewy green,  
To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,<sup>2</sup>  
Whatever dangers lay between ;

To risk his fortune and his life  
In bearing her frae her father's towers ;  
To gie her a' the lands of Dryfe,  
An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

<sup>1</sup> Dove.

<sup>2</sup> September 17.

The day arrived, the evening came,  
The lady looked wi' wistfu' ee ;  
But O alas ! her noble Græme  
Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder Fell  
His beverage o' the mornin' dew ;  
The deer had crouched her i' the dell,  
The heather oped its bells o' blue.

\* \* \* \*

An' she has sat her down and grat ;<sup>1</sup>  
The world to her a desert seemed ;  
An' she wyted<sup>2</sup> this an' she wyted that,  
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

When lo ! Sir David's trusty hound,  
Wi' humpling back, and a waefu' ee,  
Cam cringing in and lookit around,  
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,  
An' he lookit as somebody he wad name ;  
An' there was a language in his howe<sup>3</sup> ee,  
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,  
An' ilka thing that he wad hae ;  
He lickit her hand, he cowered his head,  
Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has eyed her fause knight's hound  
And a' to see where he wad gae ;  
He whined, an' he howled, an' lookit around,  
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

<sup>1</sup> Wept.

<sup>2</sup> Blamed.

<sup>3</sup> Hollow.

She followed the hound o'er muirs an' rocks,  
Through mony a dell an' dowie<sup>1</sup> glen ;  
Till frae her brow an' bonnie gowd locks  
The dew dreepit doun like the draps o' rain.

An' aye she said, " My love may be hid,  
An' daurna come to the castle to me ;  
But him I will find and dearly I'll chide  
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesy."

An' aye she eyed the gray sleuth-hound,  
As he windit ower Deadwater Fell,  
Till he cam to the den wi' the moss inbound ;  
An' O but it kythed<sup>2</sup> a lonesome dell !

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,  
Then he cowered him doun sae wearily.  
" Ah ! yon's my love ; I have found him out ;  
He's lying waiting i' the dell for me.

" What ails my love, that he looks na roun',  
A lady's stately step to view ?  
Ah me ! I have neither stockings nor shoon,  
An' my feet are wet wi' the moorland dew.

" Sae sound as he sleeps i' his hunting gear,  
To waken him great pity wad be :  
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,  
And blind is he wha wantsna to see !"

She gae ae look ; she needit but ane,  
For it left nae sweet uncertainty ;  
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,  
An' in his brave breast two or three.

<sup>1</sup> Dreary.

<sup>2</sup> Looked.



There's a cloud fa's darker than the night,  
 An' darkly on that lady it came ;  
 There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright :  
 'Tis without a feeling or a name.

\* \* \* \*

O shepherd, lift yon comely corpse !  
 Well may you see no wound is there :  
 There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dewdrops,  
 An' they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood Tower,  
 'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's day ;  
 An' aye, when comes the vesper hour,  
 These words an' no more can she say :

" They slew my love on the wild swaird green,  
 As he was on his way to me ;  
 An' the ravens picked his bonnie blue een,  
 An' the tongue that was formed for courtesy.

" My brothers they slew my comely knight,  
 An' his grave is red blood to the brim :  
 I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night ;  
 But they've wakened me, an' wakened not  
 him !"

JAMES HOGG

### 103.—COURAGE

GIVE me a spirit that on this life's rough sea  
 Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind  
 Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,  
 And his rapt ship runs on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air ;  
There is no danger to a man that knows  
What life and death is,—there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law.

G. CHAPMAN

104.—PASSAGES FROM "IN MEMORIAM"<sup>1</sup>

I

I.—(XI)

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only through the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its Autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

<sup>1</sup> Written in memory of his friend, Arthur H. Hallam, who died at Vienna, and was buried at Clevedon.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
 And dead calm in that noble breast  
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

2.—(XVIII)

'Tis well ; 'tis something ; we may stand  
 Where he in English earth is laid,  
 And from his ashes may be made  
 The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth  
 As if the quiet bones were blest  
 Among familiar names to rest  
 And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
 That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
 And come, whatever loves to weep,  
 And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
 I, falling on his faithful heart,  
 Would breathing through his lips impart  
 The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
 And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
 Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
 The words that are not heard again.

3.—(XXII)

The path by which we twain did go,  
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
 Through four sweet years arose and fell,  
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow ;

And we with singing cheered the way,  
 And, crowned with all the season lent,  
 From April on to April went,  
 And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walked began  
 To slant the fifth Autumnal slope,  
 As we descended following Hope,  
 There sat the Shadow feared of man :

Who broke our fair companionship,  
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
 And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
 And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
 Nor follow, though I walk in haste,  
 And think that somewhere in the waste  
 The Shadow sits and waits for me.

4.—(LVII)

Peace ; come away ; the song of woe  
 Is after all an earthly song :  
 Peace ; come away : we do him wrong  
 To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;  
 But half my life I leave behind :  
 Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;  
 But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
 One set slow bell will seem to toll  
 The passing of the sweetest soul  
 That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
 Eternal greetings to the dead ;  
 And "Ave, Ave, Ave,"<sup>1</sup> said,  
 'Adieu, adieu' for evermore.

TENNYSON

### 105.—A SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG

I WAS a scholar ; seven useful springs  
 Did I deflower in quotations  
 Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man :  
 The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.  
*Delight*, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baised<sup>2</sup> leaves,  
 Tossed o'er the dunces,<sup>3</sup> pored on the old print  
 Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.  
 Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,  
 Shrunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept,  
 And still I held converse with Zabarell,  
 Aquinas, Scotus,<sup>4</sup> and the musty saws  
 Of antique Donate :<sup>5</sup> still my spaniel slept.

<sup>1</sup> Here, "farewell."      <sup>2</sup> Caressed, from Fr. *baiser*.

<sup>3</sup> A name given to the Schoolmen, from Duns Scotus.

<sup>4</sup> Scholastic theologians.

<sup>5</sup> A famous grammarian of the fourth century.

Still on went I ; first, *an sit anima* ;  
 Then, an 'twere mortal. O hold, hold ! at that  
 They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears, amain  
 (Pell-mell) together : still my spaniel slept.  
 Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,  
*Ex traduce* ; but whether 't had free will  
 Or no, hot philosophers  
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,  
 I staggered, knew not which was firmer part ;  
 But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,  
 Stuffed noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.  
 At length he waked, and yawned : and by yon sky  
 For aught I know, he knew as much as I !

J. MARSTON

# 106.—THE GARMOND OF GUD LADIES

WALD my gude Lady lufe me best,  
 And wirk eftir my will,  
 I suld ane Garmond gudliest  
 Gar mak hir body till.

Off hie honour suld be hir hud,  
 Upoun hir heid to weir,  
 Garneist with govirnance so gud,  
 Na demyng<sup>1</sup> suld hir deir.<sup>2</sup>

Hir sark suld be hir body nixt  
 Of chestetie so quhit,<sup>3</sup>  
 With schame and dreid togidder mixt,  
 The same suld be perfyt.

<sup>1</sup> Opinion.

<sup>2</sup> Harm.

<sup>3</sup> White.

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance,  
 Lasit with lesum<sup>1</sup> lufe,  
 The mailyheis<sup>2</sup> of continuance  
 For nevir to remufe.

Hir gown suld be of gudliness  
 Weill ribband with renowne,  
 Purfillit<sup>3</sup> with plesour in ilk place  
 Furrit with fyne fassoun.<sup>4</sup>

Hir belt suld be of benignitie  
 About hir middill meit ;  
 Hir mantill of humilitie,  
 To tholl<sup>5</sup> bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat suld be of fair having,  
 And hir tepat<sup>6</sup> of trewth,  
 Hir patelet<sup>7</sup> of gud pansing,<sup>8</sup>  
 Hir hals-ribbane of rewth.

Hir slevis suld be of esperance,  
 To keip hir fra dispair ;  
 Hir gluvis of the gud govirnance,  
 To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of sickernes,  
 In syne that scho nocht slyd ;  
 Hir hoiss<sup>9</sup> of honestie, I gues,  
 I suld for hir provyd.

<sup>1</sup> Lawful.<sup>2</sup> Eyelet-holes.<sup>3</sup> Embroidered.<sup>4</sup> Manners.<sup>5</sup> Withstand.<sup>6</sup> Tippet.<sup>7</sup> Ruff.<sup>8</sup> Thoughts.<sup>9</sup> Hosen.

Wald scho put on this Garmond gay,  
 I durst sweir by my seill,<sup>1</sup>  
 That scho woir nevir grene nor gray  
 Thet set <sup>2</sup> hir half so weill.

R. HENRYSON

107.—THE "AVE MARIA" <sup>3</sup>

AVE MARIA ! blessèd be the hour,  
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft !  
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
 Or the faint dying-day hymn stole aloft,  
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude  
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er <sup>4</sup>  
 To where the last Cæsarean <sup>5</sup> fortress stood,—  
 Evergreen forest, which Boccaccio's lore  
 And Dryden's lay <sup>6</sup> made haunted ground to me,—  
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

<sup>1</sup> Salvation.

<sup>2</sup> Suited.

<sup>3</sup> The "Ave Maria," rung about half an hour after sunset, is quite distinct from the vesper-bell (see stanzas 3 and 5) ; one being a summons to private prayer, and the other to public worship.

<sup>4</sup> "As early as the fifth or sixth century . . . a lonely grove of pines covered the ground where the Roman fleet once rode at anchor."—GIBBON.

<sup>5</sup> Cæsarea was a large suburb added to Ravenna by Augustus.

<sup>6</sup> *Theodore and Honoria*, translated from Boccaccio.



The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along ;  
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair  
throng  
Which learned from this example not to fly  
From a true lover,<sup>1</sup> shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parents' brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer ;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;  
Thou bring'st the child too to the mother's breast.<sup>2</sup>

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the  
heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?  
Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

BYRON

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Boccaccio's story.

<sup>2</sup> This stanza is translated from Sappho.

## 108.—IN A FAR COUNTRY

FRIENDS, who watch me till the light  
Smile and slay me,  
Asking low what word to write  
Where you lay me :  
Shun, I pray you, praise and blame ;  
Only say, and speak my name,—  
God assoil her !

Praise would shame me, lying low ;  
Blame would grieve me :  
This word only, ere you go,  
Speak, and leave me :  
Speak it where, at head and feet,  
Echoing winds may still repeat—  
God assoil her !

Plant nor rosemary nor rue ;  
Trust the daisies :  
They will cluster, careless who  
Blames or praises ;  
They will spring unsown, and say,  
With fair grasses, day by day,—  
God assoil her !

So, when all is overgrown  
Late in summer,  
By these signs I shall be shown  
No new-comer,  
But the child for whom you prayed,  
Kneeling by a grave new-made,—  
God assoil her !

Come then with the autumn birds,  
Sunward pressing ;  
Seek me where your latest words  
Fell in blessing ;  
Where, through all the fading year,  
Still this requiem I hear—  
God assoil her !

Shut from sunlight, cold and low,  
Weeds above me—  
You will find me where they grow,  
Hearts that love me !  
Ah ! then, on the graveyard way,  
Fold once more your hands and pray ;  
Sign the Sign of signs, and say—  
Christ assoil her !

M. RYAN

109.—YOUTH IN AGE

CALL him not old, whose visionary brain  
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.  
For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
Who bears eternal Summer in his soul.  
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,  
Spring with her birds, or children at their play.  
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,  
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,  
Turn to the record where his years are told,—  
Count his gray hairs,—they cannot make him old !

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In every heart some viewless founts are fed  
From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed ;  
On the worn features of the weariest face  
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,  
As in old gardens left by exiled kings  
The marble basins tell of hidden springs,  
But, gray with dust and overgrown with weeds,  
Their choking jets the passer little heeds,  
Till time's revenges break their seals away,  
And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

O. W. HOLMES

110.—MAY<sup>1</sup> MARGARET<sup>2</sup>

THE clinking bell gaed through the town,  
And carried the dead corpse to the clay ;  
Young Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,  
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,

"Or are ye waking presentlie?"

Give me my faith and troth again,

True<sup>3</sup> love, as I gied them to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,

Nor our true love sall never twin,

Until ye come within my bower,

And kiss me cheek and chin."

<sup>1</sup> Maid.

<sup>2</sup> Generally combined with an earlier part (by some supposed to be a separate ballad) under the name of Clerk Saunders.

<sup>3</sup> Troth.

“My mouth it is full cold, Margaret ;  
It has the smell, now, of the ground ;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth  
Thy days will soon be at an end.

“O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight !  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day.  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare me on my way.”

“Thy faith and troth thou sall’na get,  
And our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye tell what comes o’ women,  
Wot ye, who die in strong traivelling.”

“Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord’s knee,  
Weel set about wi’ gilliflowers ;  
I wot, sweet company for to see.

“O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight !  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day ;  
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
And I, ere now, will be missed away.”

Then she has taken a crystal wand,  
And she has stroken her troth thereon ;  
She has given it him out at the shot-window,<sup>1</sup>  
Wi’ mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

“I thank ye, Marg’ret ; I thank ye, Marg’ret ;  
Ever I thank ye heartilie ;  
But gin I were living, as I am dead,  
I’d keep my faith and troth with thee.”

<sup>1</sup> A window with one small aperture.

It's hosen and shoon and gown alone,  
She climbed the wall and followed him,  
Until she came to the green forest,  
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Is there ony room at your side, Saunders,  
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's nae room at my feet;  
My bed it is fu' lowly now,  
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,  
But and my winding-sheet;  
The dew it falls nae sooner down  
Than my resting-place is weat."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray:  
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
That you were going away.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,  
And Marg'ret, o' veritie,  
Gin e'er ye love another man,  
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

OLD BALLAD

## III.—TO LIGHT

(FROM "HYMN TO LIGHT")

SAY, from what golden quivers of the sky  
Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?  
Swiftness and power by birth are thine :  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word<sup>1</sup>  
divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal  
Spring.

When, Goddess ! thou lift'st up thy wakened head  
Out of the Morning's purple bed,  
Thy choir of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes  
Is but thy several liveries :  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou  
go'st.

A crimson garment in the Rose thou wear'st ;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;  
The virgin Lilies in their white  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked Light.

<sup>1</sup> " Let there be light."

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river dost thou glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close  
channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded Day  
In the Empyrean Heaven does stay :  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,  
From thence took first their rise, thither at last  
must flow.

A. COWLEY

112.—SIR GALAHAD<sup>1</sup>

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel :  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favours fall !  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall :

<sup>1</sup> See *The Holy Grail (Idylls of the King)*.



But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
So keep I fair through faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns :  
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
I hear a voice, but none are there ;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark ;  
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light !  
Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah ! blessed vision ! blood of God !  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Through dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armour that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And through the mountain-walls  
A rolling organ-harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :  
“ O just and faithful knight of God !  
Ride on ! the prize is near.”

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail.

TENNYSON

113.—TO DARKNESS

HAIL, thou most sacred, venerable thing !  
What muse is worthy thee to sing—  
Thee, from whose pregnant, universal womb  
All things, even Light, thy rival, first did come ?  
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,  
Thou first and greatest mystery ?  
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?  
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.  
  
Before great Love this monument did raise,  
This ample theatre of praise ;  
Before the folding circles of the sky  
Were tuned by Him who is all harmony ;  
Before the morning stars their hymn began,  
Before the council held for man,  
Before the birth of either time or place,  
Thou reign'st unquestioned monarch in the empty  
space.  
  
Thy native lot thou did'st to Light resign,  
But still half of the globe is thine.  
Here, with a quiet but yet awful hand,  
Like the best emperors thou dost command.  
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,  
And mortals their repose below ;  
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,  
And those that weary are of Light find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,  
Darkness is His pavilion ;  
From that His radiant beauty, but from thee  
He has His terror and His majesty :  
Thus, when He first proclaimed His sacred law,  
And would His rebel subjects awe,  
Like princes on some great solemnity,  
He appeared in His robes of state, and clad Him-  
self with thee.

J. NORRIS

114.—TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN  
APRIL 1786<sup>1</sup>

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure<sup>2</sup>  
Thy slender stem.  
To spare thee nòw is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,<sup>3</sup>  
Wi' spreckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was really composed under the circumstances described.

<sup>2</sup> Dust.

<sup>3</sup> Wetness.

Could blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
                  Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
                  Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield <sup>1</sup>  
                  O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie <sup>2</sup> stibble-field,  
                  Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
                  In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
                  And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
                  And guileless trust ;  
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid  
                  Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starred !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
                  Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
                  And overwhelm him o'er !

<sup>1</sup> Shelter.

<sup>2</sup> Dry.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
    To misery's brink,  
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
    He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
    Full on thy bloom ;  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
    Shall be thy doom !

R. BURNS

115.—AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;  
And to our high-raised phantasy present  
That undisturbèd Song of pure consent  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
    To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
    Hymns devout and holy psalms  
    Singing everlastingly :

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To His celestial consort <sup>1</sup> us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

J. MILTON

#### 116.—BY THE SEA

WHY does the sea moan evermore ?  
 Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,  
 It frets against the boundary shore ;  
 All earth's full rivers cannot fill  
 The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness  
 Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed :  
 Anemones, salt, passionless,  
 Blow flower-like ; just enough alive  
 To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,  
 Encrusted live things Argus-eyed,  
 All fair alike, yet all unlike,  
 Are born without a pang, and die  
 Without a pang, and so pass by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

<sup>1</sup> See p. 54.

## 117.—THE PRAISE OF BEAUTY

(FROM "AN HYMN IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE")

WHAT time this world's great Workmaster did cast  
To make all things such as we now behold.  
It seems that He before His eyes had plast<sup>1</sup>  
A goodly Pattern, to whose perfect mould  
He fashioned them as comely as He could,  
That now so fair and seemly they appear  
As nought may be amended anywhere.

That wondrous Pattern, wheresoe'er it be,  
Whether in Earth laid up in secret store,  
Or else in Heaven, that no man may it see  
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,<sup>2</sup>  
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore :  
Whose face and feature doth so much excel  
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

How vainly then do idle wits invent  
That beauty is nought else but mixture made  
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament  
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade  
And pass away, like to a summer's shade ;  
Or that it is but comely composition  
Of parts well measured with meet disposition !

But ah ! believe me, there is more than so  
That works such wonders in the minds of men :  
I, that have often proved, too well it know,

<sup>1</sup> Placed.<sup>2</sup> Deflower.



And whoso list the like assayes to ken  
Shall find by trial and confess it then  
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,  
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,  
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,  
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread  
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away  
To that they were, even to corrupted clay ;  
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,  
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray  
That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,  
Shall never be extinguished nor decay ;  
But when the vital spirits do expire  
Unto her native planet shall retire :  
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,  
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

For love is a celestial harmony  
Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent,  
Which join together in sweet sympathy  
To work each others' joy and true content,  
Which they have harboured since their first descent  
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see  
And know each other here beloved to be.

Then *Io*,<sup>1</sup> triumph ! O great Beauty's Queen !  
Advance the banner of thy conquest high ;  
That all this world, the which thy vassals been,

<sup>1</sup> Gk. and Lat. for *ho ! huzza !*

May draw to thee, and with due fealty  
Adore the power of thy great Majesty,  
Singing this hymn in honour of thy name,  
Compiled by me, which thy poor liegeman am.

E. SPENSER

118.—SNOW-FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow,  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

## 119.—TO THE LADY MARGARET

## COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,  
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame  
Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind  
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :  
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may  
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down  
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,  
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat  
On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown,  
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;  
Where Greatness stands upon as feeble feet  
As Frailty doth ; and only great doth seem  
To little minds, who do it so esteem !

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars  
But only as on stately robberies ;  
Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars  
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.  
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails ;  
Justice he sees (as if seducèd) still  
Conspires with Power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right to appear as manifold  
As are the passions of uncertain man ;  
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,  
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.

He sees that, let Deceit work what it can,  
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,  
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet  
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks  
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,  
Charged with more crying sins than those he  
checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him, that hath no side at all  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state  
Of troublous and distressed mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility :  
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses  
And is encompassed ; whilst as Craft deceives  
And is deceived : whilst man doth ransack man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;  
And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great expecting hopes : he looks thereon,  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared  
A rest for his desires, and sees all things  
Beneath him, and hath learned this book of man,  
Full of the notes of frailty ; and compared  
The best of glory with her sufferings :  
By whom, I see, you labour all you can  
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near  
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear ;

Which, madam, are so soundly fashionèd  
By that clear judgment that hath carried you  
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,  
As they can stand against the strongest head  
Passion can make ; inured to any hue  
The world can cast ; that cannot cast that mind  
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see  
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,  
You in the region of yourself remain ;  
Where no vain breath of the impudent molests ;  
That hath secured within the brazen walls  
Of a clear conscience that (without all stain)  
Rises in peace, in innocency rests ;  
Whilst all what Malice from without procures  
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge  
Than women use to do ; yet you well know  
That wrong is better checked by being contemned  
Than being pursued ; leaving to Him to avenge  
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show  
How worthily your clearness hath condemned  
Base Malediction, living in the dark,  
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark :

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate ; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

And how troubled they are that level lie  
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence ;  
That never are at peace with their desires,  
But work beyond their years ; and even deny  
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense  
With death ! That when ability expires  
Desire lives still—So much delight they have  
To carry toil and travel to the grave !

Whose ends you see ; and what can be the best  
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum  
And reckonings of their glory. And you know  
This floating life hath but this port of rest,  
*A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come ;*  
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,  
The best of all whose days consumèd are  
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind  
Hath been so set by that all-working hand  
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his  
    worst  
To put it out by discords most unkind,

Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man ; nor ever will be forced  
From that most sweet accord ; but still agree,  
Equal in Fortune's inequality. .

And this note, madam, of your worthiness  
Remains recorded in so many hearts,  
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right  
In the inheritance of fame you must possess :  
You that have built you by your great deserts  
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite  
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name  
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame !  
S. DANIEL

## 120.—ASK ME NO MORE

ASK me no more where Jove bestows  
When June is past, the fading rose,  
For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day,  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The nightingale when May is past,  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
 That downwards fall in dead of night,  
 For in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest,  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

T. CAREW

# 121.—A SPRING MORNING

(FROM "THE KING'S QUHAIR"<sup>1</sup>)

NOW was there maid fast by the Touris<sup>2</sup> wall  
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set  
 Ane herbere<sup>3</sup> grene, with wandis long and small  
 Railit about, and so with treis set  
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet<sup>4</sup>  
 That lyf<sup>5</sup> was none walkyng there forbye,  
 That mycht within scarce any wight aspy.

So thick the beuis<sup>6</sup> and the leves grene  
 Beschadit all the allyes that there were  
 And myddis every herbere mycht be sene  
 The scharpè greenè suetè jenepere,

<sup>1</sup> Quire, book.

<sup>2</sup> The Tower of Windsor Castle, where he was imprisoned.

<sup>3</sup> Arbour.

<sup>4</sup> Hedges knit.

<sup>5</sup> Living thing.

<sup>6</sup> Boughs.



Growing so fair with branchis here and there  
 That, as it semyt to a lyf without,  
 The beuis spred the herbere all about.

And on the smale grenè twistis<sup>1</sup> sat  
 The lytil suetè nyghtingale, and song  
 So loud and clere the ympnis<sup>2</sup> consecrat  
 Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,  
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong  
 Ryght of thaire song, and on the copill next<sup>3</sup>  
 Of thair suete armony: and lo! the text:

"Worschippe, ye that loveris bene, this May,  
 For of your bliss the kalendis are begonne,  
 And sing with us: *Away, Winter, away!*  
*Come, Somer, come! the suetè seson and sonne.*  
 Awake, for schame! that have your hevynis wonne;  
 And amourosly lift up your hedis all:  
 Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call."

Quhen thai this song had song a lytil thrawe,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unafraid,  
 As I beheld, and kest myn eyen a-lawe,<sup>5</sup>  
 From beugh to beugh thai hippit and thai plaid,  
 And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid  
 Thair fatheris<sup>6</sup> new, and fret thame in the sonne,  
 And thankit Lufe that had thair makis<sup>7</sup> wonne.

JAMES I. (of Scotland)

<sup>1</sup> Twigs.

<sup>2</sup> Hymns.

<sup>3</sup> With the next stanza.

<sup>4</sup> While.

<sup>5</sup> Below.

<sup>6</sup> Feathers.

<sup>7</sup> Mates.

122.—PASSAGES FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

II

I.—(CVI)

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
     The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
     The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
     Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
     The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
     For those that here we see no more ;  
     Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
     And ancient forms of party strife ;  
     Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
     The faithless coldness of the times ;  
     Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
     The civic slander and the spite ;  
     Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

2.—(CXV)

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drowned in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky  
 To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
     Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
     Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

3.—(CXXIV)

That which we dare invoke to bless ;  
     Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;  
     He, They, One, All ; within, without ;  
 The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
     Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;  
     Nor through the questions men may try,  
 The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
     I heard a voice "believe no more,"  
     And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
     The freezing reason's colder part,  
     And like a man in wrath the heart  
 Stood up and answered "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear ;  
     But that blind clamour made me wise ;  
     Then was I as a child that cries,  
 But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again  
 What is, and no man understands ;  
 And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach through nature, moulding men.

## 4.—(CXXVI)

Love is and was my Lord and King,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend  
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,  
 And will be, though as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well.

TENNYSON

## 123.—UNEXPRESSED

If all the pens that ever poets held  
 Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,  
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
 Their minds, and muses, on admired themes ;  
 If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still  
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
 Wherein as in a mirror we perceive  
 The highest reaches of a human wit ;

If these had made one poem's period,  
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,  
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
 One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least  
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

C. MARLOWE

124.—MEDITATION OF  
 LORD STRAFFORD IN THE TOWER

Go, empty joys,  
 With all your noise,  
 And leave me here alone  
 In sad sweet silence to bemoan  
 The fickle worldly height  
 Whose danger none can see aright  
 Whilst your false splendours dim the sight.

Go, and ensnare  
 With your trim ware  
 Some other worldly wight,  
 And cheat him with your flattering light ;  
 Rain on his head a shower  
 Of honour, greatness, wealth, and power :  
 Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind  
 With gallant wind  
 Of insolent applause ;  
 Let him not fear the curbing laws,  
 Nor king nor people's frown,  
 But dream of something like a crown,  
 Then, climbing upwards, tumble down.

Let him appear  
 In his bright sphere  
 Like Cynthia in her pride,  
 With starlike troops on every side,  
 For number and clear light  
 Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite :  
 And blind them both <sup>1</sup> in one dead night.

Welcome, sad Night,  
 Grief's sole delight !  
 Thy mourning best agrees  
 With Honour's funeral obsequies :  
 In Thetis' lap he lies,  
 Mantled with soft securities,  
 Whose <sup>2</sup> too much sunlight dimmed his eyes.

\*            \*            \*            \*

O were 't our fate  
 To imitate  
 Those lights whose pallidness  
 Argues no inward guiltiness !  
 Their course is one way bent :  
 Which is the cause there's no dissent  
 In Heaven's high Court of Parliament.  
ANON.<sup>3</sup>

## 125.—SONNETS

### I.—ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Moon and stars.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Honour's.

<sup>3</sup> Published as a broad-sheet ballad in 1641.

This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

## II.—IN THE TROSSACHS

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass  
But were an apt confessional for one  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
That life is but a tale of morning grass  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than  
glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !

## III.—MUTABILITY

From low to high doth dissolution climb  
And sink from high to low, along a scale



Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail :  
A musical but melancholy chime  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

W. WORDSWORTH

126.—TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH  
MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears  
Speak grief in you  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew ?  
Alas ! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind,  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped, as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
The reason why  
Ye droop and weep.  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet,  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart to this?  
No, no, this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed  
Would have this lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought  
forth.

R. HERRICK

## 127.—ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear  
(Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales);  
O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired  
Sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts  
With brede<sup>1</sup> ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed,

<sup>1</sup> Braid.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—  
Now teach me, Maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding-star<sup>1</sup> arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That from the mountain-side  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

<sup>1</sup> Hesperus.

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
    Thy dewy fingers draw  
    The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he  
    wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
    While Summer loves to sport  
    Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train,  
    And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
    And love thy favourite name !

W. COLLINS

128.—THE ANNIVERSARY

ALL kings, and all their favourites,  
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,  
The sun itself, which makes times, as these pass,  
Is elder by a year now than it was  
When thou and I first one another saw.  
All other things to their destruction draw ;  
    Only our love hath no decay ;  
This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday ;  
Running, it never runs from us away,  
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse :  
If one might, death were no divorce.

Alas ! as well as other princes, we,  
Who prince enough in one another be,  
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears  
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears.

But souls where nothing dwells but love,  
All other thoughts being inmates,<sup>1</sup> then shall prove  
This, or a love increased there above,  
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves  
remové.

And then we shall be throughly blest :  
But now no more than all the rest.  
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we  
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.  
Who is so safe as we, where none can do  
Treason to us, except one of us two ?

True and false fears let us refrain :  
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again  
Years and years unto years, till we attain  
To write threescore ! This is the second of our  
reign.

J. DONNE

### 129.—THE LOTOS-EATERS<sup>2</sup>

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."  
In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
In which it seemèd always afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> Passing guests.

<sup>2</sup> A people encountered by Odysseus in his wanderings  
(see *Odyssey*, Bk. ix.)

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;  
And some through wavering lights and shadows  
    broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land : far-off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of agèd snow,  
Stood sunset-flushed : and, dew'd with showery  
    drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown  
In the red West : through mountain clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;  
A land where all things always seemed the same !  
And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;  
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, " We will return no more ;"  
And all at once they sang, " Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

#### CHORIC SONG

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-  
ful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in  
sleep.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness ?  
All things have rest : why should we toil alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown ;  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;  
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,  
" There is no joy but calm ! "  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of  
things ?

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow,  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
Death is the end of life ; ah, why  
Should life all labour be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become



Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-  
ful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;  
To hear each other's whispered speech;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears: but all hath suffered  
change;  
For surely now our household hearths are cold:  
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island-princes overbold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings

Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The Gods are hard to reconcile :  
'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
There *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto agèd breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,<sup>1</sup>  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
With half-dropt eyelid still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave through the thick-twinèd vine—  
To watch the emerald-coloured water falling  
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine !  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath  
the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :  
Through every hollow cave and alley lone,  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow  
Lotos-dust is blown.  
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,

<sup>1</sup> See *Odyssey*, x. 305.

Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the  
surge was seething free,  
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-  
fountains in the sea.  
Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal  
mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are  
hurled  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are  
lightly curled  
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-  
ing world :  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted  
lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring  
deeps and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking  
ships, and praying hands.  
But they smile, they find a music centred in a  
doleful song  
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of  
wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are  
strong ;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave  
the soil,  
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring  
toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and  
oil ;  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis  
whispered, down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys  
    dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.<sup>1</sup>  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil,  
    the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and  
    wave and oar ;  
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander  
    more.

TENNYSON

## 130.—ESTRANGEMENT

THE path from me to you that led,  
    Untrodden long, with grass is grown,—  
Mute carpet that his lieges spread  
    Before the Prince Oblivion  
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget ?  
    You, who my coming could surmise  
Ere any hint of me as yet  
    Warned other ears and other eyes,  
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet  
    With saddened steps, at every spot  
That feels the memory in my feet,  
    Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,  
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

J. R. LOWELL

<sup>1</sup> See *Odyssey*, xi. 539.

## 131.—SONNETS

## I

THE DELIGHT OF LOVE<sup>1</sup>

## XXVI

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked will bestow it ;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then not show my head where thou mayst  
prove me.

## XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state

<sup>1</sup> The headings of these and similar groups make no attempt to solve the riddle of the Sonnets. They simply indicate the phases of the story that lies on their surface ; the story of a passionate friendship, shadowed by the thought of death, darkened by estrangement, and finally made perfect in reunion, when the temple of "ruined love . . . built anew, grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth  
          brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.<sup>1</sup>  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

W. SHAKSPEARE

<sup>1</sup> Necklace.

## 132.—STANZAS

(FROM "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL")

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift  
For service meetly worn ;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers ;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers ;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves,  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on ;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun ;  
So high that, looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

Around her, lovers newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names ;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path ; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

" I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said,  
" Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?  
And shall I feel afraid ?

\* \* \* \*

" We two," she said, " will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.



“ Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead,

“ He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak :  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns<sup>1</sup> and citoles.

There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me .  
Only to live as once on earth  
With love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,  
“ All this is when he comes.” She ceased,  
The light thrilled towards her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

<sup>1</sup> Lyres or harps : Gk. *kithara*.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
 Was vague in distant spheres :  
 And then she cast her arms along  
 The golden barriers,  
 And laid her face between her hands  
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

D. G. ROSSETTI

### 133.—DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHERIN ECHE THING RENEWES, SAUE ONELIE  
 THE LOUER

THE sootè season that bud and blome furth bringes  
 With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;  
 The nightingale with fethers new she singes ;  
 The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale :  
 Somer is come, for euery spray nowe springes ;  
 The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale,  
 The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges,  
 The fishes flote with newe repairèd scale,  
 The adder all her sloughe away she slinges,  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,  
 The busy bee her honye now she minges ;  
 Winter is worne that was the flowers bale :  
 And thus I see among these pleasant thinges  
 Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes.

H. HOWARD (LORD SURREY)

## 134.—ODE TO DUTY

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.'

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free ;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
O if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around  
them cast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought.  
Me this unchartered freedom tires,  
I feel the weight of chance-desires ;  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are  
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
O let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

W. WORDSWORTH

135.—A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT  
OF THE FAERY QUEEN<sup>1</sup>

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay  
Within that temple where the vestal flame  
Was wont to burn ; and, passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of living fame  
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen ;  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,  
For they this Queen attended ; in whose stead  
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
And groans of buried ghosts the Heavens did  
    pierce ;  
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,  
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

W. RALEIGH

<sup>1</sup> Appended to the first three Books of *The Faery Queen*, published 1590.

## 136.—EXTREME UNCTION

GO ! leave me, Priest ; my soul would be  
Alone with the consoler, Death ;  
Far sadder eyes than thine will see  
This crumbling clay yield up its breath ;  
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains  
Than holy oil can cleanse away,—  
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains  
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes  
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung ;  
This fruitless husk which dustward dries  
Has been a heart once, has been young ;  
On this bowed head the awful Past  
Once laid its consecrating hands ;  
The Future in its purpose vast  
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?  
Who are those two that stand aloof ?  
See ! on my hands this freshening gore  
Writes o'er again its crimson proof !  
My looked-for death-bed guests are met ;—  
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,  
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,  
The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep, and says,—  
“ I gave thee the great gift of life ;  
Wast thou not called in many ways ?  
Are not my earth and heaven at strife ?

I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
    Bringest thou me my hundred-fold ?”  
Can I look up with face aglow,  
    And answer, “ Father, here is gold ?”

I have been innocent ; God knows  
    When first this wasted life began,  
Not grape with grape more kindly grows  
    Than I with every brother-man :  
Now here I gasp : what lose my kind,  
    When this fast ebbing breath shall part ?  
What bands of love and service bind  
    This being to the world’s sad heart ?

Christ still was wandering o’er the earth  
    Without a place to lay His head ;  
He found free welcome at my hearth,  
    He shared my cup and broke my bread :  
Now, when I hear those steps sublime  
    That bring the other world to this,  
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,  
    Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born  
    God said, “ Another man shall be,”  
And the great Maker did not scorn  
    Out of Himself to fashion me ;  
He sunned me with His ripening looks,  
    And Heaven’s rich instincts in me grew,  
As effortless as woodland nooks  
    Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,  
Am exiled back to brutish clod,  
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years  
A spark of the eternal God :  
And to what end ? How yield I back  
The trust for such high uses given ?  
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track  
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight  
To see a soul just set adrift  
On that drear voyage from whose night  
The ominous shadows never lift ;  
But 'tis more awful to behold  
A helpless infant newly born,  
Whose little hands unconscious hold  
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away  
Those keys that might have open set  
The golden sluices of the day,  
But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;—  
I hear the reapers singing go  
Into God's harvest ; I, that might  
With them have chosen, here below  
Grove shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine !  
O high Ideal ! all in vain  
Ye enter at this ruined shrine  
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;  
The bat and owl inhabit here,  
The snake nests in the altar-stone,  
The sacred vessels moulder near ;  
The image of the God is gone.

J. R. LOWELL.



## 137.—SONNETS

I<sup>1</sup>

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez<sup>2</sup> when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

II

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,  
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain ;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !  
That I shall never look upon thee more,

<sup>1</sup> On first looking into Chapman's *Homer*.

<sup>2</sup> Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, seems to be here confused with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific.

Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love !—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

J. KEATS

## 138.—A DIRGE

Now is done thy long day's work ;  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk  
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;  
Nothing but the small cold worm  
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;  
Chaunteth not the brooding bee  
Sweeter tones than calumny ?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head  
From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee  
 The woodbine and eglatere  
 Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree  
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleachèd<sup>1</sup> deep,  
 Bramble roses,<sup>2</sup> faint and pale,  
 And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep  
 Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine ;  
 The frail bluebell peereth over  
 Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,  
 As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there ;  
 God's great gift of speech abused  
 Makes thy memory confused :

But let them rave.

<sup>1</sup> Naturally intertwined.

<sup>2</sup> Dog-roses. So Chaucer—

. . . "the bramble flower  
 That bereth the red hepe."

The balm-cricket<sup>1</sup> carols clear  
In the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

TENNYSON

139.—MAN

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state  
Of some mean things which here below reside,  
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date  
And intercourse of times divide,  
Where bees at night get home and hive, and  
flowers,  
Early as well as late,  
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers ;

I would, said I, my God would give  
The staidness of these things to man ! for these  
To His divine appointments ever cleave,  
And no new business breaks their peace ;  
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,  
The flowers without clothes live,  
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care ;  
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,  
But ever restless and irregular  
About this earth doth run and ride.  
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where ;  
He says it is so far  
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

<sup>1</sup> Literally "tree (baum) cricket," or cicada ; here, apparently, grasshopper,

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;  
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,  
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes

By some hid sense their Maker gave ;  
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms  
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

H. VAUGHAN

140.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving,—not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Nor of the stains of her ;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full  
Home she had none.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man !  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kindly,—  
Smoothe and compose them ;  
And her eyes, close them  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.  
Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

T. HOOD



## 141.—SONNETS

## I

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,  
And what by mortals in this world is brought  
In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;  
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.  
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,  
With toil of spirit which are so dearly bought,  
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought ;  
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.  
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower  
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;  
That Love a jarring is of mind's accords,  
Where Sense and Will bring under Reason's power,  
Know what I list, this all cannot me move  
But that, alas ! I both must write and love.

## II

Sweet Soul !<sup>1</sup> which in the April of thy years  
So to enrich the Heaven mad'st poor this round,  
And now with golden rays of glory crowned  
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres :  
If heavenly laws, alas ! have thee not bound  
From looking to this globe that all upbears,  
If ruth and pity there above be found,  
O deign to lend a look unto these tears !  
Do not disdain, dear Ghost ! this sacrifice ;  
And, though I raise not pillars to thy praise,  
Mine offerings take ! Let this for me suffice :  
My heart a living pyramid I raise ;

<sup>1</sup> Mary Cunningham, his betrothed wife, who died on the eve of their marriage.

And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,  
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be  
seen.

W. DRUMMOND

# 142.—A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I'VE heard the lilting<sup>1</sup> at our yowe-milking,  
Lassies a-lilting before dawn o' day ;  
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning<sup>2</sup>—  
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts,<sup>3</sup> in the morning, nae blithe lads are  
scorning,  
The lassies are lonely and dowie and wae ;  
Nae daffin',<sup>4</sup> nae gabbin',<sup>5</sup> but sighing and sabbing,  
Ilk ane lifts her leglen<sup>6</sup> and hies her away.

In har'st at the shearing, nae youths now are jeer-  
ing,  
The bandsters<sup>7</sup> are lyart,<sup>8</sup> and runkled, and gray ;  
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching<sup>9</sup>—  
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae swankies<sup>10</sup> are roam-  
ing  
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;  
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

<sup>1</sup> Singing.    <sup>2</sup> Lane.    <sup>3</sup> Sheep-pens.    <sup>4</sup> Nonsense.

<sup>5</sup> Chatting.    <sup>6</sup> Milk-pail.    <sup>7</sup> Sheaf-binders.    <sup>8</sup> Grizzled.

<sup>9</sup> Coaxing.

<sup>10</sup> Lithe lads.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the  
Border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;  
The Flowers o' the Forest, that fought aye the  
foremost,

The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milking ;

Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin'—

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOTT

#### 143.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thy happiness,—

That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage that hath been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true,<sup>1</sup> the blushful Hippocrene,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* As inspiring, but real, not fabled (see *Class. Dict.*)

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth ;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry fays ;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a museful rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath ;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy !  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !  
No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for  
home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades :  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?  
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?  
J. KEATS

144.—STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION  
 NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent light :  
     \*           \*           \*           \* 1  
 Around its unexpanded buds ;  
 Like many a voice of one delight—  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods—  
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;  
 I see the waves upon the shore  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone ;

<sup>1</sup> There are at least three versions of this stanza : one replaces a "missing" line by asterisks ; a second gives—"The breath of the moist earth is light"—involving the repetition of "light," as a final syllable, three times ; a third avoids this repetition by reading (line 4) "transparent might," of which it is difficult to make sense. I have adopted the first of these readings, and have ventured to follow the precedent of the *Golden Treasury* in ending the poem with the fourth stanza.

• The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
 Is dashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion—  
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my  
 emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory crowned—  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;  
 Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
 Even as the winds and waters are,  
 I could lie down like a tired child  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear ;  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.  
 P. B. SHELLEY

## 145.—A MARRIAGE SONG

(FROM "EPITHALAMION" <sup>1</sup>)

WAKE now, my Love! awake! for it is time :  
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,  
All ready to her silver coach to climb,  
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.  
Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays  
And carol of Love's praise!

The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,  
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,  
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft :  
So goodly all agree with sweet consent  
To this day's merriment.

Ah, my dear Love! why do ye sleep thus long?  
When meeter were that ye should now awake  
To await the coming of your joyous make,  
And hearken to the birds' love-learnèd song  
The dewy leaves among :

For they of joy and pleasaunce to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace  
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East  
Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
So well it her beseems that ye would ween  
Some angel she had been.

Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,  
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,

<sup>1</sup> Composed on his own marriage.



Do like a golden mantle her attire ;  
And being crownèd with a garland green  
    Seem like some maiden Queen.  
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,  
    So far from being proud.  
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love !  
Open them wide, that she may enter in ;  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,  
For to receive this Saint with honour due  
    That cometh in to you.  
With trembling steps and humble reverence  
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view.  
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
    To humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake  
The which do endless matrimony make ;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,  
    The whiles with hollow throats  
The choristers the joyous anthem sing  
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy Priest that to her speaks

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks  
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain !

That even the Angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service, and about her fly,  
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair  
The more they on it stare.

But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governèd with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one look to glance awry  
Which may let in one little thought unsound.  
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band ?

Sing, ye sweet Angels ! *Alleluia* sing ;  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,  
And lend me leave to come unto my Love ?  
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend !  
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move !  
Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home  
Within the western foam !

Thy tirèd steeds long since have need of rest.  
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,  
And the bright Evening Star with golden crest  
Appear out of the East.

Fair Child of Beauty ! glorious lamp of Love,  
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead  
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread :  
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,  
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light  
As joying in the sight

Of those glad many which for joy do sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without ;  
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,  
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt !  
Let no deluding dreams nor dreadful sights

Make sudden sad affrights ;

Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's hapless harms,  
Ne let the Pouke,<sup>1</sup> nor other evil sprites,  
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,  
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see  
not,

Fray us with things that be not !

Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,  
Nor the night-raven that still deadly yells,  
Nor damned ghosts called up with mighty spells,  
Nor grisly vultures make us once afear'd ;  
Ne let the unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking

Make us to wish their choking !

Let none of these their dreary accents sing ;  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring !

And ye, high Heavens ! the temple of the Gods,  
In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods  
In dreadful darkness lend desired light ;  
And all ye Powers which in the same remain,  
More than we men can feign !

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,  
And happy influence upon us rain :

<sup>1</sup> The Puck or Pouke (Celtic) was originally a malevolent spirit.

That we may raise a large posterity ;  
Which from the earth, which they may long  
possess  
With lasting happiness,  
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,  
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit  
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,  
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.  
So let us rest, sweet Love ! in hope of this,  
And cease till then our timely joys to sing :  
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring !  
E. SPENSER

## 146.—TO GROVES

YE silent shades, whose each tree here  
Some relic of a saint doth wear,  
Who, for some sweetheart's sake, did prove  
The fire and martyrdom of love :—  
Here is the legend of those saints  
That died for love ; and their complaints,  
Their wounded hearts, and names, we find  
Encarved upon the leaves and rind :—  
Give way, give way to me, who come  
Scorched with the self-same martyrdom,  
And have deserved as much, Love knows,  
As to be canonised 'mongst those  
Whose deeds and deaths here written are  
Within your greeny calendar.

By all those virgins' fillets hung  
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung

For saints and souls departed hence,  
 Here honoured still with frankincense ;  
 By all those tears that have been shed,  
 As a drink-offering, to the dead ;  
 By all those true-love knots, that be  
 With mottos carved on every tree ;  
 By sweet St. Phillis,<sup>1</sup> pity me ;  
 By dear St. Iphis,<sup>1</sup> and the rest  
 Of all those other saints now blest,  
 Me, me forsaken, here admit  
 Among your myrtles to be writ :  
 That my poor name may have the glory  
 To live remembered in your story.

R. HERRICK

## 147.—SONNETS

### II

#### THE SHADOW OF DEATH <sup>2</sup>

(LXVI)

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

<sup>1</sup> A hero and heroine of classical romance, who killed themselves for love.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 220.

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill :  
Tired with all these, from these would I begone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## (LXXI)

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe,  
O if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay,  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## (LXXIII)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest,  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

W. SHAKSPEARE

148.—MEÄKEN UP A MIFF<sup>1</sup>

An' zoo I vowed, however sweet  
Your looks mid be when we did meet,  
I'd trample ye down under veet,  
Or let ye goo forlorn.

But still thy neäme would always be  
The sweetest, an' my eyes would zee  
Among all maïdens nwone lik' thee  
Vor ever any mwore ;  
Zoo by the walks that we've a-took  
By flowery hedge an' zedgy brook,  
Dear Jenny, dry your eyes, an' look  
As you've a-looked avore.

Look up, and let the evenen light  
But sparkle in thy eyes so bright,  
As they be open to the light  
O' zunzet in the west ;  
An' let's stroll here vor half an hour  
Where hangen boughs do meäke a bower  
Above theäse bank, wi' eltrot <sup>1</sup> flower  
An' robinhoods <sup>2</sup> a-drest.

W. BARNES

<sup>1</sup> Cow-parsley.

<sup>2</sup> Red champions.



149.—THE PROGRESS OF POESY<sup>1</sup>

## A PINDARIC ODE

I.—I<sup>2</sup>

AWAKE, Æolian<sup>3</sup> lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings !  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music flows along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth and strong.  
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign.  
 Now rolling down the steep amain

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that, in imitation of the Greek, this Ode is divided into three corresponding groups, in each of which the first two stanzas are alike, and the third different. The notes that follow are by Gray himself. When first asked to annotate his Odes, he "had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty," but the strange mistakes made, not only by readers but reviewers, induced him to change his mind.

<sup>2</sup> The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described: its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers, and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.—T. GRAY.

<sup>3</sup> Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.—T. GRAY. [The Æolian was one of the later musical "modes" to which some of Pindar's Odes appear to have been set. See note 5, p. 27.]

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the  
    roar.

I.—2<sup>1</sup>

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
    Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of war  
    Has curbed the fury of his car  
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.  
    Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
    With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.  
    Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I.—3<sup>2</sup>

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Tempered to thy warbled lay,  
    O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen  
    On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
    Now in circling troops they meet  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
    Glance their many-twinkling feet.

<sup>1</sup> Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.—T. GRAY.

<sup>2</sup> Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.—T. GRAY.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach  
 declare :

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay,  
 With arms sublime that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of  
 love.

## II.—1<sup>1</sup>

Man's feeble race what ills await !  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky,  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts  
 of war.

## II.—2<sup>2</sup>

In climes beyond the solar road  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains  
 roam,

<sup>1</sup> To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.—T. GRAY.

<sup>2</sup> Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations ; its connection with liberty, and with the virtues that naturally attend on it.—T. GRAY.

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the goddess roves.  
Glory pursue and generous shame,  
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy  
flame.

II.—3<sup>1</sup>

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around ;  
Every shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured deep a solemn sound :  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left the Parnassus for the Latian plains,

<sup>1</sup> Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. . . . Spenser imitated the Italian writers ; Milton improved on them : but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.  
—T. GRAY.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled  
 coast.

## III.—1

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless Child  
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.  
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colours  
 clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of joy!  
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears!"

## III.—2

Nor second he, that rode sublime<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.  
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and  
 time:  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,

<sup>1</sup> "He on the wings of cherub rode sublime.  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned."—  
*Paradise Lost*, vi. 771, 772.—T. GRAY.

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed,<sup>1</sup> and long-resounding  
pace.

## III.—3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah ! 'tis heard no more—  
O lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle<sup>2</sup> bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air,  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the  
Great. T. GRAY

<sup>1</sup> "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—Job.

This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.—T. GRAY.

<sup>2</sup> Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.—T. GRAY.

150.—THE DIRGE OF MARCELLO<sup>1</sup>

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm.  
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. WEBSTER

## 151.—TWO SONGS FOR ST. THERESA

"A woman, for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman ; who, yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom." <sup>2</sup>

## I

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole lord  
 Of life and death ! To prove the word,  
 We need to go to none at all  
 Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall,  
 Ripe and full-grown, that could reach down  
 With strong arm their triumphant crown ;

<sup>1</sup> A character in *The White Devil*.

<sup>2</sup> When she was seven years old, she set out on a pilgrimage, with the intention of offering herself for martyrdom to the Moors.

Such as could with lusty breath  
 Speak loud unto the face of Death  
 Their great lord's glorious name ; to none  
 Of those whose large breasts built a throne  
 For Love, their lord, glorious and great :  
 We'll see him take a private seat,  
 And make his mansion in the mild  
 And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name  
 Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame  
 Life should so long play with that breath  
 Which, spent, can buy so brave a death.  
 She never undertook to know  
 What death with love should have to do,  
 Nor hath she e'er yet understood  
 Why, to show love, she must shed blood :  
 Yet, though she cannot tell you why,  
 She can love, and she can die.  
 Scarce had she blood enough to make  
 A guilty sword blush for her sake ;  
 Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove  
 How much less strong is death than love.

Be love but there, let six poor years  
 Be posed with the maturest fears  
 Man trembles at, we straight shall find  
 Love knows no nonage, nor the mind :  
 'Tis love, not years or limb, that can  
 Make the martyr and the man.  
 Love toucht her heart, and lo ! it beats  
 High, and burns with such brave heats,  
 Such thirst to die, as dare drink up  
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup ;



Good reason, for she breathes all fire ;  
 Her weak breast heaves with strong desire  
 Of what she may with fruitless wishes  
 Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

\*            \*            \*            \*

O what ? ask not the tongues of men :  
 Angels cannot tell. Suffice,  
 Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,  
 And hold them fast for ever there.  
 So soon as thou shalt first appear,  
 The Moon of maiden Stars, thy white  
 Mistress, attended by such bright  
 Souls as thy shining self, shall come  
 And in her first ranks make thee room.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,  
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.  
 All thy good works which went before  
 And waited for thee at the door  
 Shall own thee there ; and all in one  
 Weave a constellation  
 Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse  
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

Those rare works<sup>1</sup> where thou shalt leave writ  
 Love's noble history, with wit  
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.  
 Each heavenly word by whose hid flame  
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same  
 Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
 Both fire to us and flame to thee ;

<sup>1</sup> She wrote a large number of treatises, religious meditations, etc.

Whose light shall live bright, in thy face  
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

## II

O heart !

Live in these conquering leaves ;<sup>1</sup> live all the same ;  
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame ;  
Live here, great heart ! and love, and die, and kill ;  
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.  
Let this immortal life where'er it comes  
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms :  
Let mystic deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be  
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.  
O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art  
Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart :  
Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play  
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,  
Combined against this breast, at once break in,  
And take away from me my self and sin ;  
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,  
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.

O thou undaunted daughter of desires !

By all thy power of lights and fires ;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day :  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;  
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire ;  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;  
By the full kingdom of that parting kiss  
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His

<sup>1</sup> The poem was inspired by her "picture and book."

By all the Heavens thou hast in Him,  
 Fair sister of the Seraphim !  
 By all of Him we have in thee ,  
 Leave nothing of myself in me :  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die !

R. CRASHAW

### 152.—THE CHALLENGE OF MAY

QUHEN Merchè wes with variand windis past,  
 And Apprylè had with hir silver schouris  
 Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,  
 And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,  
 Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris <sup>1</sup>  
 Amang the tendir flouris reid and quhyt,  
 Quhois armony to heir it was delyt :

In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,  
 Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene  
 In at the window lukit by the day.  
 And halsit <sup>2</sup> me, with visage pail and grene ;  
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,<sup>3</sup>  
 "Awak, luvaris, out of your slomering :  
 Se hou the lusty morrow dois up-spring !"

Me thocht fresch May befor my bed up stude,  
 In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,  
 Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,  
 In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new  
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,  
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys ;  
 Quhill all the house illumyint of her lemys.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Orisons.

<sup>2</sup> Embraced.

<sup>3</sup> Heart.

<sup>4</sup> Gleams, brightness.

"Slugird," scho said, "awak annone for schame !  
 And in my honour sum thing thou go wryt :  
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,  
 To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt ;  
 Yit nocht inccessis thy curage to indyt,  
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,  
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene."

W. DUNBAR

153.—A RONDEAU<sup>1</sup>

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in.  
 Time, you thief, who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in :  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
 Say I'm growing old,—but add,  
 Jenny kissed me !

LEIGH HUNT

154.—TINTERN ABBEY<sup>2</sup>

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the  
 length  
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again

<sup>1</sup> Not technically a "rondeau," though so called by the author.

<sup>2</sup> The full title is, *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern on revisiting the banks of the Wye, during a tour, July 13, 1798.*

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up in silence from among the trees,  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;  
But oft, in lonely rooms and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,  
And passing even into my purer mind  
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime : that blessed mood

In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul ;  
While, with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet O how oft  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable and the fever of the world  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart ;  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished  
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again ;  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope :  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when  
first

I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,  
Wherever Nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth : but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity ;  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance

If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
For thou art with me, here upon the banks  
Of this fair river : thou, my dearest friend,  
My dear, dear friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. O yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy : for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;



And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee : and in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; O then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these  
gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together ; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither come  
Unwearied in that service : rather say,  
With warmer love, O with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

W. WORDSWORTH

## 155.—TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, O take those lips away  
 That so sweetly were forsworn,  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn :  
 But my kisses bring again,  
                     Bring again—  
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain,  
                     Sealed in vain !  
                                 W. SHAKSPEARE

156.—ELEGY ON ELIZABETH DRURY,  
 WHO DIED "AT NOT FIFTEEN"  
 (FROM "THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL")

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess  
 That this world had an everlastingness,  
 Than to consider that a year is run  
 Since both this lower world's and the sun's Sun,  
 The lustre and the vigour of this All,  
 Did set : 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.

\*            \*            \*            \*

She, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age  
 Should be employed, because in all she did  
 Some figure of the Golden Times was hid ;  
 Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,  
 Because she was the form<sup>1</sup> that made it live ;

<sup>1</sup> In its older sense, of the "idea" or soul of a thing.  
 So Spenser—

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Nor could complain that this world was unfit  
 To be staid in, then, when she was in it ;  
 She that first tried indifferent desires  
 By virtue, and virtue by religious fires ;  
 She to whose person Paradise adhered  
 As courts to princes ; she, whose eyes ensphered  
 Starlight enough to have made the South control,  
 Had she been there, the star-full Northern Pole :<sup>1</sup>  
 She, she is gone. . . .

She, whose fair body no such prison was  
 But that a soul might well be pleased to pass  
 An age in her ; she, whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went  
 But for as much as they were like to her ;  
 She in whose body, if we dare prefer  
 This low world to so high a mark as she,  
 The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,  
 Europe and Africa, and the unknown rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best ;  
 She, of whose soul, if we may say 'twas gold,  
 Her body was the electrum,<sup>2</sup> and did hold  
 Many degrees of that (we understood  
 Her by her sight : her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
 That one might almost say her body thought) :  
 She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone,  
 And chides us slow-paced snails, who crawl upon  
 Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well,  
 Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Here, of course, hemisphere.

<sup>2</sup> Used of gold in its native state, when alloyed with silver.

Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again :  
 Know that all lines which circles do contain,  
 For once that they the centre touch, do touch  
 Twice the circumference, and be thou such :  
 Double on Heaven thy thoughts on Earth employed.

All will not serve ; only who have enjoyed  
 The sight of God in fulness can think it ;  
 For it is both the object and the wit ;  
 'Tis such a full and such a filling good,  
 Had th' Angels once looked on Him, they had stood.

To fill the place of one of them or more,  
 She whom we celebrate is gone before ;  
 She, who had here as much essential joy  
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;  
 Who with God's Presence was acquainted so  
 Hearing and speaking to Him, as to know  
 His Face in any natural stone or tree  
 Better than when in images they be ;  
 Who kept by diligent devotion  
 God's image in such reparation  
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown  
 Was her first Parents' fault and not her own ;  
 Who, being solicited to any act,  
 Still heard God pleading His safe precontract ;  
 Who by a faithful confidence was here  
 Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;  
 Whose twilights were more clear than our midday ;  
 Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray ;  
 Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be  
 Both where more grace and more capacity  
 At once is given, she to Heaven is gone.

\* \* \* \*

Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name :  
But thou wouldst not ; nor wouldst thou be content  
To take this for my second year's true rent,<sup>1</sup>  
Did this coin bear any other stamp than His  
That gave thee power to do, me to say this.  
Since His will is that to posterity  
Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be,  
And that the world should notice have of this,  
The purpose and th' authority is His :  
Thou art the proclamation ; and I am  
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

J. DONNE

157.—A MOON-RAINBOW

THERE was a lull in the rain, a lull  
In the wind too ; the moon was risen,  
And would have shone out pure and full,  
But for the ramparted cloud-prison,  
Block on block built up in the west,  
For what purpose the wind knows best,  
Who changes his mind continually.  
And the empty other half of the sky  
Seemed in its silence as if it knew  
What, any moment, might look through  
A chance-gap in that fortress massy ;—  
Through its fissures you got hints  
Of the flying moon, by the shifting tints,  
Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy  
Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow  
Like furnace-smoke just ere the flames bellow,

<sup>1</sup> He had written an elegy on her death a year before.

All a-simmer with intense strain  
To let her through,—then blank again,  
At the hope of her appearance failing.  
—Suddenly  
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky  
Received at once the full fruition  
Of the moon's consummate apparition.  
The black cloud-barricade was riven,  
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven  
Deep in the west ; while, bare and breathless,  
North and South and East lay ready  
For a glorious Thing, that, dauntless, deathless,  
Sprang across them, and stood steady.  
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,  
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect  
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.  
It rose, distinctly at the base  
With its seven proper colours chorded,  
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,  
Until at last they cœalesced,  
And supreme the spectral creature lorded  
In a triumph of whitest white,—  
Above which intervened the night.  
But above night too, like the next,  
The second of a wondrous sequence,  
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,  
Till the heaven of heavens be circumflect,  
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,  
Fainter, flushier, and flightier,—  
Rapture dying along its verge !

R. BROWNING

158.—THE SONGS OF DAVID <sup>1</sup>

HE sang of God—the mighty Source  
Of all things, the stupendous Force  
On which all strength depends ;  
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes  
All period, power, and enterprise  
Commences, reigns and ends :

Angels—their ministry and meed,—  
Which to and fro with blessings speed,  
Or with their citterns wait <sup>2</sup>  
Where Michael with his millions bows,  
Where dwells the Seraph and his spouse,  
The Cherub and her mate :

Of man—the semblance and effect  
Of God and Love, the saint elect  
For infinite applause ;  
To rule the land and briny broad,  
To be laborious in His laud,  
And heroes in His cause :

The world—the clustering spheres He made,  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove and hill ;  
The multitudinous abyss,  
Where secrecy remains in bliss,  
And wisdom hides her skill :

<sup>1</sup> The poem (Song to David) from which these stanzas are taken was scratched on the walls of a madhouse, in which Smart was confined during an attack of insanity.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. Milton's *Sonnet on his Blindness*, p. 120.

Trees, plants and flowers—of virtuous root ;  
Stem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,  
Choice gums and precious balm :  
(Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,  
And with the sweetness of the gale  
Enrich the thankful psalm !)

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing  
Which cheer the Winter, hail the Spring,  
That live in peace or prey ;  
They that make music, or that mock,  
The quail, the brave domestic cock,  
The raven, swan, and jay :

Of fishes—every size and shape  
Which nature frames of light escape,  
Devouring man to shun :  
The shells are in the wealthy deep,  
The shoals upon the surface leap,  
And love the glancing sun :

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task,  
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,  
Nor yet the shades arouse ;  
Her cave the mining coney scoops ;  
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops  
The kids exult and browse :

Of gems—their virtue and their price,—  
Which hid in earth from man's device,  
Their darts of lustre sheath ;  
The jasper of the master's stamp,  
The topaz blazing like a lamp  
Among the mines beneath.

\* \* \* \*



O David, scholar of the Lord !  
 Such is thy science, whence reward  
 And infinite degree.  
 O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe !  
 God's harp thy symbol, and thy type  
 The lion and the bee !

C. SMART

## 159.—LIFE A SHADOW

LIFE a right shadow is ;  
 For, if it long appear,  
 Then it is spent, and death's long night draws near.  
 Shadows are moving light ;  
 And is there aught so moving as is this ?  
 When it is most in sight,  
 It steals away, and none knows how or where :  
 So near our cradles to our coffins are.

W. DRUMMOND

## 160.—SONNETS

## III

RENUNCIATION<sup>1</sup>

(LXXXVII)

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 220.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,<sup>1</sup>  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, in waking no such matter.

## (LXXXIX)

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence;  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon<sup>2</sup> desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,  
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee against myself I'll vow debate:  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* The result of a mistake.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* To give it a fair appearance.

282    ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow :  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

W. SHAKSPEARE

161.—ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold and fear !  
What a change of flesh is here !  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones :  
Here they lie had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;  
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
They preach, " In greatness is no trust."  
Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royal'st seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in,  
Since the first man died for sin :  
Here the bones of birth have cried,  
" Though gods they were, as men they died :"  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings :  
Here's a world of pomp and state,  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. BEAUMONT

## 162.—RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives  
 First when he visits, last too when he leaves  
 The world ; and, vainly favoured, it repays  
 The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze  
 By no change of its large calm front of snow.  
 And, underneath the Mount, a Flower I know,  
 He cannot have perceived, that changes ever  
 At his approach ; and, in the lost endeavour  
 To live his life, has parted one by one  
 With all a flower's true graces, for the grace  
 Of being but a foolish mimic sun,  
 With ray-like florets round a disc-like face.  
 Men nobly call by many a name the Mount  
 As over many a land of theirs its large  
 Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe  
 Is reared, and still with old names fresh names vie,  
 Each to its proper praise and own account :  
 Men call the Flower, the Sunflower, sportively.  
 O Angel of the East, one, one gold look  
 Across the waters to this twilight nook,  
 —The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook !

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East indeed ?  
 Go !—saying ever as thou dost proceed  
 That I, French Rudel, choose for my device  
 A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice  
 Before its idol. See ! These inexperienced  
 And hurried fingers could not fail to hurt  
 The woven picture ; 't is a woman's skill  
 Indeed ; but nothing baffled me, so, ill

284            ON A POET'S LIPS I SLEPT

Or well, the work is finished. Say, men feed  
 On songs I sing, and therefore bask the bees  
 On my flower's breast as on a platform broad :  
 But, as the flower's concern is not for these  
 But solely for the sun, so men applaud  
 In vain this Rudel, he not looking here  
 But to the East—the East ! Go, say this, Pilgrim  
                     dear !

R. BROWNING

163.—ON A POET'S LIPS I SLEPT

(FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND")

ON a Poet's lips I slept,  
 Dreaming like a love-adept  
 In the sound his breathing kept.  
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
 But feeds on the aerial kisses  
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.  
 He will watch from dawn to gloom  
 The lake-reflected sun illumine  
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
     Nor heed nor see what things they be—  
 But from these create he can  
 Forms more real than living Man,  
     Nurslings of Immortality !

P. B. SHELLEY

## 164.—ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of Quietness,  
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?  
What men or gods are these ? What maidens  
loth ?  
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?  
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?  
  
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song ; nor ever can those trees be bare ;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !  
  
Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;  
And happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new ;  
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !  
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting, and for ever young ;  
All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed ?  
What little town by river or seashore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! fair attitude ! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral !

When old age shall this generation waste  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st :  
" Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

J. KEATS

### 165.—MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will  
The fire which in the heart resides ;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides,  
But tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
    Not till the hours of light return  
    All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,  
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control,  
Thy struggling, tasked morality—  
    Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air  
    Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,  
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,  
See, on her face a glow is spread,  
A strong emotion on her cheek !  
    "Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,  
    Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

"There is no effort on my brow—  
I do not strive, I do not weep ;  
I rush with the swift spheres and glow  
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.  
    Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
    I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,  
Nor wore the manacles of space ;  
I felt it in some other clime,  
I saw it in some other place.  
    'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,  
    And lay upon the breast of God."

M. ARNOLD



166.—HOW IT STRIKES A CON-  
TEMPORARY

I ONLY knew one Poet in my life ;  
And this, or something like it, was his way.

You saw go up and down Valladolid  
A man of mark, to know next time you saw.  
His very serviceable suit of black  
Was courtly once, and conscientious still,  
And many might have worn it, though none did :  
The cloak, that somewhat shone and showed the  
threads,  
Had purpose, and the ruff significance.  
He walked, and tapped the pavement with his  
cane,  
Scenting the world, looking it full in face :  
An old dog, bald and blindish, at his heels.  
They turned up now the alley by the church  
That leads no whither ; now they breathed them-  
selves  
On the main promenade just at the wrong time.  
You'd come upon his scrutinising hat,  
Making a peaked shade blacker than itself  
Against the single window spared some house,  
Intact, yet with its mouldered Moorish work,—  
Or else surprise the ferrule of his stick  
Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the chinks  
Of some new shop a-building—French and fine.  
He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,  
The man who slices lemon into drink,  
The coffee-roaster's brazier, and the boys

That volunteer to help him turn its winch.  
 He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,  
 And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,  
 And broad-edge bold-print posters by the wall.  
 He took such cognisance of men and things,  
 If any beat a horse, you felt he saw ;  
 If any cursed a woman, he took note ;  
 Yet stared at nobody,—you stared at him,  
 And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,  
 He seemed to know you and expect as much.  
 So, next time that a neighbour's tongue was  
     loosed,

It marked the shameful and notorious fact  
 We had among us, not so much a spy  
 As a recording chief-inquisitor,  
 The town's true master if the town but knew !  
 We merely kept a governor for form,  
 While this man walked about and took account  
 Of all thought, said and acted, then went home,  
 And wrote it fully to our Lord the King,  
 Who has an itch to know things, he knows why,  
 And reads them in his bedroom of a night.  
 O you may smile ! there wanted not a touch,  
 A tang of . . . well, it was not wholly ease,  
 As back into your mind the man's look came.  
 Stricken in years a little, such a brow  
 His eyes had to live under !—clear as flint  
 On either side o' the formidable nose,  
 Curved, cut, and coloured like an eagle's claw.  
 Had he to do with A's surprising fate ?  
 When altogether old B disappeared,  
 And young C got his mistress,—was't our friend,  
 His letter to the King, that did it all ?  
 What paid the bloodless man for so much pains ?

Our Lord the King has favourites manifold,  
 And shifts his ministry some once a month ;  
 Our city gets new governors at whiles,—  
 But never word or sign, that I could hear,  
 Notified to this man about the streets  
 The King's approval of those letters conned,  
 The last thing duly at the dead of night.  
 Did the man love his office ? Frowned our Lord,  
 Exhorting when none heard—" Beseech me not !  
 " Too far above my people,—beneath me !  
 " I set the watch,—how should the people know ?  
 " Forget them, keep me all the more in mind !"  
 Was some such understanding 'twixt the two ?

I found no truth in one report at least—  
 That if you tracked him to his home, down lanes  
 Beyond the Jewry, and as clean to pace,  
 You found he ate his supper in a room  
 Blazing with lights, four Titians on the wall,  
 And twenty naked girls to change his plate !  
 Poor man, he lived another kind of life  
 In that new stuccoed third house by the bridge,  
 Fresh-painted, rather smart than otherwise !  
 The whole street might o'erlook him as he sat,  
 Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back,  
 Playing a decent cribbage with his maid  
 (Jacynth, you're sure her name was) o'er the  
     cheese  
 And fruit, three red halves of starved winter-pears,  
 Or treat of radishes in April. Nine,  
 Ten, struck the church clock, straight to bed  
     went he.

My father, like the man of sense he was,  
 Would point him out to me a dozen times ;

"St—St," he'd whisper, "the Corregidor!"  
 I had been used to think that personage  
 Was one with lacquered breeches, lustrous belt,  
 And feathers like a forest in his hat,  
 Who blew a trumpet and proclaimed the news,  
 Announced the bull-fights, gave each church its  
     turn,  
 And memorised the miracle in vogue!  
 He had a great observance from us boys;  
 We were in error; that was not the man.

I'd like now, yet had haply been afraid,  
 To have just looked when this man came to die,  
 And seen who lined the clean gay garret sides,  
 And stood about the neat low truckle bed,  
 With the heavenly manner of relieving guard.  
 Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief,  
 Through a whole campaign of the world's life and  
     death,  
 Doing the King's work all the dim day long,  
 In his old coat and up to knees in mud,  
 Smoked like a herring, dining on a crust,—  
 And, now the day was won, relieved at once!  
 No further show or need of that old coat,  
 You are sure, for one thing! Bless us, all the  
     while  
 How sprucely we are dressed out, you and I!  
 A second, and the Angels alter that.

Well, I could never write a verse,—could you?  
 Let's to the Prado, and make the most of time.

R. BROWNING

## 167.—THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

WE sat within the farmhouse old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—  
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room ;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark ;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—  
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—  
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,—  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answer back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The driftwood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

## 168.—GOOD COUNSEL

FLE fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse ;  
 Sufficè thee thy good, though hit be smal ;  
 For hord hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pres hath envye, and wele blent overal.<sup>2</sup>  
 Savour no more then thee behovè shal ;  
 Do wel thyself that other folk canst rede,  
 And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee not al crokèd to redresse,  
 In trust of hir that turneth as a bal :  
 Gret restè stant in lytil besynesse.  
 Bewar also to spurne agein an al ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Stryve not as doth a crokkè<sup>4</sup> with a wal.  
 Dauntè thyself that dauntest otheres dede,  
 And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent receyve in buxumnesse :<sup>5</sup>  
 The wrasteling for this world asketh a fal ;  
 Heer nis non hoom, heer is but wyldernesse.  
 Forth pilgrime, forth ! forth, best,<sup>6</sup> out of thy stal !  
 Know thy contree, loke up, thank God of al ;  
 Weyvè thy lust, and let thy gost thee lede,  
 And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

G. CHAUCER

<sup>1</sup> Instability.

<sup>2</sup> Is everywhere blinding.

<sup>3</sup> Awl : cp. "kick against the pricks."

<sup>4</sup> An earthenware pot.

<sup>5</sup> Submissiveness.

<sup>6</sup> Beast.

## 169.—THE SLEEPER

AT midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave ;  
The lily lolls upon the wave ;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest ;  
Looking like Lethe, see ! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All beauty sleeps :—and lo ! where lies  
(Her casement open to the skies)  
Irene, with her destinies.

O lady bright ! can it be right—  
This window open to the night ?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop—  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully—so fearfully—  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall !



O lady dear, hast thou no fear ?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here ?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees :  
Strange is thy pallor ; strange thy dress ;  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness !

The lady sleeps. O may her sleep  
Which is enduring, so be deep !  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep !  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
For ever with unopened eye,  
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by !

My love, she sleeps. O may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep !  
Soft may the worms about her creep !  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold ;  
Some vault that oft has flung its black  
And wingèd panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,  
Of her grand family funerals ;  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown  
In childhood many an idle stone ;  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think—poor child of sin—  
It was the dead who groaned within !

E. A. POE

## 170.—SONNETS

## I.—LOVE ENTHRONED.

I MARKED all kindred Powers the heart finds  
fair :—

Truth, with awed lips ; and Hope, with eyes  
upcast ;

And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen Past  
To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare ;

And Youth, with still some single golden hair

Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last

Embrace wherein two sweet arms held him fast ;

And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to wear.

Love's throne was not with these ; but far above

All passionate wind of welcome and farewell

He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of ;

Though Truth foreknow Love's heart, and Hope  
foretell,

And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,

And Youth be dear, and Life be sweet to Love.

## II.—HEART'S COMPASS

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,

But as the meaning of all things that are ;

A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar

Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon ;<sup>1</sup>

Whose unstirred lips are music's visible tone ;

Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul unbar,

Being of its furthest fires oracular ;—

The evident heart of all life sown and mown.

<sup>1</sup> The "halcyon" days were about the time of the winter solstice. See note to Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*.

298 A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

Even such Love is ; and is not thy name Love ?  
Yea, by thy hand the Love-god rends apart  
All gathering clouds of Night's ambiguous art ;  
Flings them far down, and sets thine eyes above ;  
And simply, as some gage of flower or glove,  
Stakes with a smile the world against thy heart.  
D. G. ROSSETTI

171.—A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;  
I had no human fears :  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;  
She neither hears nor sees ;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees !  
W. WORDSWORTH

172.—DEJECTION: AN ODE

" Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon  
With the old Moon in her arms ;  
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear,  
We shall have a deadly storm !"  
*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence*

WELL ! if the Bard was weather-wise who made  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,<sup>1</sup>  
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. (Pt. I.), No. 49.

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,<sup>1</sup>

Which better far were mute.

For lo! the new Moon winter-bright ;

And overspread with phantom light,

(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,

But rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)

I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling

The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And O that even now the gust were swelling,

And the slant night-shower driving loud and  
fast !

Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they  
awed,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady!<sup>2</sup> in this wan and heartless mood,

To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green :

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !

<sup>1</sup> Here, Eolian harp ; from Æolus, God of the winds.

<sup>2</sup> In the first edition, "Lady," throughout, was "Edmund"; in an earlier MS., "William": the pronouns, of course, corresponding. The poem had been undoubtedly addressed to Wordsworth. See article by Canon Ainger in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1887.

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
That give away their motion to the stars ;  
Those stars that glide behind them or between,  
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;  
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;  
I see them all so excellently fair ;  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

My genial spirits fail ;  
And what can these avail  
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?  
It were a vain endeavour,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west :  
I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life whose fountains are  
within.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live :  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
And would we aught behold of higher worth  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the Earth—  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

O pure of heart ! *thou* need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be ;

What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy, that ne'er was given  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and  
shower,

Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power  
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower—

A new Earth and new Heaven  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud ;  
We in ourselves rejoice !

And thence flows all that charms on ear or sight—  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was  
rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness ;

For Hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed  
mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth :  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth ;

But O, each visitation  
Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of imagination :

For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient all I can,  
And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan ;  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown a habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
Reality's dark dream !

I turn from you and listen to the wind  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a  
scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that rav'st with-  
out !

Bare crag, or mountain-tarn, or blasted tree,  
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
Or lonely house long held the witches' home,  
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee.  
Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,  
Of dark brown gardens and of peeping flowers,  
Mak'st Devil's Yule, with worse than wintry song  
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among ;  
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !

Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold !

What tell'st thou now about ?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,

With groans of trampled men with smarting  
wounds—

At once they groan with pain and shudder with  
the cold !

But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence ;

And all that noise, as if a rushing crowd,  
With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over !  
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and  
loud ;

A tale of less affright  
And tempered with delight,  
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay :  
'Tis of a little child<sup>1</sup>  
Upon a lonesome wild,  
Not far from home ; but she hath lost her way,  
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her  
mother hear.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :  
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !  
Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing ;  
And may this storm be but a mountain birth !  
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
Silent as though they watched the sleeping  
Earth !

With light heart may she rise,  
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes ;  
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice !<sup>2</sup>  
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,  
Their life the eddying of her living soul !  
O simple spirit, guided from above,  
Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,  
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice !

S. T. COLERIDGE

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray*.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of this line, the original has the following six :

“ And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice !  
O Edmund, friend of my devoutest choice,  
O raised from anxious dread and busy care  
By the immenseness of the good and fair  
Which thou seest everywhere,  
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice.”



## 173.—PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe ;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go :  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of  
pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest !

R. BROWNING

## 174.—SONNETS

## IV

REUNION <sup>1</sup>

## (CVII)

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confinèd doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## (CIX)

O never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.  
As easy might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :  
That is my home of love : if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels I return again,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 220.

Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reigned  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stained,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose : in it thou art my all.

## (CXVI)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :<sup>1</sup>  
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.<sup>2</sup>

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKSPEARE

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* To change with that which changes.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Is incalculable by material measurement.

## 175.—SHEMUEL

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,  
Watched a fevered guest at night ;  
All his fellows fared a-field,  
Saw the angel host revealed ;  
He nor caught the mystic story,  
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,  
Heard the holy multitude ;  
Back they came in wonder home,  
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,  
Eyes aflame, and hearts elated ;  
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,  
Hide the angel host from men ;  
Hearts atune to earthly love  
Miss the angel note above ;  
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,  
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence  
His celestial recompense.  
Shemuel, by the fever bed,  
Touched by beckoning hands that led,  
Died, and saw the Uncreated ;  
All his fellows lived, and waited.

E. E. BOWEN

## 176.—TO NIGHT .

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find  
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

J. BLANCO WHITE

## 177.—AS SHIPS BECALMED

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah ! neither blame, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides :  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas !  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last !

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. CLOUGH

### 178.—ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's  
being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves  
dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes ; O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill ;  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
Destroyer and preserver : hear, O hear !

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion  
Loose clouds like Earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning,—there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm ;—thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams  
Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers<sup>1</sup>  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ; thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,<sup>2</sup>  
And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have  
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !  
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

<sup>1</sup> Remains of palaces, streets, etc., projected by means of moles into the sea (see Horace, *Od.* ii. 18), and afterwards washed away, may still be traced at the bottom of the bay.

<sup>2</sup> "The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds that announce it."—P. B. SHELLEY.



Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My Spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P. B. SHELLEY

179.—A VALEDICTION

GOD be with thee, my belovèd,—God be with thee !  
Else alone thou goest forth,  
Thy face unto the north,  
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath  
thee,  
Looking equal in one snow ;  
While I, who try to reach thee,  
Vainly follow, vainly follow,  
With the farewell and the hollo,  
And cannot reach thee so.  
Alas ! I can but teach thee :  
God be with thee, my belovèd,—God be with  
thee !

Can I teach thee, my belovèd,—can I teach thee ?

    If I said, Go left or right,

    The counsel would be light,

The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee ;

    My right would show like left ;

    My raising would depress thee ;

    My choice of life would blind thee ;

    Of way, would leave behind thee ;

    Of end, would leave bereft.

    Alas ! I can but bless thee :

May God teach thee, my belovèd,—may God teach  
    thee !

Can I bless thee, my belovèd,—can I bless thee ?

    What blessing word can I

    From mine own tears keep dry ?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress  
    thee ?

    My good reverts to ill ;

    My calmnesses would move thee ;

    My softnesses would prick thee ;

    My bindings up would break thee ;

    My crownings, curse and kill.

    Alas ! I can but love thee :

God bless thee, my belovèd,—may God bless  
    thee !

Can I love thee, my belovèd,—can I love thee ?

    And is this like love, to stand

    With no help in my hand,

When strong as death I fain would watch above  
    thee ?

    My love-kiss can deny

    No tear that falls beneath it ;

Mine oath of love can swear thee  
From no ill that comes near thee :  
And thou diest while I breathe it ;  
And I—I can but die !  
May God love thee, my belovèd,—may God love  
thee !

E. B. BROWNING

180.—THE ONE HOPE

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret  
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,  
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain  
And teach the forgetful to forget ?  
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—  
Or may the soul at once in a green plain  
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-  
fountain  
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet ?

Ah ! when the wan soul in that golden air  
Between the scripted petals softly blown  
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—  
Ah ! let none other alien spell soe'er  
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—  
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

D. G. ROSSETTI

## PART. II



## 1.—PASSAGES FROM “ENDYMION”

### I.—INTRODUCTION

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breath-  
ing.

Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o’erdarkened ways  
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
’Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :

An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast  
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast,  
They alway must be with us, or we die.

## II.—HYMN TO PAN

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang  
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;  
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;  
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and  
    hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds  
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,  
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx : do thou now,  
    By thy love's milky brow,  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
    Hear us, great Pan !

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles  
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,

What time thou wanderest at eventide  
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side  
 Of thine enmossèd realms : O thou, to whom  
 Broad-leavèd fig-trees even now foredoom  
 Their ripened fruitage ; yellow-girted bees  
 Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas  
 Their fairest-blossomed beans and popped corn :  
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,  
 To sing for thee ; low creeping strawberries  
 Their summer coolness ; pent up butterflies  
 Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh budding year  
 All its completions : be quickly near,  
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,  
     O forester divine !

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies  
 For willing service ; whether to surprise  
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit ;  
 Or upward ragged precipices flit  
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw ;  
 Or by mysterious enticement draw  
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;  
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,  
 And gather up all fancifullest shells  
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,  
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping ;  
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
 The while they pelt each other on the crown  
 With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown :  
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
     Hear us, O satyr king !

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,  
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers



A ram goes bleating : winder of the horn,  
 When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn  
 Anger our huntsmen : breather round our farms  
 To keep off mildews and all weather harms :  
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds  
 That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,  
 And wither drearily on barren moors :  
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
 Leading to universal knowledge : see  
                     Great son of Dryope,  
 The many that have come to pay their vows  
 With leaves about their brows !

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
 For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge  
 Conception to the very bourne of Heaven,  
 Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven  
 That spreading in this dull and clodded earth  
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :  
 Be still a symbol of immensity ;<sup>1</sup>  
 A firmament reflected in a sea ;  
 An element filling the space between ;  
 An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen  
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,  
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,  
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan  
                     Upon thy Mount Lycean !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pan, originally very local and limited, "one half beast," was regarded by later mythologists as a personification of the Universe, the transformation being aided by their confusion of his name (probably derived from Gk. *phao*, to feed) with Gk. *to pan*, the All.

<sup>2</sup> Pan was born and also worshipped on Mount Lycæus in Arcadia.

## III.—THE SLEEP OF ADONIS

After a thousand mazes overgone  
 At last with sudden step he came upon  
 A chamber, myrtle-walled, embowered high,  
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,  
 And more of beautiful and strange beside ;  
 For on a silken couch of rosy pride,  
 In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth  
 Of fondest beauty,—fonder in fair sooth  
 Than sighs could fathom or contentment reach ;  
 And coverlids, gold-tinted like the peach  
 Or ripe October's faded marigolds,  
 Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds,  
 Not hiding up an Apollonian curve  
 Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve  
 Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light,  
 But rather giving them to the filled sight  
 Officiously. Sideway his face reposed  
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed  
 By tenderest pressure a faint damask mouth  
 To slumbery pout ; just as the morning South  
 Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head  
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed  
 To make a coronal, and round him grew  
 All tendrils green of every bloom and hue,  
 Together intertwined and trammelled fresh :  
 The vine of glossy sprout, the ivy mesh  
 Shading its Ethiop berries, and woodbine  
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine ;  
 Convolvulus in streakèd vases flush,  
 The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush,  
 And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;

With others of the sisterhood.    Hard by  
 Stood serene Cupids, watching silently :  
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,  
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings,  
 And ever and anon uprose to look  
 At the youth's slumber ; while another took  
 A willow bough distilling odorous dew,  
 And shook it on his hair ; another flew  
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise  
 Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

#### IV.—THE "QUEEN MOON"

Are then regalities all gilded masks ?  
 No : there are thronèd seats unscalable  
 But by a patient wing, a constant spell,  
 Or by ethereal things that, unconfined,  
 Can make a ladder of the eternal wind.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees  
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.  
 O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier din  
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
 Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip  
 Kissing dead things to life.    The sleeping kine,  
 Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine ;  
 Innumerable mountains rise and rise  
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes.  
 And yet thy benediction passeth not  
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren  
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf    .

Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief  
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps  
 Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,  
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea :  
 O Moon ! far-spooning Ocean bows to thee,  
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

#### V.—THE CAVE OF QUIETUDE

There lies a den,  
 Beyond the seeming confines of the space  
 Made for the soul to wander in and trace  
 Its own existence, of remotest glooms.  
 Dark regions are around it, where the tombs  
 Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce  
 One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce  
 Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart ;  
 And in these regions many a venom'd dart  
 At random flies ; they are the proper home  
 Of every ill : the man is yet to come  
 Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.  
 But few have ever felt how calm and well  
 Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.  
 There anguish does not sting, nor pleasure pall ;  
 Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate,  
 Yet all is still within and desolate.  
 Beset with plainful gusts, within ye hear  
 No sound so loud as when on curtained bier  
 The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none  
 Who strive therefore : on the sudden it is won.  
 Just when the sufferer begins to burn,  
 Then it is free to him ; and from an urn,  
 Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—  
 Young Semele such richness never quaff

In her maternal longing ! Happy gloom !  
 Dark paradise ! where pale becomes the bloom  
 Of health by due ; where silence dreariest  
 Is most articulate ; where hopes infest ;  
 Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep  
 Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.  
 O happy spirit-home ! O wondrous soul !  
 Pregnant with such a den to save the whole  
 In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian !<sup>1</sup>  
 For, never since thy griefs and woes began,  
 Hast thou felt so content : a grievous feud  
 Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.

J. KEATS

## 2.—THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS

MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess ! fur it mun be the  
 time about now  
 When Molly cooms in fro' the far-end close wi'  
 her paäils fro' the cow.  
 Eh ! tha be new to the plaäce—thou'rt gaäpin'—  
 doesn't tha see  
 I calls 'em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo'  
 me ?

Naäy to be sewer it be past 'er time. What  
 maäkes 'er sa laäte ?  
 Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf  
 Maddison's gaäte !

<sup>1</sup> Mount Latmus, in Caria, was the scene of Endymion's story.

Sweet-arts ! Molly belike may 'a lighted to-night  
upo' one.

Sweet-arts ! thanks to the Lord that I niver not  
listened to noän !

So I sits i' my oän armchair wi' my oän kettle  
theere o' the hob,

An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the second, an'  
Steevie an' Rob.

Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that  
i' spite o' the men

I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oonderd a-  
year to mysen ;

Yis ! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i'  
the Shere,

An' thou be es pretty a Tabby ; but, Robby, I seed  
thruf ya theere.

Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly es sin, an' I beänt  
not vaäin,

But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud  
'a thowt ma plaäin,

An' I wasn't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons, ye said I  
wur pretty i' pinks,

An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool  
as ye thinks ;

Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be a-  
stroäkin o' you,

But whiniver I looöked i' the glass I wur sewer  
that it couldn't be true ;

Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye know'd it wur  
pleasant to 'ear,

Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two  
'oonderd a-year.

D'ya mind the murnin' when we was a-walkin' together, an' stood  
By the claäy'd-ooop pond, that the foälk be sa scared  
at, i' Gigglesby wood,  
Wheer the poor wench drowndid hersen, black  
Sal, es 'ed been disgraäced ?  
An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur a-creeäpin  
about my waäist ;  
An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower  
fond,  
I sidled awaäy an' awaäy till I plumpt foot fust i'  
the pond ;  
And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa well, as I did  
that daäy,  
Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha hoickt my feet  
wi' a flop fro' the claäy.  
Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop thy taäil, tha  
ma gie me a kiss,  
Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur  
niver sa nigh saäyin' Yis.  
But wa boäth was i' sich a clat we was shaämed to  
cross Gigglesby Greeän ;  
Fur a cat may looök at a king, thou knaws, but the  
cat mun be cleän.  
Sa we boäth on us kep out o' sight o' the winders  
o' Gigglesby Hinn—  
Naäy, but the claws o' tha ! quiet ! they pricks  
cleän thruf to the skin—  
An' wa boäth slinkt 'oäm by the brokken shed i'  
the laäne at the back,  
Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha once, an' thou  
runn'd oop o' the thack ;  
An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed, fur theree  
we was forced to 'ide,

Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o'  
the Tommies beside.

Theere now, what art' a mewin at, Steevie? for  
owt I can tell—

Robby wur fust to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked  
tha as well.

But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur  
chaängin' my gown,

An' I thowt shall I chaänge my staäte? but, O  
Lord, upo' coomin' down—

My bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers  
i' Maäy—

Why 'edn't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted  
all ower wi' claäy.

An' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it  
couldn't be;

An', Robby, I gied tha a raätin that sattled thy  
courtin o' me.

An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleänin'  
the floor,

That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an'  
plague wi' indoor.

But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha moor  
na the rest;

But I couldn't 'a lived wi' a man, an' I knaws it be  
all fur the best.

Naäy—let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha  
es smooth es silk,

But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd not 'a been  
worth thy milk,



Thou'd niver 'a cotched ony mice but 'a left me the  
 work to do,  
 And 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I  
 'ears be true ;  
 But I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy, an' soa purr  
 awaäy, my dear,  
 Thou 'ed wellnigh purred ma awaäy fro' my oän two  
 'oonderd a-year.

Sweärin agean, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve  
 year sin' !  
 Ye niver 'eärd Steevie sweär 'cep' it wur at a dog  
 coomin' in.  
 An' boath o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin'  
 your claws,  
 Fur I niver cared nothink for neither—an' one o'  
 ye deäd, ye knaws !  
 Coom, giv hoäver then, weant ye ? I warrant ye  
 soom fine daäy—  
 Theere, lig down—I shall hev to gie one or tother  
 awaäy.  
 Can't ye taäke pattern by Steevie ? ye shant hev  
 a drop fro' the paäil.  
 Steevie be right good manners bang thruf to the  
 tip o' the taäil.

Robby, git down wi' tha, wilt tha ? let Steevie  
 coom oop o' my knee.  
 Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie  
 fur me !  
 Robby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred  
 i' the 'ouse,  
 But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iver patted a  
 mouse.

An' I beänt not vaäin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a  
quieter life  
Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder : "A faäithful  
an' loovin' wife !"  
An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an' thy windmill  
oop o' the croft,  
Tha thowt tha would marry ma, did tha ? but that  
wur a bit ower soft,  
Thaw thou was es soäber es daäy, wi' a niced red  
faäce, an' es cleän  
Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a bran-new 'eäd  
o' the Queeän,  
An' thy farmin' es cleän es thysen, fur, Steevie,  
tha kep' it sa neät  
That I niver not spied sa much es a poppy along  
wi' the wheät,  
An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an' seeädin' tha  
haäted to see ;  
'Twur es bad es a battle-twig<sup>1</sup> 'ere i' my oän blue  
chaumber to me.  
Ay, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fur I could 'a  
taäen to tha well,  
But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy  
an' a gell.  
  
An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es I be mysen  
o' my cats,  
But I niver not wished fur childer, I hevn't naw  
likin' fur brats ;  
Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they  
goäs fur a walk,  
Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not  
'inder the talk !

<sup>1</sup> Earwig.

But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an'  
 the clats an' the clouts,  
 An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin'  
 ma deäf wi' their shouts,  
 An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set  
 upo' springs,  
 An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin'  
 ondecnt things,  
 An' a-callin' ma "hugly," mayhap, to my faäce, or  
 a teärin' my gown—  
 Dear ! dear ! dear ! I mun part them Tommies—  
 Steevie, git down.

Ye be wuss nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd  
 ya, na moor o' that !  
 Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an' tother Tom 'ere  
 o' the mat.

Theree ! I ha' mastered *them* ! Hed I married the  
 Tommies—O Lord,  
 To loove an' obaäy the Tommies ! I couldn't 'a  
 stuck by my word.  
 To be hordered about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd  
 put out the light,  
 By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o'  
 the night !  
 An' the taäble staäined wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o'  
 'is boots o' the stairs,  
 An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark  
 o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs !  
 An' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed  
 my oän waäy ;  
 Sa I likes 'em best wi' taäils, when they 'evn't a  
 word to saäy.

An' I sits 'i my oän little parlour, an' sarved by  
 my oän little lass,  
 Wi' my oän little garden outside, an' my oän bed  
 o' sparrow-grass,  
 An' my oän door-poorch wi' the woodbine an'  
 jessmine a-dressin' it greeän,  
 An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple<sup>1</sup> a roäbin' the  
 'ouse like a Queeän.

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be  
 abroad i' the laänes,  
 When I goäs fur to coomfut the poor es be down  
 wi' their haäches an' their päains ;  
 An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when  
 it beänt too dear,  
 They maäkes me a graäter Laädy nor 'er i' the  
 mansion theer,  
 Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare  
 or to spend ;  
 An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God,  
 to the hend.

Mew ! mew !—Bess wi' the milk ! what ha maäde  
 our Molly sa laäte ?  
 It should a' been 'ere by seven, an' theere—it be  
 strikin' height—  
 “Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf” well—I 'eärd 'er  
 a maäkin' 'er moän,  
 An' I thowt to mysen “thank God that I hevn't  
 naw cauf o my oän.”  
 Theere !

Set it down !

Now, Robby !

<sup>1</sup> A purple clematis.

You Tommies shall waait to-night  
Till Robby an' Steevie 'es 'ed their lap—an' it  
sarves ye right.

TENNYSON

### 3.—ITALIAN PICTURES

(FROM "CHILDE HAROLD")

#### I.—ITALY

THE clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region, where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of  
air.

Italia ! too, Italia ! looking on thee,  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages.  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires : still  
The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial  
hill.

\* \* \* \*

Italia !<sup>1</sup> O Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became

<sup>1</sup> The following two stanzas are a translation of Filicaja's *Sonnet to Italy*. It will be remembered that Byron wrote at a time when Italy was not only disunited but partially enslaved.

A funeral dower of present woes and past :  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of flame.  
O God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy  
distress :

Then mightst thou more appal ; or, less desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured  
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde  
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence ; and so  
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or  
foe.

## II.—VENICE

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison<sup>1</sup> on each hand :  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land

<sup>1</sup> The Palace of the Doges and the State Prisons.

Looked to the wingèd Lion's<sup>1</sup> marble piles  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred  
isles !

She looks a sea<sup>2</sup> Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers<sup>2</sup>  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
And such she was ;—her daughters had their  
dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers ;  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity in-  
creased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear :  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here ;  
States fall, Arts fade,—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

<sup>1</sup> The wingèd Lion (Rev. iv. 7, 8) was the emblem of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice.

<sup>2</sup> The word "sea" is emphatic, Cybele being the goddess of the Earth. She is represented as wearing a "mural" or tower-shaped crown. So Milton (*Arcades*) "towed Cybele" ; and Spenser (*Faery Queen*, iv. 11)—

" Old Cybele . . .  
Wearing a diadem embattled wide  
With hundred turrets."

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway ;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre,<sup>1</sup> cannot be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;<sup>2</sup>  
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,  
The Bucentaur<sup>3</sup> lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood !  
St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,  
Over the proud Place<sup>4</sup> where an Emperor sued,  
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled  
dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian<sup>5</sup>  
reigns—

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt,  
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains  
Clank over sceptred cities. Nations melt

<sup>1</sup> In Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the annual "wedding" of the Adriatic, in sign of supremacy, by the Doges of Venice.

<sup>3</sup> The Venetian State-gondola.

<sup>4</sup> The Piazza of St. Mark. Here the Emperor Barbarossa made submission to Pope Alexander III. (1177).

<sup>5</sup> Venice was subject in turn to France and Austria from 1797 to 1866.



From power's high pinnacle, when they have  
 felt  
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
 Like lauwine<sup>1</sup> loosened from the mountain's belt.  
 O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,<sup>2</sup>  
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering  
 foe !

### III.—THE FALLS OF TERNI<sup>3</sup>

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;  
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;  
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon,<sup>4</sup> curls round the rocks of jet  
 That guard the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound  
 The gulf ! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,

<sup>1</sup> Avalanche (Ger.)

<sup>2</sup> One of the most famous of the Doges, who, in 1204, when old and blind, headed a victorious attack on Constantinople.

<sup>3</sup> Formed by the Velino, near Terni, about half-way between Rome and Perugia. Shelley's prose description, in his *Letters*, should be read in connection with Byron's.

<sup>4</sup> The "flaming": one of the rivers of Tartarus.

Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and  
rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful  
vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly  
With many windings through the vale :—Look  
back !

Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless catar-  
act,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn ;  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

#### IV.—ROME

O Rome, my country, city of the soul !  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and  
see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye,  
Whose agonies are evils of a day :  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;  
An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago :  
The Scipios' tomb<sup>1</sup> contains no ashes now ;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers. Dost thou flow,  
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,  
and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capitol ; far and  
wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :  
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly  
night ?

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and  
wrap

<sup>1</sup> On the Appian Way. The Sarcophagi have been transferred to the Vatican.

All round us ; we but feel our way to err :  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap  
Our hands, and cry "*Eureka* ! it is clear"—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.<sup>1</sup>

Alas the lofty city ! and alas  
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !  
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be  
Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.  
Alas for Earth ! for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome  
was free.

\* \* \* \*

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind ;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and  
dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind !  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth ;  
But the sap lasts : and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North.  
So shall a better Spring less bitter fruit bring forth !

<sup>1</sup> All this is now changed, the ruins having been, for the most part, unearthed, identified, and labelled.

V.—THE GROTTA OF EGERIA<sup>1</sup>

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy<sup>2</sup> of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there  
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied  
forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-  
wrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place ;  
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase  
Art's works,<sup>3</sup> nor must the delicate waters sleep  
Prisoned in marble ; bubbling from the base  
Of the cleft statue,<sup>4</sup> with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and  
ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms ; through the  
grass

<sup>1</sup> See the legend of Numa and Egeria. Doubt has been thrown upon the identity of the grotto here described with that of the historians.

<sup>2</sup> Hallucination.

<sup>3</sup> In allusion to Juvenal, who regrets that the waters should be confined in a marble tank.

<sup>4</sup> A mutilated figure, supposed to be that of Egeria.

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,  
Implore the pausing step,<sup>1</sup> and with their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured  
by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;  
The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and seating .  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?  
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting  
Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

## VI.—THE COLOSSEUM<sup>2</sup>

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
Should be the light which streams here to illumine  
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Implore the step to pause.

<sup>2</sup> This is the right spelling, the amphitheatre having received its name from its colossal size.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of  
Heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
And shadows forth its glory.<sup>1</sup> There is given  
Unto the things of Earth which Time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
And magic in the ruined battlement  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its  
dower.

I see before me the Gladiator lie ;  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the  
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay :  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian<sup>2</sup> mother—he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire  
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

<sup>1</sup> Cp. Shelley's description in his *Letters* (Kegan Paul).

<sup>2</sup> Dacia was a Roman province, whence captives were imported for the games.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody  
steam,  
And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
ways,  
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,<sup>1</sup>  
My voice sounds much—and fall the star's faint  
rays  
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls  
bowed—  
And galleries where my steps seem echoes strangely  
loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.  
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?  
Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is neared :  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,<sup>2</sup>  
Which streams too much on all years, man, have  
reft away.

But when the rising moon<sup>2</sup> begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along the air

<sup>1</sup> The caprice of the spectators decided the fate of the vanquished.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright, etc."  
(*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.)



The garland-forest<sup>1</sup> which the gray walls wear,  
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;  
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,  
Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye  
tread.

#### VII.—ST. PETER'S

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome  
To which Diana's marvel<sup>2</sup> was a cell—  
Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb !  
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle ;—  
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade ;  
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have sur-  
veyed  
Its sanctuary the while the usurping<sup>3</sup> Moslem  
prayed.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—<sup>4</sup>  
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook His former city, what could be,  
Of earthly structures in His honour piled,

<sup>1</sup> Not a flower is now allowed to grow on the ruins.

<sup>2</sup> The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

<sup>3</sup> It will be remembered that the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople (dedicated to the Wisdom of the Apocrypha) was originally a Christian Church.

<sup>4</sup> Contrast the impression made on Shelley (*Letters*).

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;  
And why ? It is not lessened ; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou  
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.  
BYRON

#### 4.—CHRISTABEL

##### PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;  
Tu-whit !——Tu-whoo !<sup>1</sup>  
And hark again the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew !

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock ;  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

<sup>1</sup> This line has four accents.

Is the night chilly and dark ?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.  
The moon is behind, and at the full ;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate ?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothèd knight ;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest mistletoe :  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel !  
It moaned as near as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?

There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl.  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !  
Jesu Maria, shield her well !  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone.  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly !

“ Mary-mother, save me now !  
(Said Christabel) and who art thou ? ”

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet :—  
“ Have pity on my sore distress ;  
I scarce can speak for weariness :

Stretch forth thy hand and have no fear !”  
Said Christabel ; “ How camest thou here ?”  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet  
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

“ My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine :  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn ;  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were white,  
And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be ;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey’s back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :  
He placed me underneath this oak ;  
He swore they would return with haste ;  
Whither they went I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),  
And help a wretched maid to flee.”

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine :  
“ O well, bright dame, may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline ;

And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth, and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose : and forth with steps they past  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :  
"All our household are at rest,  
The hall is silent as the cell ;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy  
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well ;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate ;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battlearray had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate : <sup>1</sup>  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they were,

<sup>1</sup> Inability to cross a threshold of her own accord, or to give utterance to prayer or praise, were characteristics of a witch.

And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side ;  
" Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !"  
" Alas, alas !" said Geraldine,  
I cannot speak for weariness."<sup>1</sup>  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make !  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as you will !  
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying ;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;  
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.  
" O softly tread," said Christabel,  
" My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And, jealous of the listening air,

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 349.

They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer and now in gloom ;  
And now they pass the Baron's room  
As still as death with stifled breath,  
And now have reached her chamber door ;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet :  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet ;  
The silver lamp burns dead and dim,  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed the lamp and made it bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,  
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"  
Christabel answered : "Woe is me !  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell  
How on her deathbed she did say



That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day :  
O mother dear, that thou wert here ! ”  
“ I would,” said Geraldine, “ she were ! ”  
But soon with altered voice said she—  
“ Off, wandering mother,—peak and pine !  
I have power to bid thee flee.”<sup>1</sup>  
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye ?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
“ Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off ! ’tis given to me ? ”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady’s side,  
And raised to Heaven her eyes so blue :  
“ Alas ! ” said she, “ this ghastly ride—  
Dear lady ! it hath wildered you ! ”  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, “ ’tis over now.”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank ;  
Her fair large eyes ’gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank  
The lofty lady stood upright :  
She was most beautiful to see  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake :  
“ All they who live in the upper sky

<sup>1</sup> Ghosts appeared in answer to the words of invocation, even when uttered insincerely. So Macbeth’s “ Would he were here ! ” of Banquo, was followed by the apparition of his ghost.

Do love you, holy Christabel !  
And you love them, and for their sake,  
And for the good which me befell,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
But now unrobe yourself, for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "so let it be."  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her eyes to close ;  
So halfway from the bed she rose  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
And slowly rolled her eyes around ;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud  
Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast :  
Her silken robe and inner vest  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view  
Behold her bosom and half her side—  
A sight to dream of, not to tell !  
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs :  
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;  
Then suddenly, as one defied,  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the maiden's side,  
And in her arms the maid she took,—

Ah well-a-day !

And with low voice and doleful look

These words did say :

“ In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !

Thou knowest to-night and wilt know to-morrow  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;

But vainly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair ;

And didst bring her home with thee in love and in  
charity,

To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.”

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It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree,  
Amid the jagged shadows  
Of mossy leafless boughs,  
Kneeling in the moonlight,  
To make her gentle vows ;  
Her slender palms together prest,  
Heaving sometimes on her breast ;  
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
Her face, O call it fair, not pale—

And both blue eyes more bright than clear,  
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)  
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis  
Dreaming that alone which is—  
O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,  
The lady who knelt at the old oak tree ?  
And lo ! the worker of these harms,  
That holds the maiden in her arms,  
Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen  
O Geraldine ! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—  
Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo ! tu-whoo !  
Tu-whoo ! tu-whoo ! from wood and fell.  
And see ! the lady Christabel,  
Gathers herself from out her trance ;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright !  
And oft the while she seems to smile,  
As infants at a sudden light.  
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,

Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance 'tis but the blood so free  
Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call,  
For the blue sky bends over all.

## PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.  
These words Sir Leoline first said  
When he rose and found his lady dead.  
These words Sir Leoline will say  
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and the law  
That still at dawn the sacristan  
Who duly pulls the heavy bell  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke—a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Windermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell!  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can!  
There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between.

In Langdale Pike<sup>1</sup> and Witch's Lair  
And Dungeon-ghyll<sup>2</sup> so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The deathnote to their living brother ;  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,  
The devils mock the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borodale.<sup>3</sup>

The air is still ! through mist and cloud  
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed ;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
And, nothing doubting of her spell,  
Awakens the lady Christabel.  
" Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?  
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied  
The same who lay down by her side,  
O rather say, the same whom she  
Raised up beneath the old oak tree !  
Nay, fairer yet, and yet more fair ;  
For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep.

<sup>1</sup> Two peaks at the head of the vale of Langdale, Westmoreland.

<sup>2</sup> A chasm in the vale of Langdale, through which the water of a little stream falls vertically from a considerable height. See Wordsworth's *Dungeon Ghyll*.

<sup>3</sup> Borrowdale, near Keswick.

And while she spake, her looks, her air,  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That, so it seemed, her girded vests  
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,  
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet,  
With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He who on the Cross did groan  
Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
And, pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same  
As might beseem so bright a dame.

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,

Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?<sup>1</sup>

Alas ! they had been friends in youth :  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline :  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother ;  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining ;  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side  
He would proclaim it far and wide

<sup>1</sup> Triermain, a fief of Gilsland (Cumberland), passed to the De Vaux at the Conquest. Its chiefs were famous in Border warfare. See Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*.



With trump and solemn heraldry,  
That they who thus had wronged the dame  
Were base as spotted infamy.  
“And if they dare deny the same,  
My herald shall appoint a week,  
And let the recreant traitors seek  
My tourney court—that there and then  
I may dislodge their reptile souls  
From the bodies and forms of men !”  
He spake ; his eye in lightning rolls :  
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned  
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,  
And fondly in his arms he took  
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
Prolonging it with joyous look.  
Which when she viewed, a vision fell  
Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !  
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—  
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,  
Thou gentle maid, such sights to see ?)—  
Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :  
Whereat the knight turned wildly round,  
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid  
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
And in its stead that vision blest  
Which comforted her after-rest,  
While in the lady's arms she lay,

Had put a rapture in her breast  
And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise  
"What ails then my beloved child?"  
The Baron said—His daughter mild  
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"  
I ween she had no power to tell  
Aught else : so mighty was the spell.

Yet he who saw this Geraldine  
Had deemed her sure a thing divine :  
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
As if she feared she had offended  
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid !  
And with such lowly tones she prayed  
She might be sent without delay  
Home to her father's mansion !

"Nay !  
"Nay, by my soul !" said Leoline.  
"Ho ! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine !  
Go thou with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best,  
To bear thy harp and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
And over the mountains haste along ;  
Lest wandering folks that are abroad  
Detain you on the valley road.  
And when he has crossed the Irthing<sup>1</sup> flood—  
My merry bard—he hastes, he hastes  
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,

<sup>1</sup> The Irthing divides Cumberland and Northumberland.

And reaches soon that Castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet:  
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet  
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!  
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call:  
'Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!  
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—  
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.  
He bids thee come without delay  
With all thy numerous array  
And take thy lovely daughter home;  
And he will meet thee on the way  
With all his numerous array,  
White with their panting palfreys' foam.'—  
And, by mine honour! I will say  
That I repent me of the day  
When I spoke words of fierce disdain  
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!  
For since that evil hour hath flown  
Many a summer's sun hath shone,  
Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,  
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;  
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
His gracious hail on all bestowing:

"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,  
Are sweeter than my harp can tell:  
Yet, might I gain a boon of thee,  
This day my journey should not be;  
So strange a dream hath come to me,

That I had vowed with music loud  
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,  
Warned by a vision in my rest.  
For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
That gentle bird whom thou dost love  
And call'st by thine own daughter's name—  
Sir Leoline ! I saw the same  
Fluttering and uttering fearful moan  
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.  
Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wondered what might ail the bird ;  
For nothing near it could I see,  
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old  
tree.

“ And in my dream methought I went  
To search out what might there be found,  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry :  
But yet for her dear lady's sake  
I stooped, methought, the dove to take ;  
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake  
Coiled around its wings and neck,  
Green as the herbs on which it couched :  
Close by the dove's its head it crouched,  
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers.  
I woke : it was the midnight hour,  
The clock was echoing in the tower ;  
But though my slumber was gone by,  
This dream it would not pass away—  
It seems to live upon my eye !

And thence I vowed this self-same day  
With music strong and saintly song  
To wander through the forest bare,  
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said ; the Baron, the while,  
Half-listening, heard him with a smile ;  
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;  
And said in courtly accents fine :  
" Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,  
With arms more strong than harp or song  
Thy sire and I will crush the snake ! "  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;  
Softly gathering up her train  
That on her right arm fell again,  
And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel—  
Jesu Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head—  
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
At Christabel she looked askance !  
One moment—and the sight was fled :  
But Christabel in dizzy trance  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,  
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound ;  
And Geraldine again turned round ;

And like a thing that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone :  
She nothing sees—no sight but one !  
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
I know not how, in fearful wise  
So deeply hath she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind,  
And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate !  
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced unconscious sympathy  
Full before her father's view—  
As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue.  
And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed ;  
Then, falling at the Baron's feet,  
“ By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away ! ”  
She said : and more she could not say :  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline ? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild ;  
The same for whom thy lady died !

O by the pangs of her dear mother  
 Think thou no evil of thy child !  
 For her, and thee, and for no other,  
 She prayed the moment ere she died :  
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died  
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride.  
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
     Sir Leoline !  
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
     Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain  
 If thoughts like these had any share,  
 They only swelled his rage and pain,  
 And did but work confusion there.  
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage ;  
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.  
 Dishonoured thus in his old age—  
 Dishonoured by his only child ;  
 And all his hospitality  
 To the wronged daughter of his friend  
 By more than woman's jealousy  
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end—  
 He rolled his eye with stern regard  
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
 And said in tones abrupt, austere :  
 " Why, Bracy, dost thou loiter here ?  
 I bade thee hence ! " The bard obeyed ;  
 And, turning from his own sweet maid,  
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
 Led forth the lady Geraldine !<sup>1</sup>

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S. T. COLERIDGE

<sup>1</sup> The poem was never finished.

## 5.—HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring ;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty  
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-  
table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal  
clay.

Say, Heavenly Muse,<sup>1</sup> shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God ?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
bright ?

<sup>1</sup> Urania (the heavenly one), originally the Muse of Astronomy, but invoked by Milton and later poets as the Muse of high poetry. See *Par. Lost*, vii. 1-12.



See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wisards<sup>1</sup> haste with odours sweet !  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed  
fire.

## THE HYMN

It was the Winter wild  
While the Heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathise :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair.  
She woos the gentle Air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wise men (not magicians).

<sup>2</sup> The spheres collectively.

His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace<sup>1</sup> through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around ;  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
The hookèd chariot<sup>2</sup> stood  
Unstained with hostile blood ;  
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;  
And kings sate still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The Winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd  
wave.<sup>3</sup>

The Stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence ;  
And will not take their flight

<sup>1</sup> There is said to have been peace throughout the Roman Empire about the time of the birth of Christ.

<sup>2</sup> A Keltic war-chariot (Lat. *covinus*), armed with sickles.

<sup>3</sup> The "halcyon days" (see legend of Alcyone) extend from Dec. 14-28.

For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer<sup>1</sup> that often warned them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As<sup>2</sup> his inferior flame  
The new-enlightened world no more should need :  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could  
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn<sup>3</sup>  
Or ere the point of dawn  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they than<sup>4</sup>  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet  
As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly  
close.

<sup>1</sup> "Light-bearer" : the morning star.

<sup>3</sup> An open space ; here, pasture.

<sup>2</sup> As if.

<sup>4</sup> Then.

Nature, that heard such sound  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat the aery region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier<sup>1</sup> union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe<sup>2</sup> of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamefast<sup>3</sup> night  
 arrayed ;  
 The helmèd Cherubim  
 And sworded Seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born  
 Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning<sup>4</sup> sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel  
 keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !  
 Once bless our human ears,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Happier than that effected by Nature's harmony.  
 See No. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Mass.

<sup>3</sup> The right spelling ; like *steadfast*, etc.

<sup>4</sup> See *Job*, xxxviii. 7. Also *Par. Lost*, vii. 253-259.

If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time ;  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
And with your ninefold harmony<sup>1</sup>  
Make up full consort<sup>2</sup> to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold ;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;<sup>3</sup>  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,<sup>4</sup>  
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No ;  
This must not yet be so :  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross

<sup>1</sup> The "music of the spheres." See note 1, p. 114. A ninth sphere, the *primum mobile*, which set the rest in motion, was added later.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, p. 54.

<sup>3</sup> The Earth.

<sup>4</sup> In allusion to the story of Astræa (see Class. Dict.)

Must redeem our loss,  
So both Himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
the deep ;

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-  
brake :  
The agèd Earth agast  
With terror of that blast  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His  
throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for from this happy day  
The old Dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges<sup>1</sup> the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;<sup>2</sup>  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving :  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving ;

<sup>1</sup> Lashes.

<sup>2</sup> It was a common belief that oracles ceased with the birth of Christ.

No nightly trance or breathèd spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
cell.<sup>1</sup>

The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring and dale  
Edged with poplar pale  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

In consecrated earth  
And on the holy hearth  
The Lars and Lemures<sup>2</sup> moan with midnight  
plaint ;  
In urns and altars round  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor<sup>3</sup> and Baalim<sup>4</sup>  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god<sup>5</sup> of Palestine ;

<sup>1</sup> Lat. *cella* : the inner part of a temple, whence the oracle was given.

<sup>2</sup> The Lares haunted the "hearth"; the Lemures, or Manes, the "consecrated earth."

<sup>3</sup> For this and other divinities, see Class. or Bible Dict. Also *Par. Lost*, i. 381-489.

<sup>4</sup> Plural of Baal.

<sup>5</sup> Dagon.

And moonèd Ashtaroth <sup>1</sup>  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
The Libyc<sup>2</sup> Hammon shrinks his horn ;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz  
mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbal's ring  
They call the grisly King,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris <sup>3</sup> seen  
In Memphian grove, or green,  
Trampling the unshowered <sup>4</sup> grass with lowings loud;  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest :  
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud :  
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark  
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded infant's hand ;  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,

<sup>1</sup> Here, Astoreth (Astarte), the Phœnician moon-goddess. Elsewhere the two names are distinguished. See *Par. Lost*, i. 422, 438.

<sup>2</sup> Lat. *Libycus*, Libyan.

<sup>3</sup> Used for Apis.

<sup>4</sup> In allusion to the little rain in Egypt.



Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :

Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands<sup>1</sup> control the damnèd  
crew.

So, when the sun in bed  
Curtained with cloudy red  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail ;  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved  
maze.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;  
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :  
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star  
Hath fixed her polished car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.<sup>2</sup>  
J. MILTON

## 6.—MORTE D'ARTHUR<sup>3</sup>

So all day long the noise of battle<sup>4</sup> rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;

<sup>1</sup> See story of the infant Hercules and the Serpent.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, p. 28.

<sup>3</sup> For legends of the birth and passing of Arthur, see Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (Globe Edition).

<sup>4</sup> See *The Passing of Arthur* (*Idylls of the King*), with which the *Morte d'Arthur* is now incorporated.

Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,  
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
" The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Though Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten through the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,<sup>1</sup>  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across  
And took it, and have worn it like a king :  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known :

<sup>1</sup> Said to mean *Cut-steel*.

But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere :  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me  
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept  
And in the moon, athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw : but at the last it seemed  
Better to leave Excalibur concealed  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
" Hast thou performed my mission which I gave ?  
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

“ I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :

“ Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :  
For surer sign had followed, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

“ And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done ?

What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself ?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast  
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."  
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widowed of the power in his eye  
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,

And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great  
brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an  
arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker  
breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But when I looked again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :

"My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully, with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,  
quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad ;  
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he  
based

His feet on juts of slippery crags that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by  
these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from  
them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the  
barge,"

And to the barge they came. There those three  
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and  
wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his  
hands,

And called him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was  
white

And colourless, and like the withered moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops  
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne—were parched with  
dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his  
lips.

So like a shattered column lay the King;  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,



Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so the whole round world is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion;<sup>1</sup>  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted  
swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON

## 7.—THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious  
Volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping,  
Rapping at my chamber door.

<sup>1</sup> Lit. apple-island: said to be Glastonbury, which was formerly surrounded by water. But see *Odyssey*, iv. 563-566.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,  
"Tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember  
It was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember  
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow :—  
Vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—  
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain  
Rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic  
Terrors never felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating  
Of my heart, I stood repeating  
"'Tis some visitor entreating  
Entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating  
Entrance at my chamber door—  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ;  
Hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly  
Your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact, is I was napping,  
And so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping,  
Tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—  
Here I opened wide the door :—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,  
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal  
Ever dared to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken,  
And the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken  
Was the whispered word, " Lenore !" "  
This I whispered, and an echo  
Murmured back the word, " Lenore !" —  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,  
All my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping  
Something louder than before.  
" Surely," said I, " surely that is  
Something at my window lattice :  
Let me see then what thereat is,  
And this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment  
And this mystery explore :—  
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter,  
When, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven  
Of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ;  
Not a minute stopped or stayed he ;  
But, with mien of lord or lady,  
Perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas  
Just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then—this ebony bird beguiling  
My sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum  
Of the countenance it wore—  
“ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,  
Thou,” I said, “ art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,  
Wandering from the nightly shore :  
Tell me what thy lordly name is  
On the night's Plutonian shore !”  
Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly  
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—  
Little relevancy bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing  
That no living human being  
Ever yet was blest with seeing  
Bird above his chamber door,  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured  
Bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as “ Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely  
On that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in  
That one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered,  
Not a feather then he fluttered :  
Till I scarcely more than muttered,  
“Other friends have flown before :  
On the morrow he will leave me  
As my hopes have flown before.”  
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken  
By reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters  
Is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master  
Whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster  
Till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that  
Melancholy burden bore  
Of ‘Never, nevermore !’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling  
All my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in  
Front of bird and bust and door ;  
Then upon the velvet sinking,  
I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking  
What this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,  
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing,  
But no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now  
    Burned into my bosom's core ;  
This and more I sat divining,  
With my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining  
    That the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining  
    With the lamplight gloating o'er  
    *She* shall press, ah ! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser,  
Perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls  
    Tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—  
By these angels He hath sent thee—  
Respite : respite and nepenthe  
    From thy memories of Lenore !  
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe  
    And forget this lost Lenore !"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—  
Prophet still, if bird or devil !—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether  
    Tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted,  
On this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by horror haunted—  
    Tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there, is there balm in Gilead ?

Tell me, tell me, I implore !"  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet !" said I, " thing of evil,  
Prophet still, if bird or devil !  
By that heaven that bends above us,  
By that God we both adore,  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden  
If, within the distant Aden,<sup>1</sup>  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore."  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Be that word our sign of parting,  
Bird or fiend !" I shrieked, upstarting—  
" Get thee back into the tempest  
And the night's Plutonian shore !  
Leave no black plume as a token  
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken !  
Leave my loneliness unbroken ;  
Quit the bust above my door !  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
Take thy form from off my door !"  
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas  
Just above my chamber door ;  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a demon's that is dreaming,

<sup>1</sup> Paradise : a form of *Eden*.



And the lamplight o'er him streaming  
 Throws his shadow on the floor ;  
 And my soul from out that shadow  
 That lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore !

E. A. POE

### 8.—LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend,<sup>1</sup> unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels,<sup>2</sup> and once more  
 Ye myrtles<sup>2</sup> brown, with ivy<sup>2</sup> never-sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.<sup>3</sup>  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme :<sup>4</sup>  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

<sup>1</sup> Edward King, born 1612.      <sup>2</sup> Emblems of poetry.

<sup>3</sup> Milton had already written *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*, but did not believe himself to have attained the "inward ripeness" necessary to a poet. See No. 73.

<sup>4</sup> King had written some Latin poems.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well<sup>1</sup>  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :  
So may some gentle Muse<sup>2</sup>  
With lucky words favour my destined urn,  
And as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.<sup>3</sup>  
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,<sup>4</sup>  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field ; and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly<sup>5</sup> winds her sultry horn ;  
Battening<sup>6</sup> our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his wester-  
ing wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to th' oaten flute ;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn ;

<sup>1</sup> Aganippe, in Mount Helicon, near which was an altar to Jove.

<sup>2</sup> Poet.

<sup>3</sup> Coffin.

<sup>4</sup> They were fellow-collegians of Christ's College, Cambridge.

<sup>5</sup> The trumpet-fly, whose hum is loudest in the heat of the day.

<sup>6</sup> Feeding.

The willows and the hazel copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
 When first the white-thorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless  
 deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona<sup>1</sup> high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard<sup>2</sup> stream :  
 Ay me ! I fondly dream  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have  
 done ?

What could the Muse<sup>3</sup> herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
 Whom universal nature did lament ;  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate<sup>4</sup> the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done as others use,<sup>5</sup>  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?

<sup>1</sup> Anglesea.

<sup>2</sup> The Dee was said to have certain magical properties.

<sup>3</sup> Calliope. See the story of Orpheus. <sup>4</sup> Practise.

<sup>5</sup> In allusion to the lighter love-poetry of the day.

Fame is the spur that the clear<sup>1</sup> spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears,  
 And splits the thin-spun life. "But not the  
 praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil ;  
 Nor in the glistening foil<sup>2</sup>  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse,<sup>3</sup> and thou honoured flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius,<sup>3</sup> crowned with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.  
 But now my oat<sup>4</sup> proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea.<sup>5</sup>  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain,  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beakèd promontory :  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippodatus<sup>6</sup> their answer brings,

<sup>1</sup> Illustrious (Lat. *clarus*).

<sup>2</sup> Gold-leaf (Lat. *folium*), without substance.

<sup>3</sup> Used for pastoral poetry, in allusion to Theocritus and Vergil. See the story of Arethusa and Alphæus.

<sup>4</sup> Song : see "oaten flute," above.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* Deputed by Neptune to hold inquiry.

<sup>6</sup> Aeolus, son of Hippotes.

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters <sup>1</sup> played.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, <sup>2</sup> and rigged with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, <sup>3</sup> reverend sire, went footing slow ;  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge  
 Inwrought with figures dim, <sup>4</sup> and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower <sup>5</sup> inscribed with woe.  
 "Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest  
 pledge ?"

Last came, and last did go,  
 The Pilot <sup>6</sup> of the Galilean lake ;  
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :  
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young  
 swain,

Enow of such <sup>7</sup> as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

<sup>1</sup> The Nereids.

<sup>2</sup> Everything done during an eclipse was said to be ill-omened.

<sup>3</sup> The Cam (for Cambridge).

<sup>4</sup> Said to be an allusion to the antiquity of Cambridge.

<sup>5</sup> The hyacinth (see *Class. Dict.*), inscribed with marks said to resemble the Greek *ai*, alas ! In an earlier edition of *Lycidas*, Milton introduces among his flowers of "sad embroidery"

"That sad flower that strove

To write his own woes on the vermeil grain."

<sup>6</sup> St. Peter. King was preparing to take Holy Orders.

<sup>7</sup> In bitter allusion to "our corrupted clergy."

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how  
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt ought else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's <sup>1</sup> art belongs !

What recks it them ? What need they ? They  
are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy <sup>2</sup> songs  
Grate on their scrannel <sup>3</sup> pipes of wretched straw :

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,

But, swol'n with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread ;

Besides what the grim wolf <sup>4</sup> with privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

—But that two-handed engine <sup>5</sup> by the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphéus : the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse, <sup>6</sup>

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks ;

On whose fresh lap the swart star <sup>7</sup> sparely  
looks ;

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes

<sup>1</sup> By a natural transition, the shepherd is first a poet, then a pastor.

<sup>2</sup> Insipid.

<sup>3</sup> Thin.

<sup>4</sup> The Church of Rome.

<sup>5</sup> Probably used generally of the coming retribution.

<sup>6</sup> Arethusa. See note 3, p. 395. The stream of lament for Lycidas had been checked by gloomier thoughts, but now flows on.

<sup>7</sup> Various explained as the Sun, the Dog-star, and Saturn. The last seems the most probable. Milton's flowers, though sad, are flowers not of death,—the Saturnine hellebore or nightshade,—but of life,—“ vernal ” and “ of a thousand hues.”

That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers ;  
 Bring the rathe<sup>1</sup> primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and white jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies :  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.<sup>2</sup>  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurled ;  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus<sup>4</sup> old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount<sup>5</sup>  
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's<sup>6</sup> hold :  
 —Look homeward, Angel,<sup>7</sup> now, and melt with  
     ruth,  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !  
     Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more ;  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

<sup>1</sup> Early. So *rather* = earlier, sooner.

<sup>2</sup> Because he could never be laid "in English earth."

<sup>3</sup> The world of monsters.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* The fabled Bellerus : a giant's name, said to be coined from *Bellerium* (Cornwall).

<sup>5</sup> St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

<sup>6</sup> Both near Cape Finisterre.

<sup>7</sup> St. Michael.

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the  
waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and  
rills

While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric<sup>1</sup> lay :  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.<sup>2</sup>

J. MILTON

<sup>1</sup> The favourite dialect of pastoral poems : hence, pastoral.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, p. 28.



## 9.—THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

## PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

OVER his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay :  
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
Gives hope and fervour, nearer draws his theme,  
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy  
Doth Heaven with all its splendours lie ;<sup>1</sup>  
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;  
Against our fallen and traitor lives  
The great winds utter prophecies ;  
With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;  
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
Waits with its *benedicite* ;  
And to our age's drowsy blood  
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us :  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in.  
At the devil's booth are all things sold :  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;

<sup>1</sup> See Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking :  
No price is set on the lavish summer ;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays :  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay :

Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help  
knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flow-  
ing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how :

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living ;

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,  
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth  
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
 Remembered the keeping of his vow ?

## PART FIRST

" My golden spurs now bring to me,  
 And bring to me my richest mail,  
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
 In search of the Holy Grail :  
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
 Till I begin my vow to keep :  
 Here on the rushes will I sleep.  
 And perchance there may come a vision true  
 Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
 And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
 The little birds sang as if it were  
 The one day of summer in all the year,  
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees ;  
 The castle alone in the landscape lay  
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray :  
 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
 And never its gates might opened be  
 Save to lord or lady of high degree.

Summer besieged it on every side,  
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;  
 She could not scale the chilly wall,  
 Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall  
 Stretched left and right,  
 Over the hills and out of sight :  
     Green and broad was every tent,  
     And out of each a murmur went  
 Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
 And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
 Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
 In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
 It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
 Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall .  
     In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
     Had cast them forth : so young and strong,  
 And lightsome as a locust leaf,  
 Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,  
 To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.<sup>1</sup>

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
     And morning in the young knight's heart ;  
 Only the castle moodily  
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
     And gloomed by itself apart :  
 The season brimmed all other things up  
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

<sup>1</sup> The cup, or dish, said to have been used by Our Lord at the Last Supper. See *The Holy Grail* (*Idylls of the King*), *Sir Galahad*, etc.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome  
gate,

He was 'ware of a Leper, crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and  
crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood still

Like a frozen waterfall ;  
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn :—  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The Leper raised not the gold from the dust :

“ Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door ;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty ;  
But he who gives a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a God goes with it and makes it store <sup>1</sup>  
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

<sup>1</sup> Plenty.

## PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old ;  
On open wold and hill-top bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,  
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare.  
The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams :  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight :  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through ; and  
here  
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops  
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one.

No mortal builder's most rare device  
 Could match this winter-palace of ice :  
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay  
 In his depths serene through the summer day,  
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
     Lest the happy model should be lost,  
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
     By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
     The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,  
 And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
     With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;  
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
 Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide ;  
     The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
     And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;  
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
     Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;  
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
     Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks  
     Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp ;  
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
     And rattles and wrings  
     The icy strings,  
 Singing, in dreary monotone,  
 A Christmas carol of its own,  
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
 Was—" Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless !"  
 The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch ;



And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,  
 Build out its piers of ruddy light  
 Against the drift of the cold.

## PART SECOND

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;  
 The river was numb and could not speak,  
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;  
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;  
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
 As if her veins were sapless and old,  
 And she rose up decrepitly  
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
 For another heir in his earldom sate ;  
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;  
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
 No more on his surcoat was blazen the Cross,—  
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,  
 For it was just at the Christmas time ;  
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
 In the light and warmth of long ago :

He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
And with its own self like an infant played,  
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms!"—  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,  
The Leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,  
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree :  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—  
And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me :  
Behold, through him, I give to Thee !”

Then the soul of the Leper stood up in his eyes  
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail  
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.  
The heart within him was ashes and dust :  
He parted in twain his single crust,

He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
 And gave the Leper to eat and drink.  
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
     'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—  
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
     And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty  
     soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
 A light shone round about the place ;  
 The Leper no longer crouched at his side,  
 But stood before him glorified,  
 Shining and tall and fair and straight  
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—  
 Himself the Gate whereby men can  
 Enter the Temple of God in Man.  
 His words were shed softer than leaves from the  
     pine,  
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the  
     brine,  
 Which mingle their softness and quiet in one  
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon ;  
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,  
 " Lo, it is I, be not afraid !  
 In many climes, without avail,  
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail :  
 Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou  
 Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now ;  
 This crust is My Body broken for thee,  
 This water His Blood that died on the tree ;  
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need ;  
 Not what we give, but what we share,—  
 For the gift without the giver is bare ;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me.”

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon :—  
“ The Grail in my castle here is found !  
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,  
Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall :  
He must be fenced with stronger mail  
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

The castle gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough.  
No longer scowl the turrets tall ;  
The Summer’s long siege at last is o’er :  
When the first poor outcast went in at the door  
She entered with him in disguise,  
And mastered the fortress by surprise ;  
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,  
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.  
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal’s land  
Has hall and bower at his command ;  
And there’s no poor man in the North Countree  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

J. R. LOWELL

10.—LAODAMÍA

“ WITH sacrifice, before the rising morn,  
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;  
And from the Infernal Gods, ’mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required :

Celestial pity I again implore :—  
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her  
hands ;  
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !  
What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?  
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—’tis he !  
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his  
wand  
That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath crowned  
thy prayer,  
Laodamía ! that at Jove’s command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air.  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space :  
Accept the gift ; behold him face to face !”

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to  
clasp :  
Again that consummation she essayed ;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne :  
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía, doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect :—Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain ;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan  
strand  
Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold :  
A generous cause a victim did demand ;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best !  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were de-  
pressed  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou  
art—  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave :

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

“No Spectre greets me—no vain Shadow this ;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day a second time thy bride !”  
Jove frowned in heaven : the conscious Parcæ  
threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“This visage tells thee that my doom is passed :  
Nor should the changed be mourned, even if the  
joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :  
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

“Be taught, O faithful consort, to control  
Rebellious passion, for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—”

“Ah ! wherefore ?—Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they  
Yet further may relent : for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,  
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's  
breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow——" "Peace!" he  
said—

She looked upon him and was calmed and  
cheered ;

The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure :  
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey :

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned  
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,  
"The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry



Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day and  
night ;

“ And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in counsel were detained ;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“ The wished-for wind was given :—I then revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“ Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—  
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,  
flowers ;  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

“ But should suspense permit the foe to cry  
‘ Behold they tremble !—haughty their array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to die ? ’  
In soul I swept the indignity away.  
Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak

In reason, in self-government too slow :

I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest reunion in the shades below.

The invisible world with thee hath sympathised :

Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning; to ascend—

Seeking a higher object. Love was given,

Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end :

For this the passion to excess was driven,

That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."—

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !

Round the dear Shade she would have clung—

'tis vain :

The hours are past—too brief, had they been  
years—

And him no mortal effort can detain :

Swift, towards the realms that know not earthly  
day,

He through the portal takes his silent way,

And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,

She perished, and, as for a wilful crime,

By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,

Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,

Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers

Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to trace the changes of thought which consigned Laodamia in turn to the *Paradiso*, *Inferno*, and

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
 As fondly he believes.— Upon the side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;  
 And ever, when such stature they had gained  
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight :  
 A constant interchange of growth and blight !

W. WORDSWORTH

## II.—THE SCHOOLMASTERS

(SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A MANXMAN)

WHAT'S he sayin ? God bless the falla !  
 Love is love even in a sheep—  
 There's some that takes it middlin shalla ;  
 But there's some that takes it very deep.

*Purgatorio* of classical mythology. In the first edition we have, instead of the above stanza—

“ Ah ! judge her gently who so deeply loved ;  
 Her who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,  
 Was in a trance of passion thus removed ;  
 Delivered from the galling yoke of time  
 And these frail elements, to gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.”

In a later edition we find her condemned to “ a grosser clime,” with no expressed hope of remission ; and finally, to the temporary exile of the text. See *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1878. *Text of Wordsworth's Poems*.

You mind me tellin of Jemmy Jem,  
And the son and the daughter, him and them  
Up at the Church agate of<sup>1</sup> the carols—  
“Shepherds watchin,” “Hark the harals!”  
That night the *Christmas* come ashore?

Three schools in the parish  
• Them times, I remember, and putty fairish  
For the lek, I think. There was one at the  
Church,  
And the little Lhen wasn’ left in the lurch—  
A school there, and one at the Sandy,  
Up the gill, that was terbil handy  
For the Jurby people; besides the school  
In the town, where none of us went as a rule.

Now the school at the Church was countin the  
head  
Of the three. And Clukish, bedad,  
Was a splandid masther—lek<sup>2</sup> Jemmy Jem  
For shortness, but Clukish all the same—  
James Clukish; and sarvin for clerk  
As well as schoolmaster. And Mark  
Was the name of the son, called Marky the Bird;  
And the daughter, Maggie: they hadn’ a third.

But the school at the Lhen was just for childhar,  
Enfans in perricuts: Danny Bewildhar  
Was the name of the Masther, callin him out  
Of his proper name, that was Danny the Spout;  
At laste—I don’t know; but Skillicorn,  
I’ve heard them sayin, the man was born.

<sup>1</sup> Engaged in.

<sup>2</sup> *Lek* (like) is often explanatory: “that is to say,” “so to speak,” etc.

Poor ould Dan—aw, bless your sowl !—  
Now, was it Skillicorn or Cowle ?

\*            \*            \*            \*

Well, me and Maggie, I'll engage,  
Was just about the same age ;  
And Mark, of coorse, would be younger rather ;  
And the two of them goin to school to the father :  
But me to the little school at the Lhen,  
With Danny Bewildhar—poor ould Dan !  
The like of a school like that you never—  
Aw ! Danny thought he was taechin clever ;  
But letters ? no ! The A B C ?  
And spells, and that ? All fiddlededee !  
“ Latthars ! ” he'd say ; “ idikkiliss !  
Just clap a Testament in their fiss,  
And off they go—aw, bless your heart !  
They'll read soon enough, if ye give them a start.  
Latthars ! latthars ! bewild'rin the childhar ”—  
And so they were callin him Danny Bewildhar.

Poor Dan ! “ A start,” he said ; “ only a start ! ”  
But, of coorse, we were gettin it off by heart.  
That was Dan. So we wasn' goin  
To the same school ; but still I was knowin  
The two very well. They were just a taste  
Shuperior lek, the way they were dressed—  
Shoes and stockins—and me—aw, chut !  
Never had such a thing on my fut  
Except on Sunday.

But meetin them down  
On the shore very often, or up on a ground  
We were callin the Lhergy, covered with goss  
And flowers. And aw the nice it was

Of an everin to be up there  
And hear them singin! Well, I declare  
It was mortal altogether! You see  
There's nothin pleasanter to me:  
I was allis terbil fond of music—  
Not of my own! aw, I'd have the whole crew sick  
If once I begun on you—No, no, no!  
But this Maggie—beautiful! up she'd go,  
Up—up—up, to the very sky.  
“Give us the lark!” I'd say, and she'd fly—  
At laste her vice—aw, the happy for hours  
Sittin up there among the flowers!

And all the notes that ever you heard—  
That's the raison of “Marky the Bird”—  
Imitatin—bless ye, then!  
Everything from a hawk to a wren.

\* \* \* \*

Aw, Mark was grand. “Curlew—curlew!”  
What's that at all? No more till “boo!”  
Nothin just. But Mark had gorrit:<sup>1</sup>  
“*Mirrieu—mirrieu!*”<sup>2</sup> far more horrit!  
“*Mirrieu*, dead!”—lek its mate, you know—  
“Dead—dead! she's dead!”—aw, terbil though  
That bird,—lek left, lek feelin lonely.  
And me?—aw, bless ye! one bird only:  
Just a rook—they said I dunnit  
Fuss-rate: and aisy, once I begun it;  
But stopped it soon. And her with the lark;  
And “*Mirrieu—mirrieu!*” that was Mark.

Aw, little things them times: but grew,  
Till at last the Battle of Waterloo<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Got it.

<sup>2</sup> Dead.

<sup>3</sup> A regular shindy.

Betwix my mother and Dan, that plied me  
With the cane one day till he nearly destroyed  
me.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Well, then I was goin to school at the Church,  
To Clukish himself, that was usin a birch,  
But very little, or a leather strap ;  
But mostly he was givin ye a rap  
On the head with his knuckles—and a little *hem* !  
Aye, a grand ould man was Jemmy Jem.

Taechin ! What was there he couldn' taech ?  
Bless ye ! aye, and powerful to praech  
In the chapel ; but taechin ! Mensuration—  
Trigonomojough—Navigation !  
Aw, splendid ! Taech it ? like a bird !  
But ye couldn' understand a word :  
Well, ye wouldn' expec—lek a man, that way,  
That never was a week at say !<sup>1</sup>  
No, no ! a tailor he was to his trade,  
And many's the pair of breeches he made  
In yandher school,—cut out, you know,  
On the desk afore him ; and sew and sew—  
And—“Come, say ! come, say !”—aw, the little  
sinners  
We were, to be sure ! and—“Take your dinners !”  
He'd shout as hearty at twelve o'clock.  
Aw, a fine ould cock ! a fine ould cock !

I didn' larn much, but there's plenty that did.  
There was one little chap with a big round head—  
Ye never seen the round—by jing !  
That chap was larnin everything.

<sup>1</sup> Sea.

And the more he larn'd, the bigger it got—  
This head—and the rounder, just like a pot.  
“Look at that boy!” ould Clukish was sayin;  
“Fit enough to make your tay in—  
That head,” he'd say, “like a bottomless pit;  
There's nothin that doesn' go into it—  
Nothin,” says Clukish. And right, no doubt:  
It all went in, and it never come out—  
Never—so couldn' be no loss  
At yandher chap: it's stored it was  
In the big round head. My gough! it's grand  
To have a head that'll grow and 'spand,  
And never leak a drop: the pride  
Of the mother! But, of coorse, he died,—  
Sartinly—ay, died, of coorse!  
Ye see, the workin and the foorce  
Of all that was in him, just like a biler,  
And no safety-valve, nor no grease for th' ile her—  
Nor nothin—ye see?

No, I didn' larn quick,  
And I didn' larn much. But I got very thick  
With Maggie and Mark. And, when I got higher  
In the school, they coaxed me to come in the choir,  
And I did; and even after I left  
I stuck to it—aye, and made a sheft  
To sing somethin—tannor I was wantin—  
Tannor—ay; but allis slantin  
Into the bass, and—*loo-loo-loo*!<sup>1</sup>  
And settled to somethin betwix the two—  
Rather doubtful, of a manner.  
But Mark was singin the counter-tannor—  
Sea-saw, most beautiful! sixes and sevens—  
And Maggie up in the heaven of heavens.

<sup>1</sup> (Tries to sing).



And so we got big : and then—doodoss !<sup>1</sup>  
 I seen the lovely Maggie was.  
 Milk and roses, milk and roses—  
 That was the complexion—Moses !  
 The beautiful she was when she threw  
 Back her head, and the throat came in view,  
 Round and white and big, the way  
 It mostly is with singers, they say—  
 Fine singers—bless ye, the full !  
 Like a belliss !<sup>2</sup> like a bull !  
 And the strings of her bonnet untied, and flung  
 Over her shouldhers ; and the vice of her rung—  
 Aw, it rung ! it rung ! and all her breast  
 Was swelled to the feel of the happiness—  
 The joy—the glory—the—chut ! it's no use—  
 “ Be cautious ! be cautious ! ” says Billy Baroose.

But Mark was a terbil sorrowful chap—  
 Lemoncholy—that's the tap.  
 And the ouldher he grew, the lemoncholier  
 He got. And nobody couldn' be jollier  
 Nor heartier, ye know, till<sup>3</sup> me—  
 But Mark was allis for poethry.  
 But the sorrowful—bless ye ! lek it was bred  
 In the falla—“ *Mirrieu—mirrieu !* dead ! ”  
 Just so. And “ Lissen ! ” And then he'd repate  
 Pomes that'd buss the heart of a skate—  
 His own compozin—aye, and still  
 I was likin to hear him terrible.  
 'Deed he'd make ye cry : and a lightish slaeper ;  
 And went to the town to be a draper.

And me and Betsy goin together ;  
 And Maggie keepin house for the father,

<sup>1</sup> Good gracious.<sup>2</sup> Bellows.<sup>3</sup> Than.

And a good job too—at laste, it appears—  
A widda man, and had been for years.  
And Maggie and me would be about twenty ;  
And me agate of the fishin, and plenty  
To do, I can tell ye, to keep the pot bilin,—  
When, lo and behold ye ! there came to the Islan'  
A terbil man.

Inspector they called him :  
Inspector of Schools ; and tuk and hauled him  
From parish to parish—the work that was in !  
And so he came at last to the Lhen,  
And hed it out with Danny Dan.

“ Latthars ! ” says Danny, “ latthars ! dear heart !  
Bewild'rn the childhar—give them a start !  
Latthars ! what's latthars ? idikkiliss !  
Clap a Testament in their fiss ! ”

“ No ! ” says the Inspector ; “ just clap this.”  
And whips a book from his starn<sup>1</sup> pocket—  
“ Now then ! ”—Bless ye ! a Congreve rocket  
'd hev done just as well—not a bit ! not a bit !  
Not the one of them—not a line of it !

And the childhar stared—

“ They're not prepared ! ”

Says Danny, and argued and argued away.

Till he was black in the face, as a body might  
say.

And then he jawed, lek fit to buss ;  
And then he gave a bit of a cuss ;  
And then the Inspector brought him up,  
All standin—poor divil ! and—“ Stop, sir, stop ! ”  
Says he. “ In all my 'sperience  
I never saw such ignorance.

<sup>1</sup> Coat-tail,

And it'll be my duty to repoort"—  
Lek presentation to the coort—  
Or whatever it is—coort, or commission—  
Somethin—"total inefficien"—  
*Inefficien*—that's their talk.  
And so poor Danny had to walk ;  
And home to his people in Kirk Bride,  
And kept at the Pazon<sup>1</sup> till he died.

And the Bishop came, and the Captain there,  
And the Lord knows who, and spakin fair ;  
And "they'd have the school in proper order."  
And so we were hearin nothin fardher  
Till one day there come a Scotchman—aye !  
For the schoolmaster.

He wasn' shy,  
This Scotchman, at all—aw, 'deed he wasn' !  
\* \* \* \*

He was what you'd call a pushin chap—  
Pushin, bedad ! and a new light,  
And come to set us all right,  
That was sittin in darkness and the shadow of  
death :  
And his name was Alexander Macbeth.

But the chap was good-lookin—that's the pint,  
And a tongue in his head lek a 'varsal jint.  
He could make it bitter, and he could make it  
sweet ;  
He could lift a gel from off her feet  
With that tongue. And schaemin ! bless ye, the  
schaemin,  
And plannin and plottin, and watchin and aimin !

<sup>1</sup> Parson.

Keen though, as keen as a hungry gull ;—  
 And still he could look that sorrowful,  
 And groanin, and hintin, and his eye all brimmin  
 With the tears—aw, they're likin that, is women !  
 Being nath'ral kind, you'll understand,  
 And longin to comfort every man—  
 Special if he's handsome, of coorse !  
 Sartinly : but work the oors,<sup>1</sup>  
 Work the oors.

It wasn' long  
 Afore Mr. Sandy was at it ding-dong  
 To get the school from Clukish—ay,  
 The principal school—aw, never say die !  
 And he worked and he worked, lek thinguniagee,  
 Till the Bishop appointed a Committée,  
 And a committée, it's lek you're aware,  
 'll do anything : anything, I'll swear,  
 Committées 'll do—just so, just so—  
 'Deed they will.

But whether or no,  
 This Alec Macbeth was at Clukish hisself ;  
 And "Time to be layin on the shelf ;"  
 And cocked him up with humbug and flattery,  
 And "My exc'lin colleague !" and "Dear me !  
 the batthar<sup>2</sup> he  
 Would be with a pension !" and "Wouldn' he  
 now ?"  
 And "Eh, Miss Clukish ?" and "Bow-wow-wow !"  
 The dirt ! and gorr it all "arranged"  
 Grand, I tell ye. And so he changed  
 From the Lhen to the Parish ; but Clukish still  
 To be clerk—and quite agreeable :  
 Tired—and lek everything in its saison.

<sup>1</sup> Let us get on.

<sup>2</sup> Better.

But ould Clukish had another raison,  
Another, I tell ye. He seen this rascal  
Was gettin spoony on Maggie; and ask all  
The Parish, and they'd ha' tould ye at once  
The match was a splendid one, a chance  
That wouldn' often come Maggie's way.  
I've asked the Pazon, and what did he say?  
"Mr. Macbeth is a man of promise,  
And a most respectable person, Thomas;  
And very interestin, and clever"—  
Azackly so! Now, did you ever?  
Even the Pazon! 'Spectable? paff!  
Clever? aye, too clever by half!  
Euclid—that was some stuff he was workin  
With these lumps, that could as aisy swallow a  
perkin—<sup>1</sup>  
High, man! high—aw, bless your sowl!  
Didn' a woman come and scowl  
And complain? and says she, "We're gettin no  
rest  
Of the night," she says, "with this foolishness.  
He's shoutin most terbil in his sleep,  
And me and the father can't get a peep.  
And we won't stand it! no!" she said.  
And he spoke her so fine; and "Raelly! in  
bed!"  
And he laughed, and he carried on that plaisin  
That the woman went away amazin  
The satisfied: and sleep is money;  
But that chap's tongue was the devil's own honey.

And Mark was delightin in him too:  
Aw, bless ye! he knew his Mark, he knew

<sup>1</sup> Porpoise.

The soft sort of chap—a pote ! a pote !  
Wasn' he one himself? and 'd know 't  
“ In Mark at once.” And heaves up the eye,  
If ye seen them together, and sigh for sigh,  
And groan for groan ; and takin turns  
Repeatin their pomes.” And “ The Manx Burns ”  
He'd be callin Marky—you'll never rag urrov  
A Scotchman but he'll take a shockin brag urrov <sup>1</sup>  
That Burns. “ Tim Shindy ” <sup>2</sup>—ay, just so—  
“ Catch her a' Saturday,” <sup>2</sup> “ Scots wo-ho ! ” <sup>2</sup>  
Of coorse! of coorse!—You're mortal fond of them,  
Aren' ye, Andra? Andra's one of them.

So Mark was altogether tuk with him ;  
And the Pazon too—aw dear ! worse luck with him :  
And me? Well, no : but I'd nothin to say ;  
And every dog must have his day.  
What was my 'pinion worth to be puttin  
Against the Pazon's? Not a button.  
And the Pazon was hardly likin him,  
Lek what you call likin—that's not the trim.  
The Pazon, ye see, was allis for pace,  
But equal, too, for righteousness,  
And justice betwix man and man :  
Aw, he'd work it well if once he began,  
But he wouldn' go out of his way for a fight :  
Righteousness, the thing that's right—  
That was the Pazon. And Doctor Bell  
The same : the chap was manin well,  
They thought. “ Sincere,” the Pazon said ;  
And “ the valable qualities ” he had :

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* You'll never tease him out of bragging about.

<sup>2</sup> “ Tam o' Shanter,” “ Cottar's Saturday Night,”  
“ Scots wha hae.”

"Valuable," the Pazon was sayin—

He spoke that sweet, and slow, and plain.

Of coorse the Pazon was diff'rin from me ;  
The two of them bein such schullars, ye see,  
And knowin a dale about books and such,  
The Pazon was likin his talk very much—

Likin his talk ; you see, they were maetin  
On the same floors, and the nither baetin—

Maetin, not baetin—and still, for all,  
I believe he could give the Pazon a fall

Now and then, bein slippy and slim ;  
And nice for the Pazon, remindin him

Of the time he was young, and could argufy  
With the best of them. And he wouldn' try

To flatter the Pazon : he knew like a spit  
That wouldn' take the Pazon a bit.

And if he was bould, ye know, and imprin,<sup>1</sup>  
The Pazon never liked them simp'rin

Cringin divils ; and nathral kind :

So the Pazon was grippin him mind to mind.

But heart to heart was rather me ;

Heart to heart, ye know, lek it would be—

*Enstinct*, isn' it, they're sayin ?

Feelins lek—lek I couldn' explain :

Couldn' grip with him, hadn' the head ;

But I could hate him, and so I did.

But only a boy, and nothin to shove me

Much in his road, that was quite above me—

Hardly know'n me, bless ye ! no ;

Nor me him ; and so—and so.

And Maggie, what'd ye do with her ?

Lovin him like Lucifer.

<sup>1</sup> Impudent.

That was the deuce—no good to fret :  
 Love's golden net ! love's golden net !  
 Gold, gold ! pure gold ! but, sink or float,  
 Iron is only cobwebs to 't.  
 Caught was Maggie—caught, caught, caught !  
 No matter the oughtn', no matter the ought.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

“Behaved hisself?” Of coorse, he done—  
 Had to behave hisself, my son.  
 But hang it ! give the divil his due—  
 Just the same as I would to you.  
 Now stow your chaff there, Barney O'Grady !  
 He traited her lek a puffic lady.

So now it's for a Pazon he was goin :  
 And how he managed there's no knowing ;  
 But got the Bishop to examine him  
 And some way or other contrived to gammon him  
 To promise to ordain him—*ordain* ;  
 Isn' that the word ? whatever they mane—  
 And curate ! curate, I'll be bail :  
 Goin for a curate to Pazon Gale,  
 And would have been the very next day,  
 If it hadn'—but stay, my lads, now stay !

That ev'rin, I tell ye, there come a woman,  
 Along the road though, cryin uncommon—  
 Cryin, cryin, cryin there—  
 “Where's my Sandy ? where, O where ?  
 Where's my Sandy ? my Alexander ?  
 Where is he ? where is he ?” and had cried like  
     yandher  
 All the passage from Whitehaven,  
 “Where's my Sandy ? div ye ken ?”



And up the pier and the market-place,  
"Where's my Sandy?" and wouldn't cease.  
And she didn't regard for none that blamed her—  
For of coorse there was people that fied-for-shamed  
her;  
And a pleeceman gave her directions to go;  
And "Sandy! Sandy!" she was shoutin, though.

And come upon the village street,  
And could hardly stand upon her feet—  
And the women about her, and "Get some  
brandy!"  
But she wouldn't taste it—"Sandy! Sandy!  
Where's my Sandy?" And they tried some rum;  
And a call for Sandy: so Sandy come.

Yes, he come; and just gave a look:  
And then, they say, the fella shook  
All over; and then his face all fire,  
And straightened hisself lek goin to deny her:  
And then a rush, and her arms was round him,  
And his round her. "I've found him! found him!"  
She said. And he tuk her into the house,  
And shut the door, and as quite as a mouse  
All night, they were say'n, and plenty to lizzen,  
And fancyin they were hear'n them kissin.  
But never a word of any complaint—  
It's lek the poor craythur was that content  
For to have him again. And before the dawn  
They were off, and just a bundle, gone  
To Douglas, and afterwards over to Anglan—<sup>1</sup>  
No nise, no bother, no worry, no wranglin—  
Just off. The woman, ye see, was his wife.

<sup>1</sup> England.

And the chap was poor, and she'd worked lek a  
slave

To keep him at one of these places they have  
For preparin people for schoolmasters,  
And pazons and that—St. Bars? St. Burs?  
*St. Bees*—that's it; and hardly fair,  
I've heard them tellin that's seen her there  
In a little room, and to brew and to bake for him,  
And pickin sticks to bake a cake for him.

Well now—Maggie? Hould your kedge!<sup>1</sup>  
I seen her spreadin clothes on the hedge  
Of the garden, it wouldn' be more till a week  
After that, and I thought I'd speak;  
And "How are tha, Maggie, how are tha, gel?"  
"Aw!" she said, "I'm very well."  
"Very well—very well!"  
Toull the bell—toull the bell—  
When ye know what it's manin—that "very  
well!"

She died next day—quite aisy, they said—  
"Mirrieu—*mirrieu*! dead—dead—  
Dead!" And Mark? He dropped the draper,  
And tuk to writin for some paper.  
So ye see there's some that takes it deep—  
Upon my sowl, the chap's asleep!  
All right—  
Good night! T. E. BROWN

<sup>1</sup> Hold your peace: Lit. anchor.

12.—PASSAGES FROM "HYPERION"<sup>1</sup>

## I.—SATURN AND THEA

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale  
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
 Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,  
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
 Still as the silence round about his lair.  
 Forest on forest hung about his head  
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,  
 Not so much life as on a summer's day  
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,  
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.  
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more  
 By reason of his fallen divinity  
 Casting a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds  
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,  
 No further than to where his feet had strayed  
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground  
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,  
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;  
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,  
 His ancient Mother,<sup>2</sup> for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;  
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand

<sup>1</sup> The Sun-god of the Titans, or older dynasty of Gods, dispossessed by Apollo, as Saturn was by Jove. The accent should really fall on the third syllable.

<sup>2</sup> The Titans were the children of Uranus and Gæa (Heaven and Earth).

Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low  
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.  
 She was a Goddess of the infant world ;  
 By her in stature the tall Amazon  
 Had stood a pigmy's height ; she would have ta'en  
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;  
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.  
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,  
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,  
 When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.  
 But O how unlike marble was that face !  
 How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made  
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self !  
 There was a listening fear in her regard  
 As if calamity had but begun ;  
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear  
 Was with its storèd thunder labouring up.  
 One hand she pressed upon that aching spot  
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there  
 Though an Immortal, she felt cruel pain ;  
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck  
 She laid, and to the level of his ear  
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake  
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone :  
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue  
 Would come in these like accents ; O how frail  
 To that large utterance of the early Gods !  
 —" Saturn, look up ! yet wherefore, poor old King ?  
 I have no comfort for thee, no, not one  
 I cannot say, ' O wherefore sleepest thou ? '  
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth  
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God ;  
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,

Has from thy sceptre passed ; and all the air  
 Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.  
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,  
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;  
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands  
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.  
 O aching time ! O moments big as years !  
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,  
 And press it so upon our weary griefs  
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.  
 Saturn, sleep on. O thoughtless, why did I  
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?  
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?  
 Saturn, sleep on : while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night  
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
 Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,  
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,  
 Save from one gradual solitary gust  
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off  
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave,  
 So came these words and went ; the while in tears  
 She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,  
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread  
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.  
 One moon, with alteration slow, had shed  
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,  
 And still these two were postured motionless,  
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;  
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth  
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :  
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up  
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,

And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,  
 And that fair kneeling Goddess ; and then spake  
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard  
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady :  
 " O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,  
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face :  
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it ;  
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape  
 Is Saturn's ; tell me if thou hear'st the voice  
 Of Saturn ; tell me if this wrinkling brow,  
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,  
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power  
 To make me desolate ? whence came the strength ?  
 How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,  
 While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp ?  
 But it is so ; and I am smothered up  
 And buried from all godlike exercise  
 Of influence benign on planets pale,  
 Of admonitions to the winds and seas,  
 Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,  
 And all those acts which Deity supreme  
 Doth ease its heart of love in.<sup>1</sup> I am gone  
 Away from mine own bosom : I have left  
 My strong identity, my real self,  
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit  
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search !  
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round  
 Upon all space : space starred, and lorn of light ;  
 Space regioned with life-air, and barren void ;  
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that the reign of Saturn (with whom Kronos is here identified) was the "Golden Age," and that the malign influences ascribed to the planet had no basis in the history of the God.

Search, Thea, search ! and tell me if thou seest  
 A certain shape or shadow, making way  
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess  
 A heaven he lost awhile : it must—it must  
 Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King !  
 Yes, there must be a golden victory ;  
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets  
     blown  
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival  
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan ;  
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir  
 Of strings in hollow shells ; and there shall be  
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise  
 Of the sky-children ; I will give command :  
 Thea ! Thea ! Thea ! where is Saturn ? ”

## II.—SATURN AND OCEANUS<sup>1</sup> IN THE CONCLAVE OF TITANS

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines.  
 When Winter lifts his voice : there is a noise  
 Among Immortals when a God gives sign,  
 With hushing finger, how he means to load  
 His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,  
 With thunder, and with music, and with pomp :  
 Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines ;  
 Which, when it ceases in this mountained world,  
 No other sound succeeds ; but ceasing here,  
 Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom  
 Grew up like organ, that begins anew  
 Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,  
 Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly.

<sup>1</sup> The Titan Sea-god, dispossessed by Neptune.

Thus grew it up : " Not in my own sad breast,  
 Which is its own great judge and searcher out,  
 Can I find reason why ye should be thus :  
 Not in the legends of the first of days,  
 Studied from that old spirit-leavèd book  
 Which starry Uranus with finger bright  
 Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves  
 Low-ebbed still hid it up in shallow gloom,—  
 And the which book ye know I ever kept  
 For my firm-basèd footstool : ah ! infirm,—  
 Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent  
 Of element, earth, water, air, fire,  
 At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling  
 One against one, or two, or three, or all  
 Each several one against the other three,  
 As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods  
 Drown both, and press them both against earth's  
 face,

Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath  
 Unhinges the poor world ; not in that strife,  
 Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,  
 Can I find reason why ye should be thus :  
 No, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,  
 And pore on Nature's universal scroll  
 Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,  
 The first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,  
 Should cower beneath what, in comparison,  
 Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here ;  
 O'erwhelmed and spurned and battered, ye are  
 here !

O Titans, shall I say, ' Arise ! '—Ye groan :  
 Shall I say ' Crouch ! ' Ye groan. What can I  
 then ?

O Heaven wide ! O unseen Parent dear !



What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,  
 How we can war, how engine our great wrath!  
 O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear  
 Is all a-hungered. Thou, Oceanus,  
 Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face  
 I see, astonied, that severe content  
 Which comes of thought and musing: give us  
 help!"

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,  
 Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,  
 But cogitation in his watery shades,  
 Arose, with locks not oozy, and began  
 In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue  
 Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.  
 "O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,  
 Writhe at defeat and nurse your agonies!  
 Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears;  
 My voice is not a bellows unto ire.  
 Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof  
 How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:  
 And in the proof much comfort will I give,  
 If ye will take that comfort in its truth.  
 We fall by course of Nature's law, not force  
 Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou  
 Hast sifted well the atom-universe;  
 But for this reason, that thou art the King,  
 And only blind from sheer supremacy,  
 One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,  
 Through which I wandered to eternal truth.  
 And first, as thou was not the first of powers,  
 So art thou not the last; it cannot be:  
 Thou art not the beginning nor the end.  
 From Chaos and parental Darkness came

Light, the first-fruits of that intestine broil,  
 That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends  
 Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,  
 And with it Light, and Light, engendering  
 Upon its own producer, forthwith touched  
 The whole enormous matter into life.  
 Upon that very hour, our parentage,  
 The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest ;  
 Then thou first-born,<sup>1</sup> and we the giant-race  
 Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.  
 Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain ;  
 O folly ! for to bear all naked truths,  
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm,  
 That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well !  
 As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far  
 Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once  
     chiefs ;  
 And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth  
 In form and shape compact and beautiful,  
 In will, in action, free companionship,  
 And thousand other signs of purer life ;  
 So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
 A power more strong in beauty, born of us  
 And fated to excel us, as we pass  
 In glory that old Darkness ; nor are we  
 Thereby more conquered, than by us the rule  
 Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil  
 Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,  
 And feedeth still, more comely than itself ?  
 Can it deny the chieftdom of green groves ?  
 Or shall the tree be envious of the dove  
 Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings

<sup>1</sup> According to the common account, Kronos was the youngest of the Titans.

To wander wherewithal and find its joys ?  
 We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs  
 Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,  
 But eagles golden-feathered, who do tower  
 Above us in their beauty, and must reign  
 In right thereof ; for 'tis the eternal law  
 That first in beauty should be first in might :  
 Yea, by that law, another race may drive  
 Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.  
 Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,<sup>1</sup>  
 My disposessor ? Have ye seen his face ?  
 Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along  
 By noble wingèd creatures he hath made ?  
 I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,  
 With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,  
 That it enforced me to bid sad farewell  
 To all my empire ; farewell sad I took,  
 And hither came, to see how dolorous fate  
 Had wrought upon ye ; and how I might best  
 Give consolation in this woe supreme.  
 Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

### III.—THE ENTRANCE OF HYPERION

All eyes were on Enceladus's <sup>2</sup> face,  
 And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name

<sup>1</sup> Neptune (Poseidon) is generally represented as drawn by beautiful sea-horses, his own creation. Keats seems to have added the wings.

<sup>2</sup> Enceladus took part in the subsequent conflict between the Giants and Gods, and is not usually included among the Titans. He was defeated, and imprisoned under Mt. Aetna.

Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,  
 A pallid gleam across his features stern :  
 Not savage, for he saw full many a God  
 Wroth as himself. He looked upon them all,  
 And in each face he saw a gleam of light,  
 But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks  
 Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel  
 When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.  
 In pale and silver silence they remained,  
 Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,  
 Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,  
 All the sad spaces of oblivion,  
 And every gulf, and every chasm old,  
 And every height, and every sullen depth,  
 Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams :  
 And all the everlasting cataracts,  
 And all the headlong torrents far and near,  
 Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,  
 Now saw the light and made it terrible.  
 It was Hyperion :—a granite peak  
 His bright feet touched, and there he stayed to  
 view

The misery his brilliance had betrayed  
 To the most hateful seeing of itself.  
 Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,  
 Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade  
 In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk  
 Of Memnon's image at the set of sun  
 To one who travels from the dusking East :  
 Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp  
 He uttered, while his hands contemplative  
 He pressed together, and in silence stood.  
 Despondence seized again the fallen Gods  
 At sight of the dejected King of Day,

And many hid their faces from the light :  
 But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes  
 Among the brotherhood ; and, at their glare,  
 Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,  
 And Phorcus,<sup>1</sup> sea-born, and together strode  
 To where he towered on his eminence.  
 There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name ;  
 Hyperion from the peak loud answered, " Saturn ! "  
 Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods<sup>2</sup>  
 In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods  
 Gave from their hollow throats the name of  
 " Saturn ! "

## IV.—APOLLO

Apollo is once more the golden theme !  
 Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun  
 Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers ?  
 Together had he left his mother fair  
 And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,  
 And in the morning twilight wandered forth  
 Beside the osiers of a rivulet,  
 Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.  
 The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars  
 Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush  
 Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle  
 There was no covert, no retired cave  
 Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,  
 Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.

<sup>1</sup> Phorcys, the father of the Gorgons, sometimes represented as a Titan.

<sup>2</sup> Ops, the wife of Saturn, also known as Rhea and Cybele. See note 2, p. 334.

He listened and he wept, and his bright tears  
 Went trickling down the golden bow he held.  
 Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,  
 While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard  
 by

With solemn step an awful Goddess came,  
 And there was purport in her looks for him,  
 Which he with eager guess began to read  
 Perplexed, the while melodiously he said :  
 "How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?  
 Or hath that antique mien and robèd form  
 Moved in these vales invisible till now?  
 Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er  
 The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone  
 In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced  
 The rustle of those ample skirts about  
 These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers  
 Lift up their heads, as still the whisper passed.  
 Goddess ! I have beheld those eyes before,  
 And their eternal calm, and all that face,  
 Or I have dreamed."—"Yes," said the supreme  
 shape,

"Thou hast dreamed of me ; and awaking up  
 Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,  
 Whose strings touched by thy fingers, all the vast  
 Unwearied ear of the whole universe  
 Listened in pain and pleasure at the birth  
 Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange  
 That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me,  
 youth,

What sorrow thou canst feel ; for I am sad  
 When thou dost shed a tear : explain thy griefs  
 To one who in this lonely isle hath been  
 The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,

From the young day when first thy infant hand  
 Plucked witless the weak flowers, till thine arm  
 Could bend that bow heroic to all times.  
 Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power  
 Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones  
 For prophecies of thee, and for the sake  
 Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,  
 With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,  
 Thus answered, while his white melodious throat  
 Throbbled with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne!<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;  
 Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?  
 Why should I strive to show what from thy lips  
 Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,  
 And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:  
 I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,  
 Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;  
 And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,  
 Like one who once had wings.—O why should I  
 Feel cursed and thwarted, when the liegeless air  
 Yields to my step aspirant? why should I  
 Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?  
 Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:  
 Are there not other regions than this isle?  
 What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!  
 And the most patient brilliance of the moon!  
 And stars by thousands! Point me out the way  
 To any one particular beauteous star,  
 And I will flit into it with my lyre,  
 And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.  
 I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is  
 power?  
 Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity

<sup>1</sup> The Goddess of Memory, a Titan.

Makes this alarum in the elements,  
While I here idle listen on the shores  
In fearless, yet in aching ignorance?  
O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp  
That waileth every morn and eventide,  
Tell me why thus I rave about these groves!  
Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read  
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:  
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.  
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, re-  
bellions,  
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,  
Creations, and destroyings, all at once  
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,  
And deify me, as if some blithe wine  
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,  
And so become immortal.” Thus the God,  
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance  
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept  
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.

J. KEATS

### 13.—SEA DRIFT<sup>1</sup>

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,  
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical  
shuttle,  
Out of the Ninth-month midnight  
Over the sterile sands, and the fields beyond,  
where the child leaving his bed wandered  
alone, bareheaded, barefoot,

<sup>1</sup> The name of a series, of which this poem is the first.



Down from the showered halo,  
Up from the mystic play of shadows turning and  
twisting as if they were alive,  
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,  
From the memories of the bird that chanted to  
me,  
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful  
risings and fallings I heard,  
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and  
swollen as if with tears,  
From those beginning notes of yearning and love  
there in the mist,  
From the thousand responses of my heart never  
to cease,  
From the myriad thence-aroused words,  
From the word stronger and more delicious than  
any,  
From such as now they start, the scene revisiting,  
(As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing),  
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,  
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,  
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the  
waves,—  
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and  
hereafter,  
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping  
beyond them,  
A reminiscence sing.

Once in Paumánok,<sup>1</sup>  
When the lilac-scent was in the air, and Fifth-  
month grass was growing,

<sup>1</sup> The Indian name of Long Island, in the State of New York, where the poet was born.

Up this sea-shore in some briars,  
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted  
with brown ;  
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at  
hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest,  
silent, with bright eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close,  
never disturbing them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine ! shine ! shine !  
Pour down your warmth, great sun,  
While we bask, we two together.

Two together !  
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,  
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,  
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the  
nest,  
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,  
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of  
the sea,  
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer  
weather,  
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,  
Or flitting from briar to briar by day,

I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the  
he-bird,  
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!  
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumánok's shore!  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,  
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped  
stake,  
Down almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,  
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men  
know.

Yes, my brother, I know,—  
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note;  
For more than once dimly down to the beach  
gliding,  
Silent, avoiding the moonbeam, blending myself  
with the shadows,  
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the  
sounds and sights after their sorts,  
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly  
tossing,  
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my  
hair,  
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,  
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind, embracing and lapping  
every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,  
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with  
love!

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,  
With love, with love!

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among  
the breakers?  
What is that little black thing I see there in the  
white?

Loud! loud! loud!  
Loud I call to you, my love!  
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves.  
Surely you must know who is here, is here,—  
You must know who I am, my love!

Low-hanging moon!  
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?  
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!  
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer!

Land! land! O land!  
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me  
my mate back again if you only would!  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever  
way I look.

O rising stars!  
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise  
with some of you.

O throat ! O trembling throat !  
Sound clearer through the atmosphere :  
Pierce the woods, the earth !  
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one  
I want.

Shake out carols !  
Solitary here, the night's carols !  
Carols of lonesome love, death's carols !  
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !  
O under that moon where she droops almost down  
into the sea,  
O reckless, despairing carols !

But soft ! sink low !  
Soft ! let me just murmur,  
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea :  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate respond-  
ing to me,  
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,  
But not altogether still, for then she might not come  
immediately to me.

Hither, my love !  
Here I am, here !  
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to  
you ;  
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere :  
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice ;  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray ;  
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness ! O in vain !  
I am very sick and sorrowful.  
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping  
upon the sea !  
O troubled reflection in the sea !

O throat ! O throbbing heart !  
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past ! O happy life ! O songs of joy !  
In the air, in the woods, over fields,  
Loved, loved, loved, loved, loved !  
But my mate no more, no more with me !  
We two together no more.

The *aria* sinking,  
All else continuing, the stars shining,  
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing ;  
With angry moans the fierce old Mother incessantly moaning  
On the sands of Paumánok's shore gray and rustling ;  
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging<sup>1</sup> down,  
drooping, the face of the sea almost touching ;  
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves,  
with his hair the atmosphere dallying ;<sup>2</sup>  
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now  
at last tumultuously bursting ;  
The *aria's* meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly  
depositing ;  
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,  
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering ;  
The undertone, the savage old Mother incessantly  
crying,  
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing,—  
some drowned secret hissing  
To the outsetting bard.

<sup>1</sup> Hanging down. Cp. *Macbeth*—

“ The hearts we wear  
Shall never sag with doubt.”

<sup>2</sup> Toying with.

"Demon or bird!" said the boy's soul,  
"Is it indeed toward your mate you sing, or is it  
really to me?"

For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping,  
now I have heard you,

Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,  
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs,  
clearer, louder, and more sorrowful than  
yours,

A thousand warbling echoes have started the life  
within me, never to die.

"O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,

O solitary me listening! never more shall I cease  
perpetuating you,

Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,

Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent  
from me,

Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I  
was before what there in the night,

By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,  
The messenger there aroused,—the fire, the sweet  
hell within,

The unknown want, the destiny of me.

"O give me the clue!—it lurks in the night here  
somewhere,

O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

"A word then—for I will conquer it—

The word final, superior to all,

Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;

Are you whispering it, and have you been all the  
time, you sea-waves ?  
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands ?”

Whereto answering, the sea,  
Delaying not, hurrying not,  
Whispered me through the night, and very plainly  
before daybreak,  
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word *death*,  
And again *death, death, death, death* :  
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like  
my aroused child's heart,  
But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at  
my feet,  
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears, and  
laving me softly all over,—  
*Death, death, death, death, death.*

Which I do not forget ;  
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,  
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumá-  
nok's gray beach,  
With the thousand responsive songs at random  
My own songs awaked from that hour,  
And with them the key, the word up from the  
waves,  
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,  
That strong and delicious word which, creeping  
to my feet,  
—Or like some old crone rocking the cradle,  
swathed in sweet garments, bending aside—  
The sea whispered me.

WALT WHITMAN



14.—ADONAIS<sup>1</sup>

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

*Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν ἔφωσ.  
 Νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις ἔστερος ἐν φθιμένοις.*—PLATO.<sup>2</sup>

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !  
 O weep for Adonais ! though our tears  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head.  
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure com-  
     peers,  
 And teach them thine own sorrow ; say—  
     “ With me  
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares  
 Forget the Past, his fate and name shall be  
 An echo and a light unto eternity ! ”

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he  
     lay,  
 When thy Son lay pierced by the shaft which  
     flies  
 In darkness ? where was lorn Urania<sup>3</sup>  
 When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,  
 Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise

<sup>1</sup> From Adonis, who was, like Keats, the “ darling of the Gods,” and resembled him also, as Shelley thought, in his early and violent death. See stanzas 2, 26, 27.

<sup>2</sup> Shelley has himself translated these lines as follows :—

“ Thou wert the Morning Star among the living,  
 Ere thy fair light had fled :  
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
 New splendour to the dead.”

<sup>3</sup> See note 1, p. 367.

She sate, while one with soft enamoured breath  
Rekindled all the fading melodies  
With which, like flowers that mock the corpse  
    beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of  
    death.

O weep for Adonais—he is dead !  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !  
Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning  
    bed  
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,  
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;  
For he is gone where all things wise and fair  
Descend. O dream not that the amorous  
    Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air !  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our  
    despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !  
Lament anew, Urania !—He died,  
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride  
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide  
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed  
    rite  
Of lust and blood ; he went unterrified  
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third<sup>1</sup> among the sons of  
    light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
Not all to that bright station dared to climb ;

<sup>1</sup> The two first are probably Homer and Vergil.

And happier they their happiness who knew,  
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of  
time  
In which suns perished ; others more sublime,  
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,  
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;  
And some yet live, treading the thorny road  
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's  
serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has  
perished,  
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
cherished,  
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew.<sup>1</sup>  
Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
He came ; and bought, with price of purest  
breath,  
A grave among the Eternal.<sup>2</sup>—Come away !  
Haste ! while the vault of blue Italian day

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Keats's *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*.

<sup>2</sup> In the Protestant cemetery at Rome, of which Shelley says in his preface—"The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Is yet his fitting charnel-roof : while still  
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay.  
Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, O never more !  
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;  
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law  
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain  
draw.

O weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,  
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living  
streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he  
taught  
The love which was its music, wander not,—  
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there whence they sprung, and  
mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart where, after their sweet  
pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home  
again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold  
head,  
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and  
cries—

" Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead :  
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
A tear some dream hath loosened from his  
brain."

Lost angel of a ruined Paradise !  
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain  
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its  
rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;  
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;  
Another in her wilful grief would break  
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem  
A greater loss with one which was more  
weak,  
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.  
Another Splendour on his mouth alit,  
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the  
breath  
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded  
wit  
And pass into the panting heart beneath  
With lightning and with music : the damp  
Death  
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;  
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
Of moonlight vapour which the cold night  
clips,  
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to  
its eclipse.

And others came : Desires and Adorations,  
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering In-  
carnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the  
gleam

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp :<sup>1</sup>—the moving pomp  
might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought  
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet  
sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair un-  
bound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the  
ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;  
Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,

And the wild Winds flew around, sobbing in their  
dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young green  
spray,

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;

<sup>1</sup> Procession, pageant

Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds :<sup>1</sup>—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen  
hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she  
threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen  
year ?  
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both<sup>2</sup>  
Thou, Adonais : wan they stand and sere  
Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing  
ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's  
domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth com-  
plain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent  
breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly  
guest!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the story of Echo and Narcissus.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* To both flowers.

<sup>3</sup> Shelley always believed that Keats's death was caused,

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year :  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear ;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead  
Season's bier ;  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and  
brere ;  
And the green lizard and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance  
awake ;

Through wood and stream and field and hill  
and ocean  
A quickening life from the earth's heart has  
burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when  
first  
God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream im-  
mersed,  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,  
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might ;

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit  
tender,  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,  
or at least hastened, by a violent attack on *Endymion* in  
the *Quarterly Review*.



And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.

Nought we know dies : shall that alone  
which knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning ? The intense atom  
glows

A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been ;  
And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !  
Whence are we, and why are we ? of what  
scene

The actors or spectators ? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life  
must borrow.

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the  
morrow,

Month follow month with woe, and year wake year  
to sorrow.

*He* will awake no more, O never more !  
“Wake thou,” cried Misery, “childless Mother,  
rise

Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart’s core  
A wound more fierce than his with tears and  
sighs.”

And all the Dreams that watched Urania’s  
eyes,

And all the Echoes whom their sister’s song  
Had held in holy silence, cried : “Arise !”

Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory  
stung  
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour  
sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs  
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania ;  
So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way,  
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
Through camps and cities rough with stone  
and steel  
And human hearts, which to her aery tread  
Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell ;  
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp  
than they,  
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of  
May,  
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
Shamed by the presence of that living might,  
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light  
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear  
delight.

“Leave me not wild and drear and comfort-  
less,  
As silent lightning leaves the silent night !  
Leave me not !” cried Urania : her distress  
Roused Death ; Death rose and smiled, and met  
her vain caress.

“Stay yet awhile ! speak to me once again ;  
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;  
And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else  
survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art !  
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence  
depart !

“O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of  
men  
Too soon, and with weak hands though  
mighty heart  
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?  
Defenceless as thou wert, O where was then  
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the  
spear ?  
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent  
sphere,  
The monsters of life’s waste had fled from thee like  
deer.

“The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,  
The obscene ravens, clamorous o’er the dead,  
The vultures, to the conqueror’s banner true,  
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they  
fled

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow  
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
And smiled!<sup>1</sup>—The spoilers tempt no second  
blow ;

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying  
low.

“The sun comes forth, and many reptiles  
spawn ;

He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again :  
So it is in the world of living men ;  
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and  
when

It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared  
its light

Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s awful night.”

Thus ceased she ; and the mountain shepherds  
came,

Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent :  
The Pilgrim of Eternity,<sup>2</sup> whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Lord Byron’s counter-attack, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Byron, in allusion to *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*.

Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
 In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne<sup>1</sup> sent  
 The sweetest lyrist<sup>2</sup> of her saddest wrong,  
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his  
 tongue.

'Midst others of less note came one frail  
 Form,<sup>3</sup>

A phantom among men, companionless  
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,  
 Whose thunder is its knell : he, as I guess,  
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,  
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their  
 prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—  
 A Love in desolation masked—a Power  
 Girt round with weakness—it can scarce  
 uplift  
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;  
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak  
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower  
 The killing sun smiles brightly ; on a cheek  
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart  
 may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,  
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;  
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew

<sup>1</sup> Ireland.<sup>2</sup> Moore.<sup>3</sup> Shelley himself.

Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it : of that  
crew

He came the last, neglected and apart ;  
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's  
dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears ; well knew that  
gentle band

Who in another's fate now wept his own ;  
As in the accents of an unknown land  
He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned  
The stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who  
art Thou ? "

He answered not, but with a sudden hand  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. O that it  
should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?  
What Form leans softly o'er the white death-  
bed,

In mockery of monumental stone,  
The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?  
If it be he,<sup>1</sup> who, gentlest of the wise,  
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed  
one ;

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,  
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

<sup>1</sup> Leigh Hunt.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—O  
What deaf and viperous murderer could  
crown  
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?  
The nameless worm would now itself disown ;  
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone  
Whose Prelude<sup>1</sup> held all envy, hate, and  
wrong,  
But what was howling in one breast alone,  
Silent with expectation of the Song  
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre  
unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !<sup>2</sup>  
Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !  
But be thyself, and know thyself to be !  
And ever at thy season be thou free  
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow !  
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee ;  
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as  
now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below ;  
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead :  
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.  
Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow  
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

<sup>1</sup> The Preface to *Endymion*, in which the author owns and touchingly regrets its immaturity.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* He will not have even the poor satisfaction of being remembered.

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably the  
same,  
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth  
of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not  
sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life—  
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings—*we* decay  
Like corpses in a charnel: fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our  
living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
Can touch him not, and torture not again :  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in  
vain ;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.<sup>1</sup>

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;

<sup>1</sup> The above stanza is inscribed on Shelley's own monument in Christchurch, Hants.



Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou  
Air,  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst  
thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its de-  
spair !

He is made one with Nature : there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird :  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;  
Which wields the world with never wearied  
love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely : he doth  
bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, com-  
pelling there  
All new successions to the forms they wear ;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its  
flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's  
light.

The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;  
Like stars to their appointed height they  
climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty  
thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy  
air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal  
thought,  
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought  
And as he fell and as he lived and loved,  
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved :<sup>1</sup>  
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on Earth are  
dark,  
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;

<sup>1</sup> Lucan, a Roman poet of the first century, was put to death for conspiring against Nero. Shelley thought his *Pharsalia* "transcended Vergil."

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.  
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper<sup>1</sup> of our  
throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? O come forth,  
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him  
aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous  
Earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
Sate the void circumference: then shrink  
Even to a point within our day and night;  
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee  
sink

'When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to  
the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre  
O not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought  
That ages, empires, and religions, there  
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
For such as he can lend—they borrow not—  
Glory from those who made the world their  
prey;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

<sup>1</sup> See Greek motto prefixed to the poem.

And where its wrecks like shattered mountains  
rise,  
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses  
dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,<sup>1</sup>  
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is  
spread ;<sup>2</sup>

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull  
Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;  
And one keen pyramid<sup>3</sup> with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble ; and be-  
neath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of  
death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished  
breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young  
as yet

To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned

<sup>1</sup> See note 1, p. 344.

<sup>2</sup> See note 2, p. 458. Also the beautiful description in the *Letters*. Shelley followed his friend to Rome, but not in life. His grave is close under the "gray walls" here described ; Keats's, "in Heaven's smile," a little lower down.

<sup>3</sup> The tomb of Caius Cestius, a tribune who died in the year 12 B.C.

Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,  
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find  
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter  
wind

Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.

What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and  
pass :

Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's  
shadows fly ;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost  
seek !

Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak

The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to  
speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my  
Heart ?

Thy hopes are gone before : from all things  
here

They have departed ; thou should'st now  
depart !

A light is past from the revolving year,  
And man, and woman ; and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers  
near :

'Tis Adonais calls ! O hasten thither ;  
No more let Life divide what Death can join together !

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and  
move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which through the web of being, blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst ; now beams on  
me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in  
song  
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;  
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;  
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of  
Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.<sup>1</sup>  
P. B. SHELLEY

<sup>1</sup> A year after Shelley wrote this stanza, it was literally fulfilled in his death at sea. "In another's fate," as he says himself, he "wept his own."

## 15.—ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and  
 stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose ;  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth :  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep :  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
     And all the world is gay ;  
     Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
     And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday :—  
     Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me ; let me hear thy shouts, thou  
     happy shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
     Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal ;  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     O evil day ! if I were sullen  
     While the Earth herself is adorning  
         This sweet May morning,  
     And the children are culling  
         On every side,  
     In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
     Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     —But there's a tree,—of many, one,—  
 A single field which I have looked upon :  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat.  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?



Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar.  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home.  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy :  
 Shades of the prison-home begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;  
 The youth, who daily further from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And even with something of a mother's mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral !  
     And this hath now his heart ;  
 And unto this he frames his song ;  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife :  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"<sup>1</sup>  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind :  
     Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* A stage showing men's caprices and follies. The expression occurs in the *Musophilus* of S. Daniel (see No. 81), a poet greatly admired and often quoted by Wordsworth.

A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live ;  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
 breast :—

Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise :  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realised ;  
 High instincts before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
     To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
     Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
     And let the young lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
     Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
     We will grieve not, rather find  
     Strength in what remains behind ;  
     In the primal sympathy  
     Which having been must ever be,  
     In the soothing thoughts that spring  
     Out of human suffering,

## 484 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might :  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality :  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH

## 16.—PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

### I.—THE MASQUE OF CUPID

WITH that a joyous fellowship issued  
Of minstrels making goodly merriment,  
With wanton bards, and rimers impudent ;<sup>1</sup>  
All which together sang full cheerfully  
A lay of love's delight with sweet consent :  
After whom marched a jolly company,  
In manner of a masque, enrangèd orderly.

<sup>1</sup> Shameless.

The whiles a most delicious harmony  
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
 That the rare sweetness of the melody  
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,  
 And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drowned :  
 And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud did  
     bray,  
 That their report did far away rebound ;  
 And, when they ceased, it 'gan again to play,  
 The whiles the masquers marchèd forth in trim  
     array.

The first was Fancy,<sup>1</sup> like a lovely boy  
 Of rare aspect and beauty without peer,  
 Matchable either to that imp of Troy<sup>2</sup>  
 Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to bear,  
 Or that same dainty lad which was so dear  
 To great Alcides, that whenas he died  
 He wailèd womanlike with many a tear,  
 And every wood and every valley wide  
 He filled with Hylas'<sup>3</sup> name ; the nymphs' eke  
     "Hylas" cried.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,<sup>4</sup>  
 But painted plumes in goodly order dight,  
 Like as the sunburnt Indians do array  
 Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight :  
 As those same plumes so seemed he vain and  
     light,

<sup>1</sup> Love in its more superficial aspect, "vain and light."  
 Contrast the train of Cupid here described with the wor-  
 shippers of True Love in *The Temple of Venus*.

<sup>2</sup> Ganymede.

<sup>3</sup> A favourite of Heracles, drowned during the expedition  
 of the Argonauts.

<sup>4</sup> Wool.

486 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

That by his gait might easily appear ;  
For still he fared as dancing in delight,  
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,  
That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

And him beside marched amorous Desire,  
Who seemed of riper years than the other swain ;  
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,  
And gave him being, common to them twain :  
His garment was disguisèd very vain,  
And his embroidered bonnet sat awry :  
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did  
    strain,  
Which still he blew and kindled busily,  
That soon they life conceived, and forth in flames  
    did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad  
In a discoloured coat of strange disguise,  
That at his back a broad capuccio had,  
And sleeves dependent Albanesè-wise ;<sup>1</sup>  
He looked askew with his mistrustful eyes,  
And nicely trod, as thorns lay in his way,  
Or that the floor to shrink he did avise ;  
And on a broken reed he still did stay  
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon  
    he lay.

With him went Danger, clothed in ragged weed  
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful  
    made ;

<sup>1</sup> The distinctive dress of the Albanians is still a long cloak, with a hood (*capuccio*), and loose pendant sleeves.

Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need  
 Strange horror to deform his grisly shade :  
 A net in the one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was ; this mischief, that mishap ;  
 With the one his foes he threatened to invade,  
 With the other he his friends meant to enwrap :  
 For whom he could not kill he practised to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all armed from top to toe ;  
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,  
 But feared each shadow moving to or fro ;  
 And his own arms, when glittering he did spy  
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly :  
 As ashes pale of hue and wingèd-heeled ;  
 And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,  
 'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,  
 Which his right hand unarmèd fearfully did  
 wield.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,  
 Of cheerful look and lovely to behold ;  
 In silken samite she was light arrayed,  
 And her fair locks were woven up in gold :  
 She alway smiled, and in her hand did hold  
 An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew,  
 With which she sprinkled favours manifold  
 On whom she list, and did great liking shew,—  
 Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect<sup>1</sup>  
 Marched in one rank, yet an unequal pair :  
 For she was gentle and of mild aspect,  
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion.



488 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

Goodly adornèd and exceeding fair ;  
Yet was that all but painted and purloinèd,  
And her bright brows were decked with borrowed hair ;  
Her deeds were forgèd and her words false coined,  
And always in her hand two clues<sup>1</sup> of silk she twined.<sup>2</sup>

And he was foul, ill favourèd, and grim,  
Under his eyebrows looking still askance ;  
And ever, as Dissemblance laughed on him,  
He lowered on her with dangerous eye-glance,  
Shewing his nature in his countenance ;  
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,  
But walked each where for fear of hid mischance ;  
Holding a lattice still before his face,  
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

Next him went Grief and Fury matched yfere :  
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
Down hanging his dull head with heavy cheer,  
Yet inly being more than seeming sad ;  
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,  
With which he pinchèd people to the heart,  
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,  
In wilful languor and consuming smart,  
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

<sup>1</sup> Skeins.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. *Marmion*—

" O what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive."

But Fury was full ill apparellèd  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,  
 With ghastly looks and dreadful drearihead ;  
 And from her back her garments she did tear,  
 And from her head oft rent her snarlèd <sup>1</sup> hair :  
 In her right hand a firebrand she did toss  
 About her head, still roaming here and there ;  
 As a dismayèd deer in chace embost <sup>2</sup>  
 Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance :<sup>3</sup>  
 He looking lumpish and full sullen-sad,  
 And hanging down his heavy countenance ;  
 She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,  
 As if no sorrow she nor felt nor drad ;<sup>4</sup>  
 That evil matchèd pair they seemed to be :  
 An angry wasp the one in a phial had,  
 The other in hers an honey lady-bee.—  
 Thus marchèd these six couples forth in fair  
 degree.

After all these, there marched a most fair dame,<sup>5</sup>  
 Led of two grisly villains, the one Despite,  
 The other clepèd Cruelty by name :  
 She doleful lady, like a dreary sprite  
 Called by strong charms out of eternal night,  
 Had death's own image figured in her face,  
 Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight ;  
 Yet in that horror shewed a seemly grace,  
 And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

<sup>1</sup> Tangled.

<sup>3</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>5</sup> Amoret, the type of a pure love. See *The Temple of Venus*.

<sup>2</sup> Hard-pressed.

<sup>4</sup> Feared.

Next after her, the wingèd God himself  
 Came riding on a lion ravenous,  
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elf  
 That man and beast with power imperious  
 Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous :  
 His blindfold eyes he bad awhile unbind,  
 That his proud spoil of that same dolorous  
 Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind ;  
 Which seen, he much rejoicèd in his cruel  
 mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high,  
 He lookèd round about with stern disdain,  
 And did survey his goodly company ;  
 And, marshalling the evil-ordered train,  
 With that the darts which his right hand did  
 strain  
 Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,  
 And claspt on high his coloured wingès twain,  
 That all his *meyné*<sup>1</sup> it afraid did make :  
 Tho,<sup>2</sup> blinding him again, his way he forth did  
 take.

Behind him was Reproach, Repentance, Shame ;  
 Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind :  
 Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame ;  
 Reproach spiteful, careless, and unkind ;  
 Shame most ill-favoured, bestial, and blind :  
 Shame lowered, Repentance sighed, Reproach  
 did scold ;  
 Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips en-  
 twined,

<sup>1</sup> Company.<sup>2</sup> Then.

Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did  
hold :

All three to each unlike, yet all made in one  
mould.

And after them a rude confusèd rout  
Of persons flocked, whose names is<sup>1</sup> hard to  
read :

Amongst them was stern Strife, and Anger stout ;  
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead ;  
Lewd Loss of Time ; and Sorrow seeming dead ;  
Inconstant Change ; and false Disloyalty ;  
Consuming Riotise ; and guilty Dread  
Of heavenly vengeance ; faint Infirmary ;  
Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

## II.—THE GARDEN OF ADONIS<sup>2</sup>

In that same Garden all the goodly flowers  
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify  
And decks the garlands of her paramours  
Are fetched : there is the first seminary  
Of all things that are born to live and die,  
According to their kinds. Long work it were  
Here to account the endless progeny  
Of all the weeds that bud and blossom there ;  
But so much as doth need must needs be counted  
here.

It sited was in fruitful soil of old,  
And girt in with two walls on either side ;

<sup>1</sup> It is.

<sup>2</sup> The story of Adonis symbolised the perpetual decay  
and revival of Nature.

The one of iron, the other of bright gold,  
 That none might thorough break, nor overstride :  
 And double gates it had which opened wide,  
 By which both in and out men moten pass ;  
 Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dried :  
 Old Genius the porter of them was,  
 Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend  
 All that to come into the world desire :  
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
 About him day and night, which do require  
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :  
 Such as him list, such as eternal fate  
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful mire,  
 And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,  
 Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

After that they again returnèd been,  
 They in that Garden planted be again,  
 And grow afresh, as they had never seen  
 Fleshly corruption nor mortal pain :  
 Some thousand years so do they there remain,  
 And then of him are clad with other hue,  
 Or sent into the changeful world again,  
 Till thither they return where first they grew :  
 So, like a wheel, around they run from old to new.

Ne needs there gardener to set or sow,  
 To plant or prune ; for of their own accord  
 All things as they created were do grow,  
 And yet remember well the mighty word  
 Which first was spoken by the Almighty Lord,  
 That bad them to increase and multiply :

Ne do they need with water of the ford  
Or of the clouds to moisten their roots dry ;  
For in themselves eternal moisture they imply.<sup>1</sup>

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
And uncouth <sup>2</sup> forms, which none yet ever knew ;  
And every sort is in a sundry bed  
Set by itself, and ranked in comely rew ;<sup>3</sup>  
Some fit for reasonable souls to endue ;<sup>4</sup>  
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to  
wear ;  
And all the fruitful spawn of fishes' hew  
In endless ranks along enrangèd were,  
That seemed the ocean could not contain them  
there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more ;  
Yet is the stock not lessenèd nor spent,  
But still remains in everlasting store  
As it at first created was of yore :  
For in the wide womb of the world there lies  
In hateful darkness and in deep horrór  
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies  
The substances of Nature's fruitful progenies.<sup>5</sup>

All things from thence do their first being fetch,  
And borrow matter whereof they are made ;  
Which, whenas form and feature it does ketch,  
Becomes a body, and doth then invade

<sup>1</sup> Enfold.

<sup>2</sup> Unknown.

<sup>3</sup> Row.

<sup>4</sup> Put on (Lat. *induo*).

<sup>5</sup> See *Par. Lost*, ii. 910-915.

The state of life out of the grisly shade.  
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so ;  
 Ne, when the life decays and form does fade,  
 Doth it consume and into nothing go,  
 But changèd is, and often altered to and fro.

The substance is not changed nor alterèd,  
 But th' only form and outward fashion ;  
 For every substance is conditionèd  
 To change her hue, and sundry forms to don,  
 Meet for her temper<sup>1</sup> and complexión :<sup>1</sup>  
 For forms are variable, and decay  
 By course of kind and by occasion ;  
 And that fair flower of beauty fades away  
 As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest  
 That in the Garden of Adonis springs,  
 Is wicked Time ; who with his scythe addrest  
 Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things  
 And all their glory to the ground down flings  
 Where they do wither and are foully marred :  
 He flies about and with his flaggy wings  
 Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,  
 Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard

Yet pity often did the Gods relent  
 To see so fair things marred and spoilèd quite ;  
 And their great mother Venus did lament  
 The loss of her dear brood, her dear delight :  
 Her heart was pierced with pity at the sight  
 When walking through the Garden them she  
 spied,

<sup>1</sup> Words used of the proportions and intermixture of the elements that made up matter.

Yet note<sup>1</sup> she find redress for such despite,  
For all that lives is subject to that law :  
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
All that in this delightful Garden grows  
Should happy be and have immortal bliss :  
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows ;  
And sweet Love gentle fitts amongst them throws,  
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy :  
Frankly each paramour his leman knows ;  
Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy  
Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

There is continual Spring and Harvest<sup>2</sup> there  
Continual, both meeting at one time :  
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,<sup>3</sup>  
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb  
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load ;  
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime  
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

### III.—THE TEMPLE OF LOVE

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,  
Which fuming all with frankincense I found,  
And odours rising from the altar's flame.  
Upon an hundred marble pillars round

<sup>1</sup> *Ne wot* : knew not how to.

<sup>2</sup> Autumn ; cp. Ger. *Herbst*.

<sup>3</sup> Spring.



The roof up high was reared from the ground,  
 All decked with crowns and chains and garlands  
     gay,  
 And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound  
 The which sad lovers for their vows did pay ;  
 And all the ground was strewed with flowers as  
     fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,  
 All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,  
 That with the steam thereof the temple sweet,  
 Which rolled in clouds to Heaven did aspire,  
 And in them bore true lovers' vows entire ;  
 And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright  
 To bathe in joy and amorous desire,  
 Every of which was to a damsel hight :  
 For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddess self did stand  
 Upon an altar of some costly mass,  
 Whose substance was uneath<sup>1</sup> to understand :  
 For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,  
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldering clay it was ;  
 But much more rare and precious to esteem,  
 Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass ;  
 Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;  
 But, being fair and brittle, likest glass did seem.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew  
 A flock of little Loves and Sports and Joys,  
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hue ;  
 Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial  
     boys,

<sup>1</sup> Difficult.

But like to angels playing heavenly toys ;  
 The whilst their eldest brother was away,—  
 Cupid, their eldest brother : he enjoys  
 The wide kingdom of Love with lordly sway,  
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scattered lay  
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,  
 Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,  
 Some of their pride, some paragons' disdaining,  
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,  
 As every one had cause of good or ill.  
 Amongst the rest, some one, through Love's con-  
     straining  
 Tormented sore, could not contain it still,  
 But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill :

" Great Venus ! Queen of beauty and of grace,  
 The joy of Gods and men, that under sky  
 Dost fairest shine and most adorn thy place ;  
 That with thy smiling look dost pacify  
 The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly :  
 Thee, Goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do  
     fear ;  
 And, when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on  
     high,  
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,  
 And Heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous  
     cheer.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,  
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair :  
 Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,  
 Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fair,

498 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare :  
Thou art the root of all that joyous is.  
Great God of men and women, Queen of the air,  
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,  
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss !"

So did he say : but I with murmur soft,  
That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,  
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,  
Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,  
And to my wound her gracious help impart.  
Whilst thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye  
I spied where at the Idol's feet apart  
A bevy of fair damsels close did lie,  
Waiting when as the anthem should be sung on  
high.

The first of them did seem of riper years  
And graver countenance than all the rest ;  
Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,  
Yet unto her obeyed all the rest.  
Her name was Womanhood, that she exprest  
By her sad semblant and demeanour wise :  
For steadfast still her eyes did fixèd rest,  
Ne roved at random, after gazers' guise,  
Whose luring baits oft-times do heedless hearts  
entice.

And next to her sat goodly Shamefastness,  
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,  
Ne ever once did look up from her dess,<sup>1</sup>  
As if some blame of evil she did fear,  
That in her cheeks made roses oft appear.

<sup>1</sup> Seat.

And her against sweet cheerfulness was placed,  
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear  
 Were decked with smiles that all sad humours  
     chased,  
 And darted forth delights the which her goodly  
     graced.

And next to her sat sober Modesty,  
 Holding her hand upon her gentle heart ;  
 And her against sat comely Courtesy,  
 That unto every person knew her part ;  
 And her before was seated overthwart  
 Soft Silence, and submiss Obedience,  
 Both linked together never to dispart :  
 Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence :  
 Both garlands of His Saints against their foes'  
     offence.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid  
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sat,  
 The which was all in lily white arrayed,  
 With silver streams amongst the linen strayed,  
 Like to the Morn when first her shining face  
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed :  
 That same was fairest Amoret in place,  
 Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtues'  
     grace.

#### IV.—NATURE AND MUTABILITY

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,  
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,

<sup>1</sup> Manner.

500 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead,  
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,  
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,  
Before her came Dame Mutability ;  
And being low before her presence feld  
With meek obeisance and humility,  
Thus 'gan her plaintive plea with words to amplify.

"To thee, O greatest Goddess, only great,  
An humble suppliant, lo ! I lowly fly,  
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat ;  
Who right to all dost deal indifferently,  
Damning all wrong and tortuous injury  
Which any of thy creatures do to other,  
Oppressing them with power unequally :  
Sith of them all thou art the equal Mother,  
And knittest each to each as brother unto brother.

"To thee therefore of this same Jove I plain,  
And of his fellow Gods that feign to be,  
That challenge to themselves the whole world's  
reign,  
Of which the greatest part is due to me,  
And Heaven itself by heritage in fee :  
For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deem,  
Since Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee ;  
And Gods no more than men thou dost esteem,  
For even the Gods to thee, as men to Gods do  
seem.

"Which to approven true, as I have told,  
Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call  
The rest which do the world in being hold ;  
As Times and Seasons of the Year that fall :

Of all the which demand in general,  
 Or judge thyself, by verdict of thine eye,  
 Whether to me they are not subject all."  
 Nature did yield thereto ; and by-and-by  
 Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issued the Seasons of the Year.  
 First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers  
 That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,  
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers  
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;  
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures) <sup>1</sup>  
 A gilt engraven morion <sup>2</sup> he did wear ;  
 That as some did him love, so others did him  
 fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,  
 That was unlinèd all, to be more light ;  
 And on his head a garland well beseen  
 He wore, from which as he had chafèd been  
 The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore  
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green  
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,  
 And now would bathe his limbs with labour  
 heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,  
 As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banished hunger, which to-fore

<sup>1</sup> Frays.

<sup>2</sup> Iron cap.

Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore :  
 Upon his head a wreath that was enrolled  
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;  
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,  
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth  
 had yold.<sup>1</sup>

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frieze,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill :  
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held  
 With which his feeble steps he stayèd still ;  
 For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,  
 That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went ;  
 And after them the Months all riding came :  
 First, sturdy March,<sup>2</sup> with brows full sternly  
 bent  
 And armèd strongly, rode upon a Ram,  
 The same which over Hellespontus swam :<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which on the earth he strewèd as he went,  
 And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourish-  
 ment.

<sup>1</sup> Yielded.

<sup>2</sup> It will be remembered that Spenser's year began in March. He follows classical precedent in associating the Signs of the Zodiac with the Months to which they roughly correspond, and also in identifying them with mythological persons and animals. For illustrations of his descriptions, see Chambers's *Book of Days*.

<sup>3</sup> See the story of Phryxus and Helle.

<sup>4</sup> Together.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhead,  
 And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds :  
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
 Europa floating through the Argolic floods :  
 His horns were gilden all with golden studs  
 And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight  
 Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds  
 Which th' Earth brings forth ; and wet he  
 seemed in sight

With waves through which he waded for his love's  
 delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,  
 Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,  
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around ;  
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,  
 The Twins of Leda ;<sup>1</sup> which on either side  
 Supported her like to their sovereign queen.  
 Lord ! how all creatures laughed when her they  
 spied,

And leaped and danced as they had ravished  
 been !

And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed  
 All in green leaves, as he a player were ;  
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,  
 That by his plough-irons mote right well appear :  
 Upon a Crab he rode that him did bear  
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,  
 And backward yode,<sup>2</sup> as bargemen wont to fare  
 Bending their force contráry to their face ;  
 Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest  
 grace.

<sup>1</sup> Castor and Pollux.

<sup>2</sup> Went (old past of *go*).



Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,  
 That all his garments he had cast away ;  
 Upon a Lion raging yet with ire  
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey :  
 It was the beast that whilom did foray  
 The Néméan forest, till the Amphytrionide <sup>1</sup>  
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array :  
 Behind his back a scythe, and by his side  
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed  
 In garment all of gold down to the ground :  
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid  
 Forth by the lily hand ; the which was crowned  
 With ears of corn, and full her hand was found :  
 That was the righteous Virgin, <sup>2</sup> which of old  
 Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound ;  
 But, after wrong was loved and justice sold,  
 She left the unrighteous world and was to Heaven  
 extolled.

Next him September marchèd, eke on foot ;  
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil  
 Of harvests, riches, which he made his boot, <sup>3</sup>  
 And him enriched with bounty of the soil :  
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests' toil  
 He held a knife-hook ; and in the other hand  
 A pair of Weights <sup>4</sup> with which he did assoyle <sup>5</sup>  
 Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,  
 And equal gave to each as Justice duly scanned.

<sup>1</sup> Heracles was the supposed son of Amphytrion. His real father was Zeus.      <sup>2</sup> Astræa.      <sup>3</sup> Booty.

<sup>4</sup> The Scales (*Libra*), said to symbolise the equal days and nights of the Autumnal Equinox.      <sup>5</sup> Decide.

Then came October full of merry glee ;  
 For yet his nowl<sup>1</sup> was totty<sup>2</sup> of the must  
 Which he was treading in the wine-fat's sea,  
 And of the joyous oil whose gentle gust  
 Made him so frolic and so full of lust :  
 Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,  
 The same which by Diana's doom unjust  
 Slew great Orion<sup>3</sup>; and eke by his side  
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready  
 tied.

Next was November : he full gross and fat,  
 As fed with lard and that right well, might  
 seem ;  
 For he had been a-fatting hogs of late,  
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and  
 steam,  
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem :<sup>4</sup>  
 In planting eke he took no small delight.  
 Whereon he rode not easy was to deem ;  
 For it a dreadful Centaur<sup>5</sup> was in sight,  
 The seed of Saturn and fair Naïs, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December ;  
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,  
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember :  
 His Saviour's Birth his mind so much did glad :  
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Giddy.

<sup>3</sup> Orion, the hunter, having insulted Artemis, she sent  
 a scorpion to kill him.

<sup>4</sup> Chilly.

<sup>5</sup> The Archer (*Sagittarius*) was a Centaur, sometimes  
 identified with Chiron.

506 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

They say, was nourished by the Idæan maid ;<sup>1</sup>  
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,  
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his  
peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,<sup>2</sup>  
And blow his nails to warm them if he may ;  
For they were numbed with holding all the day  
An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood  
And from the trees did lop the needless spray :  
Upon an huge great earth-pot stean<sup>3</sup> he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the  
Roman Flood.<sup>4</sup>

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawn of two Fishes for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slide  
And swim away ; yet had he by his side  
His plough and harness fit to till the ground  
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgeon<sup>5</sup>  
round.

So passed the twelve Months forth, and their due  
places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,  
Riding together both with equal pace ;

<sup>1</sup> Jove was brought up by nymphs on Mount Ida in Crete.

<sup>2</sup> Perish.

<sup>3</sup> Earthenware urn.

<sup>4</sup> The Waterman (Aquarius) was identified with Deucalion.

<sup>5</sup> Bud.

Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white ;  
 But Night had covered her uncomely face  
 With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,  
 On top whereof the Moon and Stars were  
     pight,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Sleep and Darkness round about did  
     trace :  
 But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height  
 The goodly Sun encompass all with beamès bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high  
     Jove  
 And timely Night, the which were all endued  
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love ;  
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed  
 That might forslack the charge to them fore-  
     shewed  
 By mighty Jove ; who did them porters make  
 Of Heaven's gate (whence all the Gods issued)  
 Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake  
 By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life ; and lastly Death :  
 Death with most grim and grisly visage seen ;  
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,  
 Nor ought to see, but like a shade to ween,  
 Unbodièd, unsouled, unheard, unseen :  
 But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,  
 Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,  
 Full of delightful health and lively joy,  
 Decked all with flowers and wings of gold fit to  
     employ.

<sup>1</sup> Placed.

508 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

When these were past, thus gan the Titaness ;<sup>1</sup>  
"Lo ! mighty Mother, now be judge, and say  
Whether in all thy creatures more or less  
Change doth not reign and bear the greatest  
sway :

For who sees not that Time on all doth prey ?  
But times do change and move continually ;  
So nothing here long standeth in one stay :  
Therefore this lower world who can deny  
But to be subject still to Mutability ?

"Then, since within this wide, great Universe  
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,  
But all things tost and turned by transverse,  
What then should let but I aloft should rear  
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear ?  
Now judge then, O thou greatest Goddess true !  
According as thyself dost see and hear ;  
And unto me addoom that is my due,—  
That is, the rule of all, all being ruled by you."

So having ended, silence long ensued ;  
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firm eyes affixt the ground still viewed.  
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,  
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the sovereign place.  
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,  
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches  
few :

<sup>1</sup> Spenser makes his "Mutability" of Titan descent, to explain her hatred of Jove. See *Hyperion*.

<sup>2</sup> Adjudge.

“ I well consider all that ye have said ;  
And find that all things steadfastness do hate,  
And changèd be ; yet, being rightly weighed,  
They are not changèd from their first estate ;  
But by their change their being do dilate ;  
And, turning to themselves at length again,  
Do work their own perfection so by fate :  
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign ;  
But they rule over Change, and do their states  
maintain.

“ Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be ruled by me ;  
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire :  
But time shall come that all shall changèd be,  
And from thenceforth none no more change shall  
see ! ”

So was the Titaness put down and whist,  
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss ;  
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

#### V.—“ UNPERFITE ”

When I bethink me on that speech whilere  
Of Mutability, and well it weigh :  
Meseems that though she all unworthy were  
Of the Heaven's rule ; yet, very sooth to say,  
In all things else she bears the greatest sway :  
Which makes me loathe this state of life so  
tickle,  
And love of things so vain to cast away ;

## 510 PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,  
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming  
sickle !

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,  
Of that same time when no more change shall  
be,  
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed  
Upon the pillars of Eternity,  
That is contrayr to Mutability ;  
For all that moveth doth in change delight :  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.  
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's<sup>1</sup>  
sight !

E. SPENSER

<sup>1</sup> Spenser appears to use *Sabaoth* (hosts) in the sense of *Sabbath* (rest).

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|   | PAGE    |
|---|---------|
| A battered, wrecked old man . . . . .                                   | 41      |
| A slumber did my spirit seal . . . . .                                  | 298     |
| A thing of beauty is a joy for ever . . . . .                           | 317     |
| Adversity hurts none, but only such . . . . .                           | 63      |
| After a thousand mazes overgone . . . . .                               | 321     |
| All eyes were on Enceladus's face . . . . .                             | 442     |
| All kings, and all their favourites . . . . .                           | 211     |
| Amid the ice of the far Northern Sea . . . . .                          | 118     |
| And would you see my mistress' face? . . . . .                          | 64      |
| Apollo is once more the golden theme . . . . .                          | 444     |
| Arches on arches! as it were that Rome . . . . .                        | 341     |
| Are then regalities all gilded masks . . . . .                          | 322     |
| Ask me no more where Jove bestows . . . . .                             | 198     |
| As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay . . . . .                           | 308     |
| At midnight, in the month of June . . . . .                             | 295     |
| Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's<br>praise . . . . . | 103     |
| Ave Maria! blessed be the hour . . . . .                                | 175     |
| Awake, Æolian lyre, awake . . . . .                                     | 256     |
| <br>Bacchus by the lonely ocean . . . . .                               | <br>11  |
| Bards of Passion and of Mirth . . . . .                                 | 3       |
| Bid me to live, and I will live . . . . .                               | 58      |
| Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy . . . . .                 | 189     |
| Brave men can't die: whose candid actions are . . . . .                 | 64      |
| But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome . . . . .                   | 344     |
| <br>Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren . . . . .                 | <br>262 |
| Call him not old, whose visionary brain . . . . .                       | 178     |



|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Calm is the morn without a sound . . . .               | 169  |
| Come away, come away, Death . . . .                    | 10   |
| Come, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace . . . | 153  |
| " Courage ! " he said, and pointed toward the land . . | 212  |
| Cupid and my Campaspe played . . . .                   | 119  |
| Dancing (bright lady) then began to be . . . .         | 113  |
| Deep in the shady sadness of a vale . . . .            | 434  |
| Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth . .    | 39   |
| Down in yon garden sweet and gay . . . .               | 38   |
| Earth has not anything to show more fair . . . .       | 206  |
| Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart . . . .          | 340  |
| Eternal Time ! that wastest without waste . . . .      | 102  |
| Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing . . .   | 280  |
| Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat . . . .      | 304  |
| Five years have past ; five summers, with the length . | 267  |
| Fle fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse . . .  | 294  |
| Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty King . . .   | 143  |
| Friends, who watch me till the light . . . .           | 177  |
| From harmony, from heavenly harmony . . . .            | 65   |
| From low to high doth dissolution climb . . . .        | 207  |
| Gane were but the winter cauld . . . .                 | 62   |
| Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea . . . . | 168  |
| Give place, you ladies, and begone . . . .             | 8    |
| Go, empty joys . . . .                                 | 205  |
| Go ! leave me, Priest ; my soul would be . . . .       | 229  |
| Go, lovely Rose . . . .                                | 143  |
| God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee . .     | 312  |
| Hail, thou most sacred, venerable thing . . . .        | 186  |
| Hast thou attempted greatness ? then go on . . . .     | 64   |
| He is the despot's Despot. All must bide . . . .       | 94   |
| He lives, who lives to virtue ; men who cast . . . .   | 63   |
| He sang of God—the mighty Source . . . .               | 278  |
| He that is weary, let him sit . . . .                  | 158  |
| He that of such a height hath built his mind . . . .   | 194  |
| Helen, thy beauty is to me . . . .                     | 151  |
| Hence, loathed Melancholy . . . .                      | 23   |
| Hence, vain deluding Joys . . . .                      | 49   |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

513

PAGE

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Here lies, within a cabinet of stone . . . . .          | 58  |
| Here she was wont to go ; and here, and here . . . . .  | 12  |
| His pallid face, impictured with death . . . . .        | 75  |
| How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways . . . . .    | 108 |
| How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth . . . . . | 119 |
| How vainly men themselves amaze . . . . .               | 99  |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| I care not, though it be . . . . .                         | 30  |
| I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way . . . . .         | 82  |
| I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night . . . . .     | 90  |
| I know a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives . . . . .       | 283 |
| I know that all beneath the moon decays . . . . .          | 240 |
| I marked all kindred Powers the heart finds fair . . . . . | 297 |
| I only knew one Poet in my life . . . . .                  | 288 |
| I saw my Lady weep . . . . .                               | 80  |
| I scarce believe my love to be so pure . . . . .           | 127 |
| I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs . . . . .        | 333 |
| I tell thee, Dick, where I have been . . . . .             | 84  |
| I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking . . . . .       | 241 |
| I was a scholar ; seven useful springs . . . . .           | 172 |
| I weep for Adonais—he is dead ! . . . . .                  | 456 |
| If all the pens that ever poets held . . . . .             | 204 |
| If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song . . . . .          | 209 |
| In holy meetings, there a man may be . . . . .             | 63  |
| In lowly dale, fast by a river's side . . . . .            | 135 |
| In that same Garden all the goodly flowers . . . . .       | 491 |
| In this still place, remote from men . . . . .             | 67  |
| Into the inmost Temple thus I came . . . . .               | 495 |
| Is it the dusk, with the pale moon crowned . . . . .       | 117 |
| Is there, for honest poverty . . . . .                     | 96  |
| It is not to be thought of that the flood . . . . .        | 164 |

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Jenny kissed me when we met . . . . . | 267 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting . . . . .   | 6   |
| Let me not to the marriage of true minds . . . . .  | 306 |
| Life a right shadow is . . . . .                    | 280 |
| Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage . . . . .     | 220 |
| Love in my bosom like a bee . . . . .               | 137 |
| Love is a circle, that doth restless move . . . . . | 63  |
| Love is and was my Lord and King . . . . .          | 204 |
| Love, thou art absolute, sole lord . . . . .        | 262 |

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Man is his own star, and the soul that can . . .                        | 79   |
| Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer . . .                           | 142  |
| Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay . . .                         | 228  |
| Milk for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time<br>about now . . . | 324  |
| Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour . . .                      | 164  |
| Mortality, behold and fear . . .  | 282  |
| Much have I travelled in the realms of gold . . .                       | 232  |
| My days among the Dead are passed . . .                                 | 17   |
| My good blade carves the casques of men . . .                           | 183  |
| My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains . . .                       | 242  |
| Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew . . .                      | 308  |
| Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled . . .                   | 88   |
| Night closed around the conqueror's way . . .                           | 78   |
| No longer mourn for me when I am dead . . .                             | 253  |
| No sun—no moon . . .  | 107  |
| Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul . . .                        | 305  |
| Nothing comes free-cost here: Jove will not let . . .                   | 63   |
| Nothing could make me sooner to confess . . .                           | 273  |
| Now fades the last long streak of snow . . .                            | 202  |
| Now is done thy long day's work . . .                                   | 233  |
| Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall . . .                        | 199  |
| O blessed Letters, that combine in one . . .                            | 132  |
| O Death, that hast us of such riches reft . . .                         | 77   |
| O heart! . . .  | 265  |
| O my dark Rosaleen . . .  | 44   |
| O never say that I was false of heart . . .                             | 305  |
| O Rome, my country, city of the soul . . .                              | 337  |
| O that this last farewell . . .   | 93   |
| O that those lips had language! Life has passed . . .                   | 13   |
| O that we two were Maying . . .   | 17   |
| O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang . . .                        | 318  |
| O waly, waly up the bank . . .  | 140  |
| "O where hae ye been, my lang-lost lover . . .                          | 18   |
| O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being . . .                   | 309  |
| Of a' the airts the wind can blow . . .                                 | 71   |
| On a day, alack the day! . . .  | 61   |
| On a Poet's lips I slept . . .  | 284  |
| Once git a smell o' musk into a draw . . .                              | 145  |
| Once in an arbour was my mistress sleeping . . .                        | 6    |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

515

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Once upon a midnight dreary . . . . .                              | 385  |
| One more Unfortunate . . . . .                                     | 236  |
| Out of the bosom of the Air . . . . .                              | 193  |
| Out of the cradle endlessly rocking . . . . .                      | 447  |
| Over his keys the musing organist . . . . .                        | 400  |
| Peace ; come away ; the song of woe . . . . .                      | 171  |
| Proud Maisie is in the wood . . . . .                              | 35   |
| Quhen Merchè wes with variand windis past . . . . .                | 266  |
| Resolved to dust intombed here lieth Love . . . . .                | 144  |
| Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky . . . . .                    | 201  |
| Say, from what golden quivers of the sky . . . . .                 | 182  |
| Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault . . . . .            | 281  |
| See ! with what simplicity . . . . .                               | 109  |
| She is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever fair . . . . . | 139  |
| Shemuel, the Bethlehemite . . . . .                                | 307  |
| Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part . . . . .         | 159  |
| Sleep, love, sleep . . . . .                                       | 161  |
| Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed . . . . .                       | 70   |
| So all day long the noise of battle rolled . . . . .               | 376  |
| So am I as the rich, whose blessed key . . . . .                   | 221  |
| Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone . . . . .              | 297  |
| Stella ! the fulness of my thoughts of thee . . . . .              | 152  |
| Stern Daughter of the Voice of God . . . . .                       | 226  |
| Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen . . . . .           | 149  |
| Sweet Soul ! which in the April of thy years . . . . .             | 240  |
| Take, O take those lips away . . . . .                             | 273  |
| Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean . . . . .             | 72   |
| Tears, though they're here below the sinner's biene . . . . .      | 64   |
| Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind . . . . .                          | 13   |
| That time of year thou mayst in me behold . . . . .                | 253  |
| That which we dare invoke to bless . . . . .                       | 203  |
| The blessed damozel leaned out . . . . .                           | 222  |
| The clinking bell gaed through the town . . . . .                  | 179  |
| The clouds above me to the white Alps tend . . . . .               | 332  |
| The dow flew east, the dow flew west . . . . .                     | 165  |
| The glorious portrait of that Angel's face . . . . .               | 142  |
| The hours are passing slow . . . . .                               | 131  |

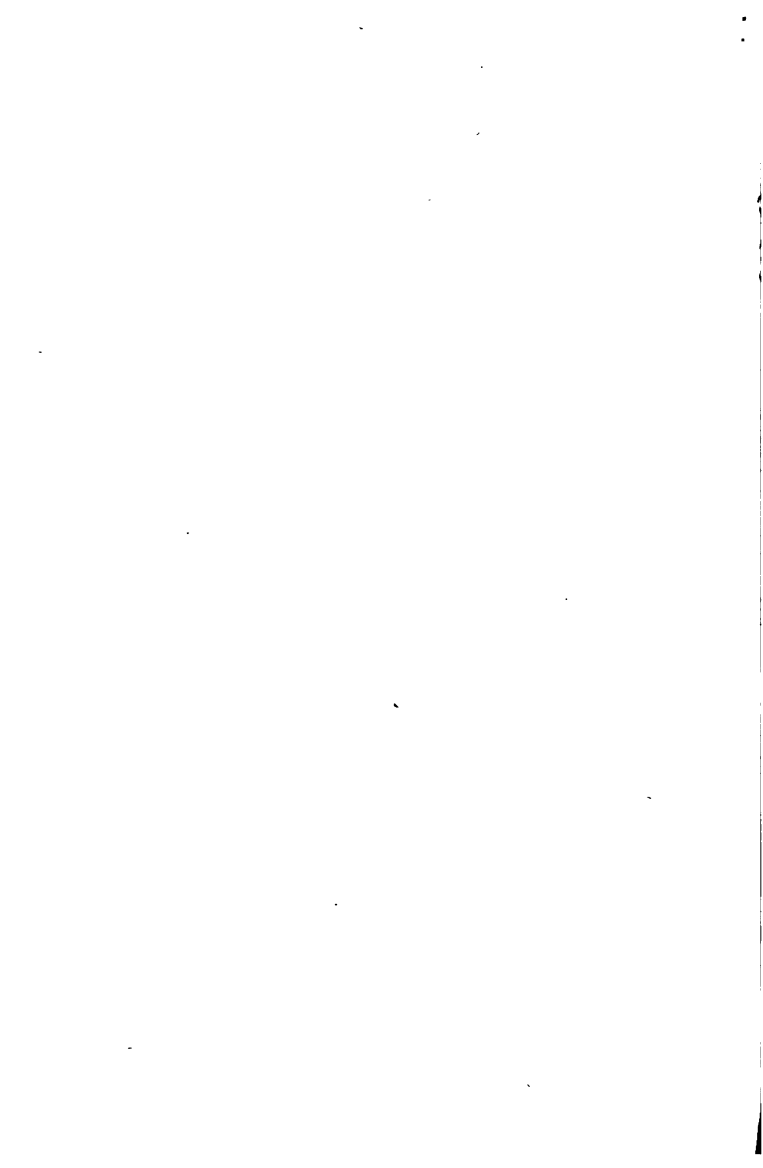
|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free . | 22   |
| The Naiads and the Nymphs extremely overjoyed .          | 127  |
| The Parrot, from East India to me sent .                 | 156  |
| The path from me to you that led .                       | 219  |
| The path by which we twain did go .                      | 171  |
| The path through which that lovely twain .               | 111  |
| The roar of waters !—from the headlong height .          | 336  |
| The sootè season that bud and blome furth brings .       | 225  |
| The splendour falls on castle walls .                    | 4    |
| The sun is warm, the sky is clear .                      | 245  |
| The sun rises bright in France .                         | 28   |
| The world is too much with us ; late and soon .          | 163  |
| Thence come we to the horror and the hell .              | 121  |
| Then hate me when thou wilt : if ever, now .             | 281  |
| There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age .        | 74   |
| There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines .            | 438  |
| There lies a den .                                       | 323  |
| There lived a wife at Usher's Well .                     | 56   |
| There's not a nook within this solemn Pass .             | 207  |
| There was a lull in the rain, a lull .                   | 276  |
| There was a sound of revelry by night .                  | 32   |
| There was a time when meadow, grove and stream .         | 478  |
| This great Grandmother of all creatures bred .           | 499  |
| This is the month, and this the happy morn .             | 367  |
| This only grant me, that my means may lie .              | 7    |
| Thou still unravished bride of Quietness .               | 285  |
| Though sometimes my song I raise .                       | 91   |
| Thrice, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state .       | 47   |
| Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts .                | 149  |
| Thus saith my Cloris bright .                            | 5    |
| Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick .               | 122  |
| Tired with all these, for restful death I cry .          | 252  |
| 'Tis not greatness they require .                        | 63   |
| 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock .           | 345  |
| 'Tis well ; 'tis something ; we may stand .              | 170  |
| Twa cats anes on a cheese did light .                    | 81   |
| Two pretty rills do meet ; and, meeting, make .          | 36   |
| Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying .                 | 154  |
| Vorgi'e me, Jenny, do ! an' rise .                       | 254  |
| Wake now, my Love ! awake ! for it is time .             | 247  |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

517

PAGE

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Wald my gude Lady lufe me best . . . .                                 | 173 |
| We cannot kindle when we will . . . .                                  | 286 |
| We must not part, as others do . . . .                                 | 93  |
| We sat within the farmhouse old . . . .                                | 292 |
| Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower . . . .                             | 187 |
| Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan . . . .                              | 22  |
| Weighing the steadfastness and state . . . .                           | 235 |
| Well ! if the Bard was weather-wise who made . . . .                   | 298 |
| What is our life ? a play of passion . . . .                           | 60  |
| What's he sayin ? God bless the falla . . . .                          | 418 |
| What time this world's great Workmaster did cast . . . .               | 191 |
| When all is done and said, in the end this shall you<br>find . . . . . | 29  |
| When I bethink me on that speech whilere . . . .                       | 509 |
| When I consider how my light is spent . . . .                          | 120 |
| When I have fears that I may cease to be . . . .                       | 232 |
| When I hear the waters fretting . . . .                                | 160 |
| When I think on the happy days . . . .                                 | 110 |
| When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes . . . .                   | 220 |
| When Maidens such as Hester die . . . .                                | 60  |
| When one that holds communion with the skies . . . .                   | 111 |
| When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kyè at hame . . . .           | 134 |
| When thou must home, to shades of underground . . . .                  | 130 |
| When vain desire at last and vain regret . . . .                       | 314 |
| White, on a cliff they stood . . . .                                   | 43  |
| While young John runs to greet . . . .                                 | 69  |
| Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears . . . .                        | 208 |
| Why does the sea moan evermore . . . .                                 | 190 |
| With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies . . . .            | 153 |
| With sacrifice, before the rising morn . . . .                         | 411 |
| With that a joyous fellowship issuéd . . . .                           | 484 |
| Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon . . . .                                | 120 |
| Ye silent shades, whose each tree here . . . .                         | 251 |
| Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear . . . .                 | 97  |
| Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more . . . .                     | 392 |
| You knew, who knew not ? Astrophel . . . .                             | 73  |
| You see this dog ; it was but yesterday . . . .                        | 55  |



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